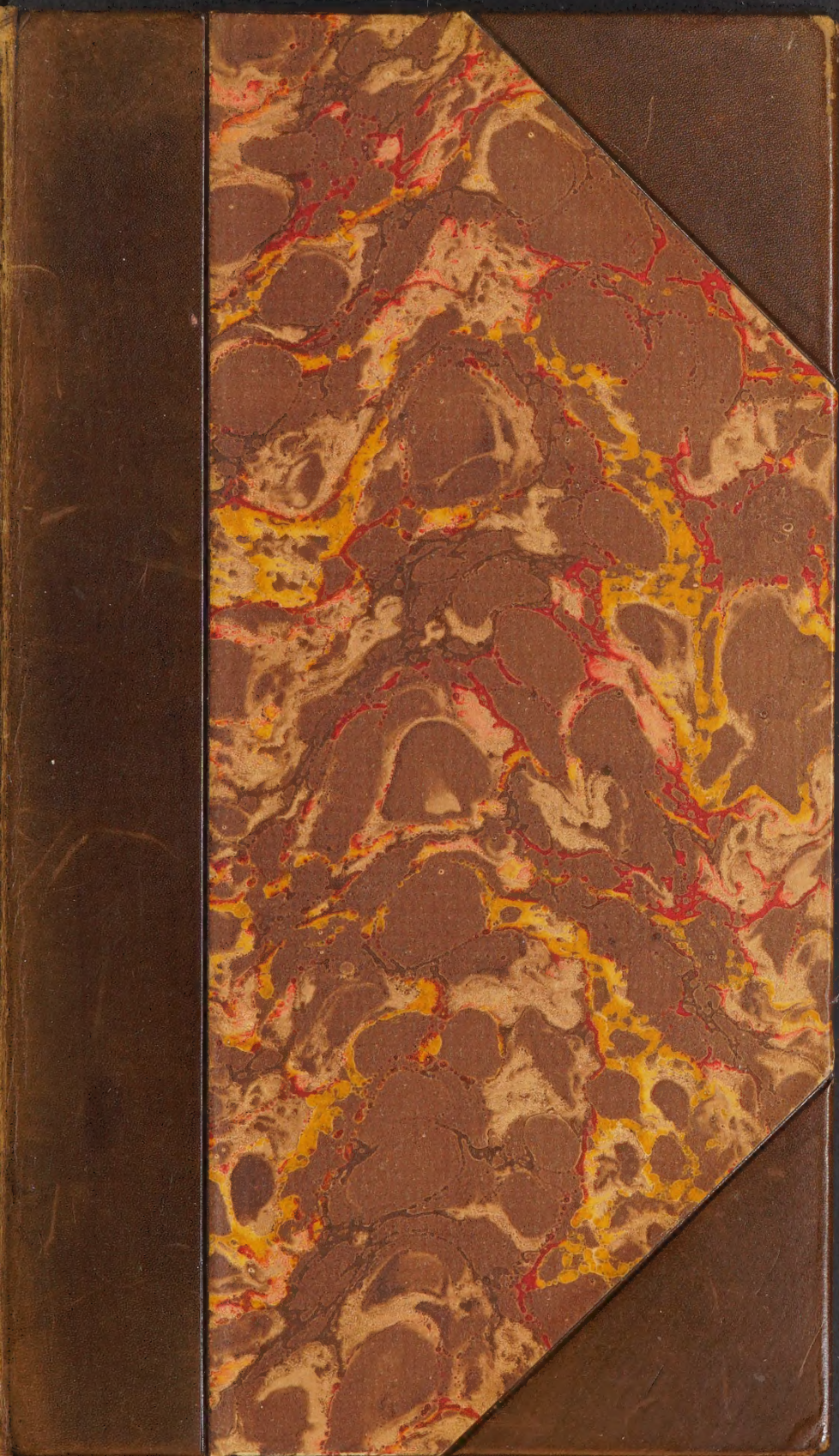






HISTORY
OF THE
STAGE
—
CHETWOOD

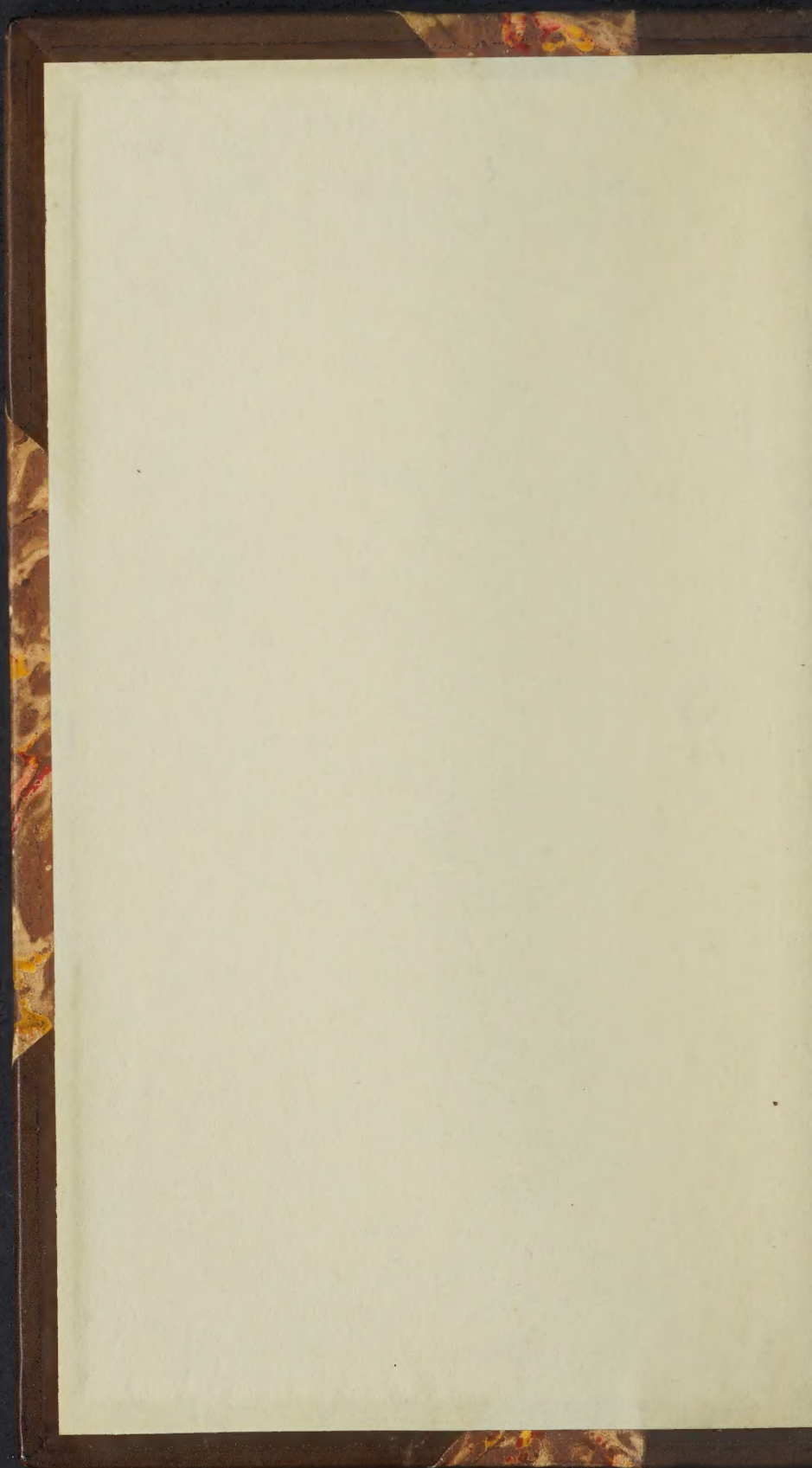


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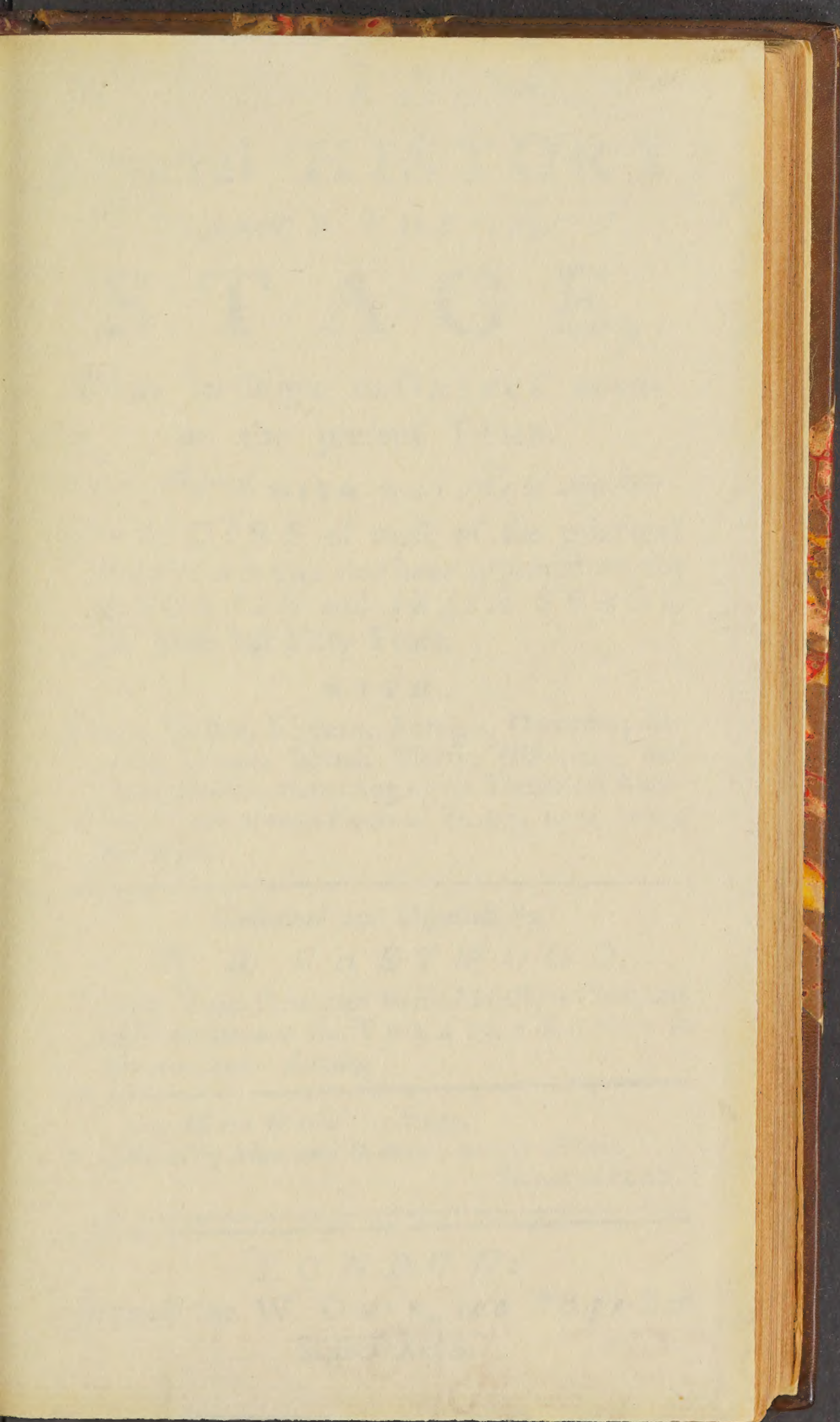
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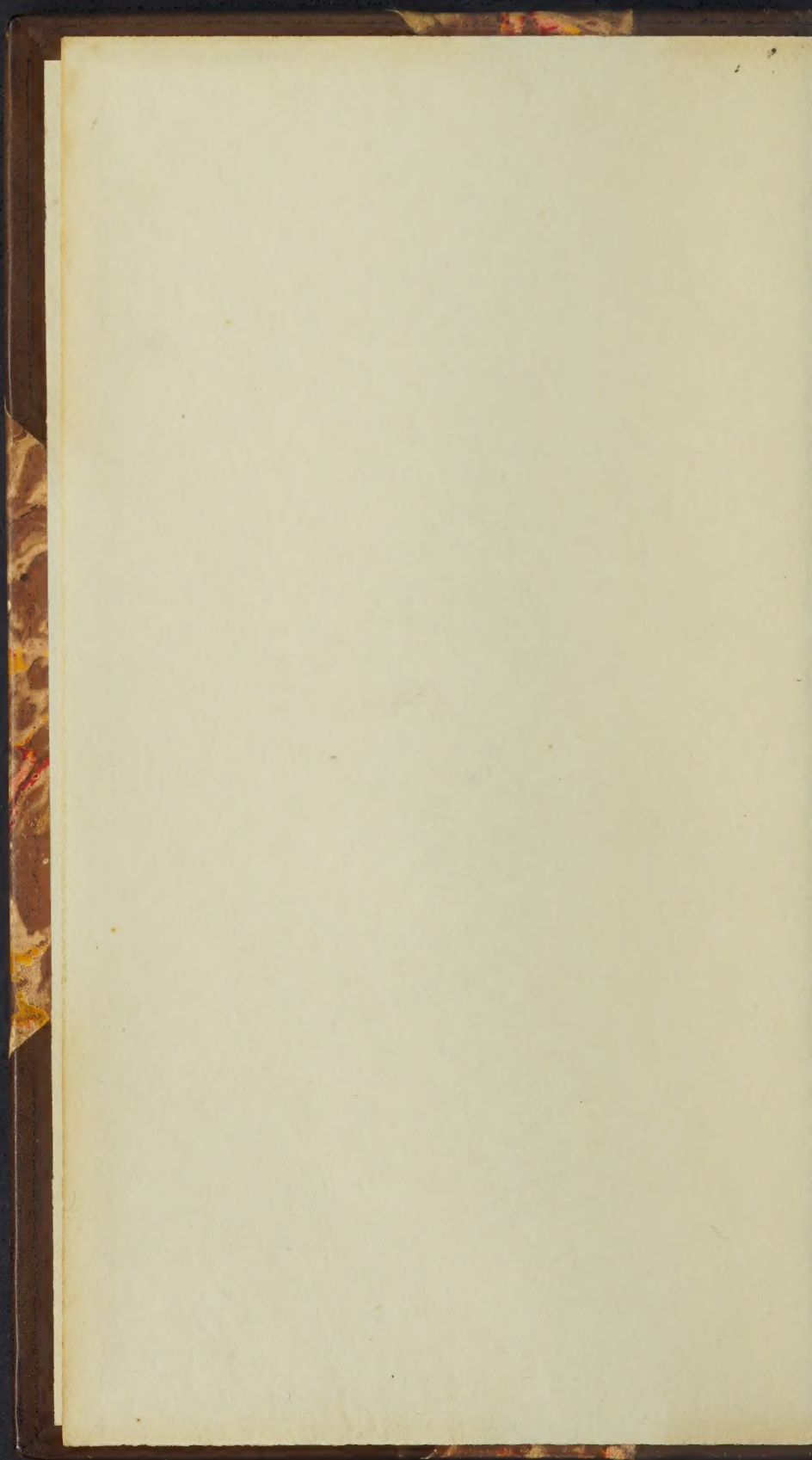
Jaggard, p. 50.

Loewenberg, p. 20.

Gamble 1828.

AQUARIUS, LONDON





A *Char. Smith*

General HISTORY *William* OF THE *Ford* STAGE,

From its Origin in GREECE down
To to the present TIME.

Jane Ford WITH THE *His Daughters*

MEMOIRS of most of the principal
PERFORMERS that have appeared on the
ENGLISH and IRISH STAGE
for these last Fifty Years.

WITH

Notes, Antient, Modern, Foreign, Domestic, Se-
rious, Comic, Moral, Merry, Historical, and
Geographical, containing many Theatrical Anec-
dotes; also several Pieces of Poetry, never before
published.

Collected and Digested by

W. R. CHETWOOD,

Twenty Years Prompter to his Majesty's Company
of Comedians at the THEATRE-ROYAL in
Drury-Lane, London.

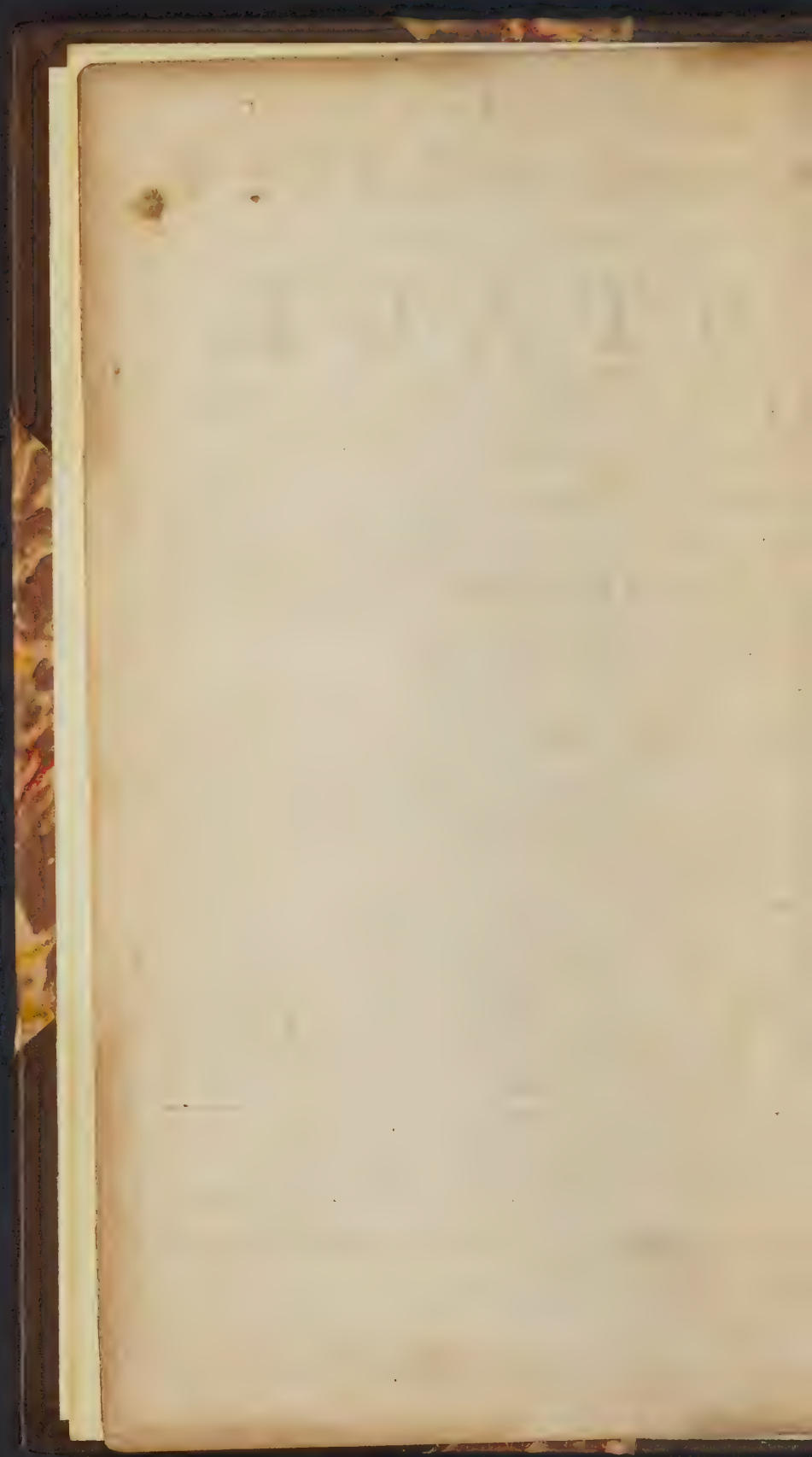
— *All the Worla's a Stage,
And ev'ry Man and Woman, merely Actors.*

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. OWEN, near Temple-Bar.

M,DCC,XLIX.



T O

DAVID GARRICK,
J. LACY,
JOHN RICH, and
THOMAS SHERIDAN, } Esquires,

PATENTEES and MANAGERS

OF THE

THEATRES-ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE, COVENT-GARDEN, and
SMOCK-ALLEY.

GENTLEMEN,

TO your Censures I commit the following Piece, since you are all the proper Judges of my Tryal. If I am condemned, I shall receive my Sentence without Murmuring ; and, if acquitted, with sincere Thanks : But as every Offender would find some Pretence to mitigate his Crime, I will only put
a 2 you

DEDICATION.

you in mind that I have march'd under all your Banners in many Winter Colds and Summer Heats, and given Proofs of my *Conduct*, if not of my Courage, and have disciplin'd some of your Troops. *Tho' my Enemies have beat me to the Pit* (as *Brutus* said), yet, thank Heaven! some few Friends have interpos'd, and prevented my falling in: There is a Consolation in Innocence that is our best Shield.

I am bad at Compliments, but I wish you all the Success your Merits deserve; Copy the *Roman Roscius* (tho' a Heathen) while you live; and, when you die, it may be said of you as the noble *Cicero*^a said of that celebrated Actor:

^a Every Person may not know that *Marcus Tullius Cicero* and *Roscius* lived in the same Century, and were Contemporaries, though the *Orator* was much the younger, and was taught all that Energy in his Orations he was so much famed for, by *Roscius*. *Tully* survived him many Years. He derived his Line from *Tullius Appius* King of the *Volsi*, and took his Name from *Cicer*, a *Chich-pea* (or as we call them in *England*, *Vech*), by having a Wart on his Forehead which resembled that *Pulie*. These great Men (*Cicero* and *Roscius*) flourished about the Year of the World 3880. 60 Years before the Birth of Christ.

DEDICATION.

Quis nostrum tam animo agreſti ac duro fuit, ut ROSCII morte nuper non commoveretur ? qui, cum eſſet ſenex mortuus, tamen propter excellentem artem, ac venuſtatem, videbatur omnino mori non debuiſſe.

“ Which of us all would be ſo unpo-
“ liſhed and obdurate, as not to be ſen-
“ ſibly moved with the Death of RO-
“ SCIUS ? Who, tho’ dying in Old
“ Age, yet his excellent Art, and ſweet
“ Manner of Deportment, influenced
“ every one to wiſh him immortal.”

With this I end, and take Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble, and

Reſpectful Servant,

W. R. CHETWOOD.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE is Part of the Habit to a Book, and no Author can appear full-dress'd without it : 'Tis a Cockade to an Officer, a Nosegay to a Lawyer, a Patch or a Fan to a fine Lady, or, a Ribband to her Lap-Dog.

If I should tell my Readers, I am prevailed upon with great Intreaties from my Friends to publish this Piece, I should embark with a Falshood (for it is my own Free-will, Act and Deed); and I would willingly have my Readers believe I publish nought but Truth. My Cargo is genuine, and I have taken up but little on Credit.

If the good Reader should find better Scraps of Rhyme than my own (which I presume will not be over-difficult), I have given them distinguishing Marks, that there may be no Doubts on that Account.

The numerous Notes I have squeezed in, are meant to divert; if I lose my Aim, I shall content myself with considering, I may be but one among ten thousand that have been mistaken.

I have unnumbered Thanks to many in this Kingdom, and in particular to a young Gentleman whose Good-nature has been indefatigable in my Interest. The other a Gentleman eminent in the
Law,

THE PREFACE.

Law, who has made my Cause his own. It gives me great Concern I am not permitted publicly to own their unbounded Goodness and Generosity, since such Sterling Friends are but seldom met with by Wretches in Misfortune.

I am Unfortunate I own, but (as Oroonoko says) not ashamed of being so. I bear all with Patience and Chearfulness; which I find has occasion'd the following Flight of Poetry from a Friend. I know Authors often write to themselves; yet I'll assure you, on my Veracity, it is not the Case here; tho' I must allow a little Vanity in my Composition makes me willing to insert it.

Integervita, scelerisque purus. Hor. Ode XXII.

SAY, fair Content, lov'd Goddess, say,
How shall I find thy soft Retreat;
Where shall I seek thy Halcyon Seat,
Or trace thy sacred Way?

Love pointed out a pleasing Scene,
Where nought but Beauty could be found,
With Roses and with Myrtles crown'd;
And nam'd thee for its Queen.

Delusion all! a specious Cheat!
At my Approach the Roses fade;
I found each Fragrance quite decay'd,
And curs'd the fond Deceit!

At

The P R E F A C E.

At Courts I've fought, where Splendor shone,
Where Pomp and gilded Cars reside ;
'Midst endless Hurry, endless Pride ;
But there thou wast unknown.

Yet in the Captive's dreary Cell,
Lodg'd with a long-experienc'd Sage
(With thee, thou CHIRON of the Stage)
The Goddess deigns to dwell.

Integrity, and Truth serene,
Have eas'd the Labours of the Breast,
And lull'd the peaceful Heart to rest,
'Midst Perfidy and Pain.

A Soul, like thine, disrob'd of Guile,
In native Innocence elate ;
Above the keenest Rage of Fate,
Can greet it with a Smile.

I would wish with Horace,

———— Nec turpem senectam
Degere ———

To pass declining Years without Reproach ;

*But that I find impossible ; Falshood and Fraud
are the Products of the World, and grow spon-
taneous. But no more than this ; I forgive my
Enemies, and shall ever cherish the Memory of
my Friends. I must ask Pardon for naming
Mr. Barrington in this Theatre, and Miss Bel-
lamy in Covent-Garden ; the Goodness of them
both have often eas'd an aching Heart.*

A

General HISTORY
OF THE
STAGE.

THE STAGE is almost as old as the sacred Inspiration of the Muse; admir'd, when at *Nurse*, and even in its Infant Prattle, pleasing: Born in *Greece*, and nourish'd at *Athens*. A merry Author says, in a Prologue,

*Thespis, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes sung Ballads in a Cart.*

And tho' *Bacchus* is allowed to be the Father, yet all Nations, *antient* and *modern*, esteem'd it to be a *sober* and *instructive* Entertainment.

The early Stages were, indeed, no more than native Turf, or Sod; and what was first exhibited, of a Piece, simple Pastoral Songs, sometimes mix'd with Scandal or Abuse, and, may be, home Truths; like the *Terræ Filius* at *Oxford*, or the blazoning *Peccadillos* of two

A

opponent

2 *A General HISTORY*

opponent Members setting up for the same Borough. Yet, from these Seeds of Satire, we owe a *Juvenal*, *Perseus*, *Horace*, and *Petronius*, and, indeed, the whole Race of *Heroic*, *Epic*, *Dramatic*, and *Pastoral* Poets and Poetry; your *Spondees* and *Dactyls*, the *Buskin* and *Sock*, the *Laurel* and *Bays*.

From these Turf Stages, the Players, such as they were, mounted a Cart, or some such Vehicle, and began to travel Bag and Baggage, perhaps like the Picture of the Itinerants in *Scarron's* comical Romance. Hear what *Horace* says, in *Latin*:

*Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camænæ
Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse Poemata Thespis:
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus & modicis implevit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumquæ loqui, nitique Cothurno.*

But for fear some People may understand as little *Latin* as myself, take the Sense in the following *English*.

^a *Thespis, the first that did surprise the Age
With Tragedy, ne'er trod a decent Stage;
But in a Waggon drove his Plays about,
And shew'd mean antick Tricks to please the Rout:
His Songs uneven, rude, in ev'ry Part;
His Actors smutted, and the Stage a Cart.*

^a *Thespis*, an early Poet and Player, born at *Athens*.

Next ^b *Æschylus* did greater Art express,
 He built a Stage, and taught them how to dress ;
 In decent Motion he his Parts convey'd,
 And made them look as great as those they play'd.

CREECH.

The first Theatre in *Athens* was built, by the Directions of *Æschylus*, at the public Charge. It was a wooden Pile, yet very spacious. But at the Representation of one of the Tragedies compos'd by *Æschylus*, according to *Suidas*, the Building gave way, by the monstrous Weight of 20000 Spectators, and many were kill'd and maim'd. To prevent such fatal Accidents for the future, the City order'd one more magnificent to be erected, intirely built with Stone, capable of holding half the Inhabitants without the former Danger: Some Authors say of Marble, surpassing, in Elegance, the Temples of their Gods. It consisted of two Parts, the *Scena*, and *Cavea*: The *Scena*, that Part which form'd the Stage, and other Conveniencies belonging to it; the upper Part for their *Scenes* and *Machinery*, which were generally flat Curtains, with all the Variety of Painting, let occasionally down to vary the Prospect, and ma-

^b *Æschylus*, a celebrated Greek Poet, an *Athenian*. There are several Greek Tragedies of his handed down to us, and, as *Casaubon* imagines, many more lost. By some Authors he is suppos'd to have been one of the Performers in his own Dramatic Pieces. The learned *Thomas Stanley*, Esq; of *Hertfordshire*, has publish'd this ancient Author in *Latin*, with the original *Greek* on one Side, illustrated with elaborate Notes, in *Folio*.

4 *A General HISTORY*

nage the Machinery; as *Lee* intimates, in the Tragedy of *Oedipus*:

*O! that, as oft I have at Athens seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend.*

The *Cavea* was the Place where the Spectators were seated: The under Part of the Stage was form'd for raising any thing particular for the different Performances, where were also placed the brazen Tubes for Thunder, and Utenfils for Lightning, and many other Conveniencies, according to *Grævius*:

*With brazen Thunder, forked Lightning burl'd,
That blazing stream'd, to fright the mimic World.*

They had also different Thunder, for good or bad Omens, according to *Athenæus*:

*Auspicious Omen rends the Womb of Night,
And forked Lightning flashes from the Right.*

And again,
*Ill-Omen'd Lightning has the Welkin cleft,
And rolling Thunder bellows from the Left.*

It may well be ask'd by Numbers, If these *Theatres* were so large and spacious, what sort of *Theatrical* Performers must those distant Ages produce? They must either have *Stentropoon* Voices, or their Auditors most delicate auricular Faculties. No; in my Opinion the
Senses

Senses of Hearing and Seeing were much the same as now: But as to the Voice, that, indeed, doubtless, wanted Assistance; which to help, they had Coverings to the whole Head and Face, and over the Face a *Mask*, with a Mouth only, to strengthen the Sound of the Voice; in my poor Opinion, wretched Assistance! Where were the *Eyes* and Muscles of the Countenance, to command, implore, exult, upbraid, consent, refuse, and all those different Passions that agitate the Mind, wherein the *Eyes* are the *Index*? These *Masks* were made to cover the Head, as was said before, adorn'd with Hair proper to the Character the Actor was to represent upon the Stage. Madam *Dacier* has given an engrav'd Specimen of several *Masks* us'd on the *Roman Theatre*, in her Translation of *Terence*, which she procur'd in an antient Manuscript of that Author's Works. The *Romans* follow'd the *Greeks* in their *Drama*; so, we may be assured, these Helps came from *Athens* to *Rome*. But as the Voice was to be modell'd, so was the Person; therefore the *Cothurnus*, or *Buskin*, was invented, not like our modern *Greek* or *Roman* *Buskin*, but an Elevation of Person, half a Yard, or so, to emulate the Size of Immortals, or earthly Giants, and Heroes; like our waggish Boys, appearing upon Stilts. But the *Cothurnus* was only made use of in Tragedy to *step stately*; for if they had hurry'd, they might have been in some Danger of kissing the Ground: Neither could they, I suppose, pay Homage to their Monarch, or

their Mistress, tho' perhaps, in those Days, Kneeling was neither a Mark of Submission, or Adoration, at least among the *Greeks*. But thus are their Actors pictur'd out by many Authors. *Cornelius Nepos* tells us, most of the Performers on the *Grecian* Theatres were the chief of the Nobility, Persons of great Learning and Dignity, *Poets, Orators, and Historians*; even *Kings* did not disdain to appear on the *Athenian* Stage. But, what is most surprising, these monstrous Piles of Buildings were so contriv'd, that two of these large Theatres could turn, join, and form an *Amphitheatre* for the hunting wild Beasts, &c.

Casaubon, in his Description of the Splendor of *Rome*, says, that *Curio*, a *Roman* Knight, to entertain the People, built two spacious Theatres in such a Manner, Back to Back (if it may be so term'd), first for the *Histriones*^c, or Actors, to perform in the Morning; in the Afternoon they were mov'd, to meet each other, and form one spacious *Amphitheatre*, where the Combats of Gladiators and Wild Beasts were perform'd. But when we consider the *Greek* and *Roman* Engines of War, the *Turres*^d, and a whole Catalogue of others, the Wonder will cease.

The

^c *Histriones*, or Actors, took their Name from *Hister*, in the *Tuscan* Language, a Player.

^d *Turres Mobiles*, or moving Towers of the *Greeks*, are the same of those of the *Romans*, which they copied from them. They are used in besieging the Walls of a City, generally 150 Foot high, and 30 Foot square, containing many Rooms in Length, and Height, capable of holding

The *Athenian* Theatre was, beyond all doubt, the primal and eldest Child of the *Drama*; and, consequently, must have the earliest of the Dramatic Poets, and most in Number. We have not many more of the *Roman* Dramatic Bards, after naming *Seneca* ^e for Tragedy, and *Plautus* ^f, with *Terence* ^g, for Comedy, and this last borrowed from the *Greek* of *Menander*. While, among the *Grecians*, we have this Me-

a large Body of Soldiers, with Arms and other Engines, Ladders, Bridges to throw over the City-wall for the Soldiers to enter the Town; and all this mighty Bulk put together in three Hours, as *Gronovius* tells us, with Wheels that could move it forward or back by Men, to shove, or draw, to press on, or retreat; some of the Stories fill'd with Archers and Slingers, another with Fireballs, the rest with Spears and Darts, &c.

^e The learned *Seneca* was born at *Cordova* in *Spain*. This is not the Stoic Philosopher, whom, by his moral Writings, *Hierome* ranks among the List of sacred Authors; tho' both these great Men were born in *Cordova*.

^f *Plautus* was born in *Umbria*, in the Kingdom of *Naples*. Notwithstanding his Reputation as a Comic Poet, thro' his extravagant Way of Living, he was, at last, reduced to get his Subsistence by turning a Baker's Hand-mill: A *Memento* for Poets, as well as Players.

^g *Terence* was born at *Carthage*, the Capital of *Africa*, that so long contended with the *Roman* Republic. He serv'd *Terentius Lucanus*, a *Roman* Knight, who recommended him to *Scipio* and *Lælius*. There are Six of his Comedies left us, but most taken from the *Greek* of *Menander*, which makes the learned World regret the Loss of that excellent Author. *Terence*, after his great Success in *Rome*, embark'd to visit *Athens*, but was suppos'd to perish at Sea; for he was never after heard of.

8 A General HISTORY

Menander^h, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*ⁱ, *Euripides*^k, and *Aristophanes*^l, the first and last for Comedy, the other for Tragedy; not forgetting *Lycophron*^m. Therefore we may thank *Athens*ⁿ for her Schools of Science and Arts,

^h *Menander*, a celebrated Greek Comic Poet. *Suidas* informs us, that he squinted, and was an inordinate Lover of the Fair Sex. *Plautus* and *Terence* borrow'd as much from this Author, as our modern Play-wrights from *Cornille*, *Racine*, *Moliere*, *Renard*, and many of the French Tribe of *Parnassus*. But whom has our Immortal *Shakespeare* pilfer'd from? Why, not having the Fear of Heaven before his Eyes, he has sacrilegiously stolen from that sacred Goddess, Nature, in all her Works.

ⁱ *Sophocles* was a celebrated Tragic Poet of *Athens*. He flourished in the Year of the World 3520. before the Birth of *Christ* 428.

^k *Euripides* wrote 75 Dramatic Pieces. Altho' he was twice married, he was accounted a Woman-hater. Various are the Accounts of his Death: Some say, he was torn to Pieces by Women; others, by the King of *Macedon*'s Dogs. He was cotemporary with *Sophocles*.

^l *Aristophanes* was born at *Lindus*, in the Island of *Rhodus*. He wrote 14 Comedies. He was cotemporary with *Socrates*, and in one of his Plays ridicules that great Philosopher. He flourished in the Year of the World 3527.

^m *Lycophron*, an eminent Tragic Poet, born at *Chalcedon*, a City of *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*, and now call'd *Chiutale* by the *Turks*, in whose Government it now remains.

ⁿ *Athens* was built by *Cecrops* (as *Helvicus* informs us), a King of *Egypt*, in the Year of the World 2390. 64 Years before the *Israelites* went out of *Egypt*. It was obey'd by Kings, till 2812. of the World, when the Line of Monarchs ended with *Codrus*. *Archons* then were constituted in the Place of Regal Power, after the Reign

Arts, whose flourishing Branches by degrees spread over the now learned World, as *Horace* writes in his Epistle to *Augustus Cæsar* :

*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*

Greece conquer'd, did her Conquerors o'ercome,
Polish'd the Rude, and sent her Arts to *Rome*.

The

Reign of 31 Kings; the Hero *Theseus* being the 11th of that Number, who nam'd the City *Athens*. These *Archons*, or joint Rulers, were nine in Number, and were generally Hereditary. *Solon*, the wise Lawgiver, was an *Athenian*, and form'd those wholesome Statutes from which they deriv'd their excellent Government. See the *English* of the *Greek* of what he said of himself.

*What Pow'r was fit, I did on all bestow;
Nor rais'd the Poor too high, nor press'd too low:
The Rich, that rul'd, and ev'ry Office bore,
Confin'd by Laws, they could not press the Poor.
Both Parties I secur'd from lawless Might:
So, none prevail'd upon another's Right.*

Have we better Laws now? These *Archons* for Life continued Governors till 3190. They were then changed for ten Years Rule only, till 3268. then it formed a direct Republic, and, as *Alcibiades* says in the Play of *Timon of Athens*,

One Tyrant is better than four Hundred!

Their home-bred Jars made them a Prey to the *Macedonians*, and afterwards to the *Romans*. And tho' famous for War and Arms, yet Learning and Art, even in their Troubles, rais'd them to be the first in the Esteem,

10 *A General HISTORY*

The *Socci* is no more than we say in *English* (*Sock*), and used in Comedy only ; For Tragedy, with the *Chorus*, and Comedy, were a long time the *Greek* and *Roman* Entertainments. The *Chorus* might, indeed, be term'd *Interludes*, tho' their Substance were mostly relative to the Story, as Thoughts of the fore-

tho' they wore the Chains of *Rome* ; which shall introduce the Words of the *Oracle* to the great *Theseus* :

Hear, Theseus, Pitheus Daughter's Son,
Hear what Jove for thee has done.
In this great City thou hast made,
He has, as in a Store-house, laid
The settled Periods and fix'd Fates
Of many Cities, mighty States.
But know thou neither Fear nor Pain ;
Solicit not thyself in vain :
For, like a Bladder that does bide
The Fury of the angry Tide,
Thou from high Waves unhurt shalt bound,
Always toss'd, but never drown'd. DUKE.

Athens is now call'd *Atheni* by the *Turks*. There are computed 7000 *Christians*, and 2000 *Turks*, who command the Town. The *Aga* resides in the *Acropolis*, or Castle, built upon a Rock, a Mile in Circumference ; within it is a *Mosque*, that, when *Athens* flourish'd, was the Temple of *Minerva*, built of white Marble, 217 Foot in Length, and 100 in Breadth ; and (as *Wheeler* says) was one of the finest Structures in the World. Near it are some of the Remains of the Theatre of *Bacchus*. The *Area*, and the *Stage*, are almost fill'd with the ruinous Marble Seats. But it is plain to be discover'd, that this Theatre is much larger than the Temple of *Minerva*, and built with white Marble. The Temple of the eight Winds, some Remains of the *Odeum*, or Music Theatre, &c. may be still distinguish'd.

going

going Subject of the Scene, by Standers-by, or Over-hearers. Yet these, by degrees, melted away, and *Mimes* or *Pantomimes* were instituted in their room. Some of our *English* Authors have their Chorus after the antient Manner, viz. *Shakespear* in his *Henry V.* and *Winter's Tale*; *Milton* in his *Samson Agonistes*; *Sandys* in his *Christ's Passion*; and the late Duke of *Buckingham* in his two Tragedies from the *Julius Cæsar* of our *Shakespear*, and others. The *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* crept in, and shov'd out these antient Chorus's; some were loose and wanton *Mimics*, that the *Roman* Luxury too well lik'd; others were more decent, who by Action and Gesture could describe a Story without speaking, in all its Variety of Passions. One of these was so excellent, that when a foreign Prince came to *Rome* in the Time of *Nero* the Tyrant, at his Departure, he ask'd no other Favour of the Emperor, but that *Mime*, whom he had seen perform, for this Reason; that as he had many barbarous Nations bordering round him, of different Speech, this Man by his Action could be an excellent Interpreter, whose Meaning was so well understood without the Use of Speech. *Mimes* and *Pantomimes* are generally the same thing; but to translate them Buffoons (as *Cooper* in his Dictionary) is something too low a Meaning. I shall leave the Antients to rest quietly in their Graves.

The *Drama* in *England*, and all over *Europe*, began as meanly as its first Original in

12 *A General HISTORY*

Greece or Rome, and our Poetry as crude. The first Play, at least that has appeared in Print, was with this Title, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a Comedy, acted at *Christs-College, Cambridge*. Writ by Mr. S. Master of Arts. And an artful Piece it is. *Gammer Gurton* has lost her Needle, and truly great Hunt is made about it; her Boy is sent to blow the Embers in order to light a Candle to help the Search. The damn'd Witch of a Cat is got in the Chimney, with her two fiery Eyes. The Boy cries, *It is the Devil of a Fire*; for when he puffs, it's out; and when he does not, it's in. *Stir it!* cries *Gammer Gurton*. The Boy does as he's bid. The Fire, or rather the Cat, flies among a Pile of Wood; the Boy cries, *The House will be burnt!* All Hands to work. The Cat is discover'd by a Priest (having a little more Cunning than the rest). This is the *Episode*. The main Plot and *Catastrophe* are full as good. *Gammer Gurton*, it seems, had the Day before been mending her Man *Hodge's* Breeches. Now *Hodge* in some Game of Merriment was to be punish'd by three Slaps on the *Bum*, by the brawny open Hand of one of his Fellow Bumpkins. His Head is laid down in *Gammer Gurton's* Lap; the first Slap is given — *Hodge*, with great Exclamation, bellows out, *Oh!* He declares his Grief! and searching for the Cause of his Pain—O, happy! the Needle was found bury'd up to the Eye in the Posterior of poor *Hodge!* It was pull'd out with great Re-
joicing

joicing by all but the Delinquent, who express'd some Pain ; and so ends this excellent *Comedy*.

But Time has polish'd this Rudeness, and true *English Tragedy* and *Comedy* is allow'd to stand in the utmost Perfection. Yet Bunglers will still be dabbling. Every polite Nation delights in the *Drama*. The heavy *Dutch* have Plays in their own Language, but they are generally plann'd from the Old Testament. I had a Description of one given me, from an *English Spectator*. It was the Story of *Abraham* sacrificing his Son *Isaac*. But *Abraham* was arm'd with a *Gun* instead of a sacrificing *Knife*. The Angel, to prevent the Gun from firing, sprinkled some warm Water, a Distillation of its own making. The *Ram* in the Brake (which was represented by Boughs of Laurel) was a plump fat *Dutchman* (marry'd I suppose) with fair brow-spread Antlers on his Head, fix'd very artificially ; and all the Decorations were of a Piece. But they have a handsome regular *Theatre* at the *Hague*, occupy'd by a *French Troop of Comedians*. Even the distant *Chinese* have very fine Theatres. I saw, in my Youth, a *Chinese* Performance at *Canton*, where the *Scenes*, *Machines*, and *Habits*, were surprising and magnificent ; but not understanding the Language, *the Glare* growing familiar, as *Addison* says by Beauty,

Faded on the Eye, and pall'd upon the Sense.

Du Halde in his History of *China* has translated

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ted into *French* several of the *Chinese* Dramatic Authors ; but they seem plann'd mostly alike — A Prince secreted in his Youth by an evil Minister, and counterplotted by a good one : The Child at last brought from its Obscurity, marry'd to a great Princess, and begins his happy Reign. But these illustrious Ladies have but little to say for themselves, no more than the lost Daughters in the *Comedies* of *Terence*, found again by the Parents, and marry'd to the Son of a Friend. *Tavernier* in his Travels to the *East-Indies* informs us, that *Theatres* have been many Ages the Diversion of the *Chinese*, and more magnificent than those of *Europe*. He relates a long Description of them ; and the more to illustrate that Account, gives you the *Plan* and *Picture* of one engrav'd, with the *Scenes* and *Machines*. The People of *America* had their Theatre, according to *Acosta*^a. But what need we travel so far from

^a *Acosta*, the Spaniard, that wrote the History of the *West-Indies* before *Cortez* had conquer'd it, says, the *Amantas*, or *Indian* Philosophers, were also Poets, and invented *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, which were acted on their Festivals before the King, the Royal Family, and the Court ; the Actors being the Noblemen and great Officers of the Army. The Subject of their *Tragedies* were the Victories and great Actions of their Ancestors, which seem'd to be the best Means they had of preserving the Memory of what was past. In their *Comedies*, their Husbandry, their Household Affairs and Commerce were represented, and the most remarkable Follies in Life expos'd. The Poets taught them what they had to say, not by Writing, but by Memory ; for Orthography

from Home? 'Tis Time to come back to our own Country, with this Observation, that polite Nations allow the *Theatre* a wise and instructive Amusement. Even the Apostles did not disapprove of Plays, and no doubt read them; for St. *Paul*, in his First Epistle to the *Corinthians*, quotes *Menander* the Greek Comic Poet, and sets down his own Phrase in his own Words, xvth Chapter, 33d Verse, *Be not deceiv'd—Evil Communication corrupts good Manners.* Arts, Sciences, and even Trade, generally flourish with the Theatre, and, I think, Religion and Politeness, and why may not the Drama be a great Mark of a civiliz'd Nation? The *Greeks* and *Romans* were in their highest Glory when the *Stage* flourish'd. I need not say, that the *Theatre* in *England* came in with the Reformation, and the long-reign'd *Queen Elizabeth*, whose great Learning not only made her give it Encouragement, but Sir *Roger Naunton* tells us, that great Queen translated one of the Tragedies of *Euripides* from the

phy was not known among the *Indians* till after the Conquest.

According to *Lopez de Vega*, the Christian Religion was propagated among the *Americans* by the Theatre. Read in his own Words what he writes upon the Subject: "Every Part of Gospel-history is thrown into a Play, and the *Indians* are the Actors (instructed by the *Jesuits*); one acts our *Saviour*, another St. *Peter*, a third *Pontius Pilate*, a fourth *Judas*, and so on. This they look upon as the readiest Way of instructing the vulgar *Indians* in the Christian Religion, and to fix the Sacred History of it in their Memories."

original

original *Greek* for her own Amusement. Our immortal *Shakespear* met Reward from that illustrious Princess, and her Influence brought forth his inimitable Genius to that high Lustre, where it will shine unrival'd to after Ages, never once clouded but in the Time of Fanaticism, and drear Darknes of *Canting* and *Hypocrisy*. *France* was poring in the thick Mist, till *Hardy* their first Poet shewed Dramatic Light ; then all Branches of Learning began to shine, and spread their Lustre, improv'd their Arts and Arms, and warm'd their wide-spreading Nation to Glory, when Conquest waited on their Monarch, and Victory cover'd him with Laurels, till check'd by the *British* Lion. Ambition in great Minds stands rank'd in the Line of Virtue ; but I think to bound it is more truly a Virtue, as sweet-tongu'd *Waller* writes :

*If the successful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, so great Applause do find ;
Shall the vex'd World less Honour yield to those,
That stop their Progress, and their Rage oppose ?
Next to that Pow'r which does the Ocean awe,
Is to set Bounds, and give Ambition Law.*

But let me set Bounds to myself.

As the *Stage* flourish'd in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* and King *James* the First, with such excellent Dramatic Poets, viz. *Shakespear*, *Ben Johnson*, *Massenger*, and many others, we may be well assur'd the *Actors* did not fall much
short

short of the *Writers*. Nature is the same in every Age. *Taylor, Burbidge, Lowen, Hemmings, Condel, Allen, Mason, Field, Tarlton*, and others that performed in the Plays of *Shakespeare, Johnson, &c.* have their public Praises in several cotemporary Authors. Mr. *Marlow* in his Preface to the *Jew of Malta* (a Play acted before King *Charles* the First and his Queen, at *Whitehall*, in the Year 1633.) writes, "that Mr. *Mason* and Mr. *Taylor* perform'd their Parts with that Excellence, that it was beyond conceiving." Sir *Richard Baker* in his *Chronicles of England*, at the latter End of Queen *Elizabeth*, after giving an Account of the eminent Persons in that Reign, writes thus of three Actors: "Excellency in the meanest Things deserves Remembrance. *Richard Burbidge*, and *Edward Allen*, two such Actors, as no Age must ever look to see the like: And, to make their Comedies complete, *Richard Tarlton*, for the *Clown's* Part, never had his Match, nor never will have." What this Writer calls the *Clown's* Part, were such as *Launcelot* in the *Merchant of Venice*, *Touchstone* in *As you like it*, the Fool in *King Lear*, and Parts of the Kind, which required Persons of infinite Humour.

Mr. *Thomas Heywood* was not only an excellent Actor, but a very great Author, and Dramatic Poet. I have read all his Works that are extant, and in my poor Judgment he may be accounted the first of the second-rank'd Poets in the Reigns of Queen *Elizabeth* and King

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King James the First. I do not think it will displease the Reader, to give him a Catalogue of his great Labours.

1. *Robert Earl of Huntingdon's Downfal*, 1601.
 2. *Robert Earl of Huntingdon's Death*, 1601.
- These two Pieces are the History of *Robin Hood*.
3. *The Golden Age*, 1611.
 4. *The Silver Age*, 1613.
 5. *The Brazen Age*, 1613.
 6. *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617.
 7. *If you know not me, you know no-body*.
This is the History of *Queen Elizabeth*, with a Print of that great Queen in the Front, and the *Spanish Armada* destroy'd by her Majesty's Fleet, 1623.
 8. *The Royal King, and Loyal Subject*, 1627.
 9. *The fair Maid of the West; or, a Girl worth Gold*. First Part. 1631.
 10. *The fair Maid*. Second Part. 1631.
 11. *The Duchess of Suffolk*.
 12. *The Iron Age*. First Part. 1632.
 13. *The Iron Age*. Second Part. 1632.
 14. *The English Traveller*, 1633.
 15. *A Maidenhead well lost*, 1634.
 16. *The four London 'Prentices, with the Conquest of Jerusalem*, 1635.
 17. *A Challenge for Beauty*, 1636.
 18. *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1637.
 19. *The wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638.
 20. *The Rape of Lucretia*, 1638.
 21. *Love's Mistress*, 1640.
 22. *Fortune*

22. *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655.

23. *Lancashire Witches*. The Date of this Play was wanting.

24. *Edward the Fourth*. In Two Parts. The late Mr. *Bowman* informed me, he was very well assured by Mr. *Cleveland*, a Poet of the last Age, this double Play was performed on two succeeding Nights, and had a very great Run (a Theatrical Term).

Several modern Authors have borrow'd from Mr. *Heywood*. I shall only mention two; *Shadwell* in his *Lancashire Witches*, and *Fielding* in his *Intriguing Chamber-Maid*, from the *English Traveller*; or rather *Renarde* the *Frenchman* translated it into *French* from the *English*, and our *English Privateer* retook it back again. Though it is very possible, all three might have an Eye upon the *Mostellaria* of *Plautus*. But this is failing a little out of my Latitude. Yet we may be very well assured, this Poet must be in great Reputation, by the Number and Success of his Dramatic Works, when *Shakespear* and *Fletcher* were the reigning Monarchs of the Stage, not forgetting *Ben Johnson* and *Massenger*. And I repeat it here again, the Stage Performers must certainly be great in those Times, since few of our Poets have out-shone those that went before them, more especially *Shakespear* and *Johnson*. This last had no other *Epitaph* than O RARE BEN JOHNSON! and *Burbidge*, the Tragedian, by way of Estimation, *Exit*

BUR-

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BURBIDGE. Mr. *Richard Allen*, another great Actor, founded and endowed a College ^p at *Dulwich* in *Surry*, at his own private Expence.

We

^p This College was first designed for the Relief and Support of six Men, six Women, with six Children, Persons thro' Indigence, Misfortunes, or old Age, belonging to the Theatres of *London*. But, when the Building was going forward, Mr. *Allen* having left off acting, he recommended a Door-keeper to his quondam Brother Actors; they absolutely refused him that small Favour, which so enraged him, that he turned his Bounty another Way. Both Parties, perhaps, to blame; but, I believe, few censured him out of the Theatres at that Time. He afterwards increased the Number of Children to twelve, from the Age of five Years, to be taught and maintained till 14 or 15. We may imagine the Founder no very great Friend to Matrimony, since he left Directions, that the Governor should continue a Batchelor, and one of his own Name; and to give place to another *Allen*, should he once change his Condition. The College is a noble Building, with a very handsome Chapel, the Altar-piece elegantly painted, with a well-ton'd Organ; and it is the Duty of the Organist to teach the Children to sing the proper Services of the Church. The decent Decorum is admired by all. There is also an elegant Pleasure-Garden, with a useful Orchard and Kitchen-Garden, all well-stock'd with the best Fruits, &c. Fish-ponds, that yield large Quantities of *Carp*, *Tench*, *Perch*, and *Eels*. And, much to the Credit of the Managers of this Charity, the original Estate left by the Founder is more than trebled in Value, and they have Money in their Treasury ready for another Purchase. I shall end this Account with what Sir *Richard Baker* writes in his *Chronicle of England*, where he closes the Reign of King *James the First*:
 " About this Time (1624.) *Edward Allen*, of *Dulwich*
 " in

We have had great Generals, knowing Admirals, worthy Discoverers of new Worlds, as well as illustrious Poets, in the two last Ages; and why may not their cotemporary Theatrical Performers be as great in their Way? An Author, who wrote about Forty Years past, speaks thus of Mr. *Betterton*:
 “ In the Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark, Mr. *Betterton* performed the Part of young *Hamlet*. Sir *William Davenant* ¹
 “ having

“ in *Surry*, founded a fair Hospital at *Dulwich*, for six poor Men, six poor Women, and twelve poor Children from the Age of four to six Years, to be there maintained and taught till the Age of Fourteen or Sixteen, and to have a Schoolmaster, with Diet, and a convenient Stipend. This Man may be an Example, who, having gotten his Wealth by Stage-playing, converted it to this pious Use; not without a kind of Reputation to the Society of Stage-Players.”

¹ Sir *William Davenant* was, by many, supposed the natural Son of *Shakespeare*. He succeeded *Ben Jonson* as Poet-Laureat in 1637. and obtained a Patent for a Company of Comedians from King *Charles*, and was knighted by that Monarch. He was accounted a great Poet, in several Branches of that Science: His Poem of *Gondibert* is esteemed a noble Poem, which he wrote in *France* during his Exile with King *Charles* the Second. His Works are printed in Folio 1673, which contains 17 Dramatic Pieces, besides his Poems, with his Head crowned with Laurel. The Features seem to resemble the open Countenance of *Shakespeare*, but the want of a Nose gives an odd Cast to the Face. I shall not inquire how he came Noseless, yet give you a stale Jest upon the Occasion. Sir *William* walking by *Temple-Bar*, a Fishmonger's Boy, in watering his Fish upon the Stall, besprinkled the Laureat; who, snuffing, loudly complained

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“ having seen Mr. *Taylor*, of the *Black-Friers*
 “ Playhouse, act this Part (who was instructed
 “ by the Author *Shakespear*), remembred him
 “ so well, that he taught Mr. *Betterton*, in
 “ every Article ; which, by his exact Per-
 “ formance, gained the Actor Esteem and
 “ Reputation superlative to all the other
 “ Players.” This Account makes it plain
Taylor must be very great in the Part, since
Betterton, his Imitator, performed it so well.
 And *Betterton*, in the Memory of many, was
 plained of the Abuse. The Master begged the Knight’s
 Pardon, and was for chastising his Servant with some
 Expostulations, as well as a Cudgel. *Zounds, Sir, cry’d*
the Boy, it’s very hard I must be corrected for my Clean-
liness ; the Gentleman blew his Nose upon my Fisb, and I
was washing it off, that’s all. The Jest pleased Sir *Wil-*
liam so well, that he gave him a Piece of Money, and
 went away highly delighted. Since I have given you
 one old Jest upon the Nose of Sir *William*, I’ll venture
 to throw in another. As he was walking along the *Mews*,
 an importunate Beggar-woman teiz’d him for Charity,
 with often repeating, *Heaven bless your Eye-sight ! God*
preserve your Worship’s Eye sight—Why, what’s the Mat-
ter with my Eye-sight, Woman ? reply’d Sir *William*, *I*
find no Defect there. Ah ! good Sir, I wish you never
may, return’d the Beggar ; for should your Sight ever fail
you, you must borrow a Nose of your Neighbour to hang
your Spectacles on. His Play of the *Law against Lovers*
 is *Shakespear*’s *Measure for Measure*, with a very little
 Alteration, and as little for the better. Sir *William* was
 the Contriver of painted Scenes in our *English* Theatres,
 as well as one of the first Introducers of singing Operas.
 There is a Work of this Kind, whose Title runs thus :
 “ The Cruelty of the *Spaniards* in *Peru*, expressed by
 “ Instrumental and Vocal Music, and by Art of Per-
 “ spectiv in Scenes, at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, at
 “ three in the-Afternoon, 1658.”

esteemed

esteemed the greatest Actor of his Time. Read what the great *Addison* writes of him, who may be allowed a Judge of the Drama, as well as the Performers.

“ Such an Actor as Mr. *Betterton* ought to
 “ be recorded with the same Respect as *Roscius*
 “ among the *Romans*. The greatest
 “ Orator (*Tully*) has thought fit to quote his
 “ Judgment, and celebrate his Life. *Roscius*
 “ was the Example to all that would form
 “ themselves into proper and winning Beha-
 “ viour : His Action was so well adapted to
 “ the Sentiments he expressed, that the Youth
 “ of *Rome* thought they wanted only to be
 “ virtuous to be as graceful in their Appearance
 “ as *Roscius*. The Imagination took a lovely
 “ Impression of what was great and good ; and
 “ they who never thought of setting up for
 “ the Art of Imitation, became themselves
 “ inimitable Characters. There is no human
 “ Invention so aptly calculated for the form-
 “ ing a free-born People, as that of a *Theatre*.
 “ *Tully* reports, that the celebrated *Roscius*
 “ used frequently to say, the Perfection of an
 “ Actor is, only to become what he is doing.
 “ I have hardly a Notion, that any Performer
 “ of Antiquity could surpass the Action of
 “ Mr. *Betterton*, in any of the Occasions in
 “ which he has appeared on our Stage. The
 “ wonderful Agony which he appeared in,
 “ when he examined the Circumstance of the
 “ Handkerchief in the Part of *Othello* ; the
 “ Mixture of Love that intrudes upon his
 “ Mind

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“ Mind upon the innocent Answers *Desdemona*
 “ makes; betrayed in his Gesture such a Va-
 “ riety, and Vicissitude of Passion, as would
 “ admonish a Man to be afraid of his own
 “ Heart, and perfectly convince him, it is to
 “ stab it, to admit that worst of Daggers,
 “ *Jealousy*. Whoever reads in his Closet this
 “ admirable Scene will find, that he cannot
 “ (except he has as warm an Imagination as
 “ *Shakespeare* himself) find any but dry, in-
 “ coherent, and broken Sentences. But a
 “ Reader, that has seen *Betterton* act it, ob-
 “ serves there could not be a Word added;
 “ that longer Speeches had been unnatural,
 “ nay, impossible, in *Othello's* Circumstances.
 “ Mr. *Rymer*, the greatest Critic of the Age
 “ he lived in, in his Dissertation on Tragedy,
 “ speaks thus on Mr. *Hart* :

“ The Eyes of the Audience are prepos-
 “ sessed and charmed by his Action, before
 “ ought of the Poet can approach their Ears;
 “ and, to the most wretched of Characters,
 “ *Hart* gives a Lustre which dazzles the Sight,
 “ that the Deformities of the Poet cannot be
 “ perceived.”

Now, after the Opinions of two such eminent Judges, why may we not suppose there were as great Stage Performers in Times past, as the present, without lessening the Merit of those that survive? If, in my simple Judgment, I allow the present equal to the past, I cannot allow that they exceed them, no more, perhaps, than the next Race of *Theatrical* Performers

formers will excel many that now grace the Stage. Excellency, in this Science, does not always run in the Blood, or, like Estates, follow hereditary. They must be born *Actors*, as well as *Poets* and *Painters*: Yet there are many Dabblers in all three; but, alas! how few come to Perfection! We very rarely see Brothers or Sisters, Sons or Daughters, or any of the relative Line (though they sometimes take up the Calling, because one of the Race flourishes in the Theatrical Field) succeed in their Attempts. A Monarch may give Ribbands, Titles of Honour, or add to his Peers, but no Power but that immortal Goddess *Nature* can form a perfect Actor: Yet some even of these forget their Instructress, and Faults invade them to fully their Perfections. Every Performer on the Stage ought to take Virtue for his Guide. Precepts from the Pulpit will not have all their Efficacy from a *Monitor* without *Morals*. A Discourse on Sobriety, on a *Sunday*, would lose something of its Intention from an Orator known to baste the Bottle about all the past *Saturday* Evening till the *Noon of Night*, as *Shakespeare* says. The Blind may hear, the Dumb and Deaf see, but every Sense must be perfect to instruct, and be instructed. Performers, of both Sexes, ought to imitate those virtuous Characters they represent upon the Stage; the Dignity of the Theatre, then, might emulate that of *Athens*. 'Tis not the Business brings Scandal to the Performers, if they will take care to avoid

drawing it upon themselves. I have known the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, and many of the rest of the Fraternity, meet Regard, and even Respect, from Persons of the first Rank, from their proper Behaviour; and I am convinced every one, with the like Conduct, would meet with the like Treatment from People of Sense and good Breeding; but the Two-legg'd Brutes of the Creation will be ever incorrigible: A decent Dress will become their Station; but Pride ought to be as far distant from them, as the licensed Instructors of Divine Institution: For if Theatrical Performers are Servants to the Public (as an eminent Actor publicly declared), they should never attempt to out-dress their Masters. *Veluti in Speculum* (*behold as in a Glass*), the Motto over the Front of *Drury-Lane* Theatre, will serve both Auditors and Actors; and, I think, carries a more instructive Meaning than the other, of *Vivitur Ingenio* (*we live by Wit*), which only relates to the Stage. A bad Painter is seldom copy'd, and Excellence is only worth Imitation; Dress beyond Station is Pride, and Pride very often brings Self-punishment. I have known Fiddlers and Dancing-masters wear lac'd Cloaths, but they seldom improv'd any thing but the Taylor's Bill, and as much laugh'd at as the Baboon I have often seen in a lac'd Coat and a Bag-wig in the Parade at *Bartholomew-Fair*——Yet I have seen gold Fringe on silk Vests, with white silk Stockens, worn by the Dancers on the Ropes at *Sadlers-Wells*,

Wells, that have bow'd and scrap'd in that rich Dress, picking up Halfpence thrown down by *Coblers* and *Link-Boys*. Such Sights put me in mind of the painted Eggs^r of *Muscovy*, they don't relish the better for their Colouring, and gaudy Outsides. Even *Roscius* among the *Romans* (though the Actors did not keep up their Reputations equal to those of *Athens*) was mark'd out as a Pattern for the Youth of *Rome* to follow in Decency of Dress, and Morals. *Tully* says, *Cum artifex ejusmodi sit, ut solus dignus videatur esse, qui in scena spectetur; tum vir ejusmodi est, ut solus dignus videatur qui eo non accedat.* — “ So excellent an Artist, that he seem'd the only Person to adorn the Stage; and yet, in all other respects, so complete in every Grace and Virtue, that he seem'd the only Person that should not take up with such a Profession.”

^r It is the Custom of the *Muscovites* at *Christmas*, *Easter*, and many other stated Festivals, to send, as a friendly Present to their Acquaintance and Relations, painted Eggs, generally embellish'd with Flowers curiously drawn, Fruits, &c. that are very often so expensive, that the Money laid out for the painting of one would purchase a hundred, as simple Nature produc'd them, and are of no farther Use than to be look'd upon. This Custom is kept up chiefly in the Holidays of *Christmas*, in Commemoration of the *Eastern* wise Men, led by the Star to visit our *Redeemer* in the Manger at *Bethlehem*, where they made their Presents to the Divine Infant. These Eggs are sometimes eaten in those Days ordained, where Flesh is forbidden, but not till the Sun is set, or, if no Sun appears, not till Candle-light.

Moral Virtue, and a decent Behaviour, will gain Esteem from People of every Rank, will add Weight to the Characters they represent, and even may atone for want of Excellency.

Lessons for the Stage may be convey'd, in one respect, stronger than from the Pulpit, if the Audience were attentive as they should be at Church: For a Play well wrote, and well perform'd, where Virtue suffers, or meets its just Reward, must have strong Force upon the Mind, where the Eye is suppos'd to view the very Persons in the real Circumstances of History. What then will add to this Imagination? Why, the Performers to be as blameless as human Nature will allow. I remember a virtuous Actress (or one reputed so) repeating two Lines in *King Lear*, at her Exit in the Third Act,

*Arm'd in my Virgin Innocence I'll fly,
My Royal Father to relieve, or die,*

receive a Plaudit from the Audience, more as a Reward for her reputable Character, than, perhaps, her Acting claim'd; when a different *Actress* in the same Part, more fam'd for her Stage-Performance than the other, at the Words *Virgin Innocence*, has created a Horse-laugh (no Reflection on the Audience, since a Theatrical Term), and the Scene of generous Pity and Compassion at the Close turn'd to Ridicule. Here the Audience are disconcerted, and the Reality of the Subject before them loses much of its Force, with the Imagination debilitated,

debilitated, if not turn'd another Way. On the other hand, indeed, if a Person who acts *Iago*, be suspected to wear a Heart that way inclin'd, he appears stronger in *that* Character, and meets with an Applause that condemns him. We may find, by these Examples, Virtue is of some Use upon the Stage, and would be more so, if more practis'd. To give Instructions to an Actor, is a very difficult Task; for if much is wanting, it is not worth while to give any. A rough Diamond may be polish'd, but few Pebbles are worth cutting. After many Requisites for the Stage, bad Action will even cause a good Figure to appear aukward; and tho' there may be Rules for Action, yet Nature is the best Teacher; and if an Actor of good Understanding is truly possessed with his Character, the true Action will involuntarily occur. I remember Mrs. *Porter*, to whom Nature had been niggard in Voice and Face, so great in many Parts, as Lady *Macbeth*, *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*, *Hermione* in the *Distrest Mother*, and many Parts of the Kind, that her just Action, Eloquence of Look and Gesture, mov'd Astonishment! and yet I have heard her declare, she left the Action to the Possession of the Sentiments in the Part she perform'd. I have known some tolerable Actors, as to Countenance and Elocution, that have mortify'd both by the Badness of Action, more especially the proper Use of their Hands: Had they worn each in a Scarf, they had been much more tolerable, as it is the most expres-

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five Part in the Action of the Body, so as *Shakespear* says, *like an ill-sheath'd Knife, it will most hurt its Master*. I think *Quintilian* says, all the Parts of the Body assist the Speaker; but the Hands speak without a Tongue, supplicate, threaten, call, dismiss, provoke, shew every Passion of the Soul. The Hands are the general Language of Mankind, and we need no Grammar but Nature to understand it. So by their awkward Use upon the Stage, we may turn the Serious into Ridicule. Mr. *Booth* would often regret the want of Opportunity for an Actor to continue in a graceful Attitude, which *Nicolini* the *Italian* Singer was so masterly familiar with, between the *Retornels* of a Song, and other Occasions: Yet when Mr. *Booth* had the least Opportunity, he shew'd he only wanted it. I remember in the 5th Act of *Othello*, while he is listening to *Emilia's* speaking to *Desdemona*, after she is suppos'd to be strangled, he suited his Attitude and Countenance to the Circumstances of the Scene, that I have not Art to describe, but the treble repeated Applauses of the Audience, while he was silent, spoke such high Approbation, that Miss *Santlow* (afterwards Mrs. *Booth*) us'd to say, *She thought the Audience were pleas'd poor Desdemona was strangled out of the Way*.

Of all the various Passions of Grief, a manly Sorrow is the most difficult to express. And of all the Actors I have ever yet seen, I must be pardon'd if I give the Preference to
Mr.

Mr. *Wilks*. No Heart, that was capable of being touch'd, but must have sympathiz'd at his Manner of speaking one Line in the *Orphan* to *Monimia*, in the Fifth Act.

My fatal Love, alas! has ruin'd thee!

And yet I have heard it spoke when it has given me no more Concern, than if a Voice had pierced my Ear with

Kettles or Pots to mend! Old Brasses to mend!

If moving the Passions is a great Art in Acting, I think Mr. *Wilks* was Master of that Art. There was no avoiding feeling *his* Distress in another Line, when he performed the Part of the *Royal Merchant* in the *Beggars Bush*, a Comedy of *Fletcher's*. The Character is noted for beneficent Charity; and, when his flinty-hearted Creditors had just press'd him for Payment, *Claude* his old Beadsman (tho' his Father in Disguise) comes as if to beg his usual Charity, when the Merchant replies with such a Tone that sinks into the Soul:

Claude, I pray thee leave me; for, by my Troth, I have nothing now to give thee.

Comparison is the true Touchstone of Excellence, and brighten'd Brasses by a false Light might be taken for Gold, if not try'd.

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In the 4th Act of *Macbeth*, when he is told by *Lenox* of the Loss of his Wife and Children, his Mixture of Sorrow and manly Grief at

*He has no Children! Butcher! If he had,
The Thought of them would sure have stirr'd
Remorse!*

drew Tears from almost every Eye, when if he had blubber'd like a School-boy whipt, the touching Scene would have rais'd Laughter, in the place of Grief. And yet some particular People will not allow Mr. *Wilks's* Excellence to stand in Tragedy. If, indeed, he had attempted the Parts of *Cato*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Henry the VIIIth*, *Melantius*, and a countless Catalogue of others in the same Class, I might have join'd in their Opinion; but while there is a *Juba*, an *Edgar*, *Macduff*, *Buckingham*, and *Aminator*, in the same Plays, I don't desire to see a better Performer in that Cast of Playing than Mr. *Wilks*: In *Hamlet* he pleas'd all the Audience; and if the best Judges laugh'd at his Parts in Comedy, I can't conceive they have shed more Tears since his much-lamented Death, at any of the above-mentioned Plays. I remember a few Years ago a Dispute arose between Two Theatrical Gentlemen upon *this* Stage, concerning the Propriety of a particular Speech; the one, to enforce his Argument, told the other, he never heard it spoke otherwise on the *English* Stage. *Pho*, reply'd the other Disputant, *that was the old Way of Acting!*

Acting! A truly great Actor, that stood by, reply'd, *Learn the old Way first, and when you are perfect, then begin a new one, if you can find it out: Art may invent Fashions in our Dress; but Nature is the same as the Habits of the Turks, which they have never yet alter'd.* The Cloaths of the first Ottoman Prince is the Model of the Emperor that now reigns, and, as the divine Pope paints the unalterable Goddes,

*Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal Light;
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,
At once, the Source, and End, and Test of Art.*

I have known many Actors with excellent Voices; so I have often known common Ballad-singers in the Streets with strong Lungs and Voices; but, for want of a Manner with Judgment, murder an excellent Song, and yet extort Praise from their Auditors. A Sow-gelder's Horn will pierce the Ear, and alarm all the Dogs in the Parish; but I believe most People would rather hear a Trumpet. The Voice, like an Instrument of Music, must be put in Tune, and, if managed by a skilful Actor, whose Mind feels the Passions, will send out the proper Tone, when a Bungler in Music does but harshly grate upon the Ear. But who is ignorant of this? If this is the Disease of the Stage, where is the Remedy? It must certainly be in the Hands of the Manager, tho' no very easy Task. The Circumstances of a

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Theatre very often oblige the Directors to thrust Persons into Characters too weak to support the Weight of them : Vanity is blended in most human Compositions, and the Stage is seldom free from it ; therefore, when an Actor is once in Possession of a Part (Male or Female), they think it a very great Hardship to give it up to a better Performer. There are a much larger Number of common Soldiers in an Army than commanding Officers, and we have some few Instances of a Soldier rising to Preferment by Merit, whilst others grow grey with a Musquet upon their Shoulders ; and yet, at some Time or other, a Soldier may do the Duty of a Corporal, if he is indisposed, or out of the Way: But that Exigence does not give him a Title to the Post. I remember an Actor was taken into the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, for playing the Part of *Cæsar Borgia* in a private Play; and when *Mr. Booth* was studying the Part, he thought it the greatest Oppression (as he call'd it) that could be thrown upon him: Nay, after *Mr. Booth* had perform'd the Part, with universal Applause, several successive Nights, this Person said, nay, bound it with an Oath, that *Booth did not know how to speak a single Line*: Yet this Person was a Man of Sense and Learning. But there are more Requisites to make a finish'd Actor: Therefore, as they do not always judge candidly for themselves, it is requisite they should have one of unbiass'd and superior Knowledge to judge for them. When such Actors above-mention'd take Parts, as they thrust

thrust themselves into for their Benefits, as is too often the Case (and I think ought not to be allow'd), it proves, as *Shakespear* says,

—— *Like a Player,*

*Bellowing his Passion, till he break the Spring,
And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience.*

There are too many Performers, of both Sexes, that are fond of choosing capital Parts for their Benefits, that sit upon them

—— *Like a Giant's Robe*

Upon a dwarfish Thief:

And, at the same Time, excuse themselves from Rehearsals (that should prepare them to act with some Decency, at least), to cultivate their Interest; and, when they come to perform at Night, only take Shame to themselves, tho' they oft disconcert others; and may truly say,

Like a dull Actor, now I have forgot

My Part, and stop ev'n to a full Disgrace.

That's villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it.

SHAK.

The noble Gift, of Playing well, is not given to all that play: Yet as, in building of Houses, there must be provided many Hands, even to the carrying the Morter; a *Morter-carrier* must be had, as well as the rest of the Hands in the Work: All are not equal to every Part in the Building, no more than every Actor is fit for

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every Part. If they attempt to wade out of their Depths, they are in great Danger of drowning; and, as our immortal Poet writes,

*As in a Theatre the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next;
Will think his Prattle to be tedious.*

Yet I have known many Persons belonging to a Theatre, not eminent in any superior Part, never offend, through their private Characters in Life. A modest Behaviour is commendable in every Station, but much more observed in Persons of a public Profession, where the Eyes of Thousands are upon them. Confidence, Pride, and Vanity, will draw down Contempt and Ridicule from Superiors, with Disregard from all.

*Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind;
What the weak Heart, with strongest Byass, rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools.* POPE.

Humility, Affability, and Good-nature, will claim Regard from all Ranks; and if any Stains are thrown upon the Profession, such Qualifications will wipe them off: Yet I think there are no Spots but what they themselves throw upon it. We are apt, even in strange Company, to out with some Theatrical Quotation, that seldom fails of declaring what Business we follow. What need a *Taylor* talk of his *Yard* and
Sheers,

Sheers, a Smith of his Forge, or a Brewer of his Grains? Let the Buskin and Sock be left in the Theatre. I know an eminent Actor, invited to dine in a mix'd Company of both Sexes, of Condition: When the Dinner seem'd a little tedious, before it made its Entrance, a Gentleman, one of the Invited, starts up, and cry'd, Zounds, Mr. —, give us the Ghost in Hamlet, by way of Grace! The Master of the House reply'd, there was no Meat he could give him was worth one Speech; besides, he did not invite Mr. — to pay for his Dinner that Way. It was only in Retaliation for the Supper he gave him the Night before, on the Stage, where no Cook but himself could dress such a Dish of black Broth (meaning Othello). So, by your Rule of Courtesy, if I had invited Faufan, I should have desired him to dance the Buffoon before Dinner. This was the Height of Civility to one, and a sufficient Rebuke to the other. The Fop (for he was no less), to plead his Excuse, told the Company, he had been many Times with several Actors, who took as much Pleasure to speak Speeches, as he to hear them; and he did not doubt but they were People of great Judgment; for they generally own'd, other Performers did not act so well as themselves. Yes, reply'd the Master of the House, Self-praise is always to be believed; yet I have known a Sign painter criticize upon Raphael. Wit will be often entertaining, but a small Portion of one's own (if we had it) is better than a Cart-load of other Peoples: Yet Quotations

I

from

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from the *Drama* may shew some Judgment, when properly apply'd, and not too often. The Author of a Comedy, call'd *The Play's the Plot*, shews the Strolling Players, not improperly, by their Style.

It is something surprising to me, that where Vice, in every Shape, with Folly, is expos'd daily to their View, Performers on the Stage should have any Faults, or, at least, Art enough to disguise them so well, that few should find them out. To hide the Passions Nature has sown in the Seeds of the human Race, will prevent their Growth, and, in Time, destroy them. May we not learn Virtue, and avoid Vice, by the instructive Lessons of the Drama? What premeditated Murderer would not feel Compunction, or, perhaps, Repentance, at the Speech of *Torrismond* to the *Queen* in the *Spanish Fryar*, when she has given Commission to the Murder of the good *King Sancho*?

*Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day!
How will you tremble there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts,
That must be doom'd for Murder! Think on
Murder!*

*That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:
The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that
Band,*

As far more black, and more forlorn, than they.

The *Queen's* Answer.

*'Tis terrible! it shakes! it staggers me!
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.*

Sure

*Sure there is none but fears a future State :
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.*

We may find, by this last Speech, the former had its desired Effect ; since the Queen repented her impious Intentions.

In *Rule a Wife* we have another, upon the crying Sin of *Adultery*, which I shall set down as another *Memento*.

The Duke of *Modena* tries all his Arts to debauch *Margarita*, the Wife of *Leon*, a Woman of a vicious Inclination, who consented to marry *Leon* merely as a Tool, that she might indulge her Passions ; but by the Spirit and Conduct of her Husband was reclaim'd. When the Duke, by the Appointment of the worthy *Leon*, permits their meeting, after a ridiculous Fright from a Drunkard in the Cellar, which the Duke takes for a Spirit, he cries,

O! I am most miserable!

Margarita, the Wife, answers,

You are, indeed!

*And, like a foolish Thing, have made yourself so.
Could not your own Discretion tell ye, Sir,
When I was marry'd, I was none of yours ?
Your Eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a Circle, and secure.
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable,
'Tis Sacrilege to violate a Wedlock :
You rob two Temples, make yourself twice guilty ;
You ruin her's, and spot her noble Husband's.*

We

We might go through the sacred *Decalogue*, with the Assistance of those Flowers in the spacious Fields of Poetry.

“ The Stage (says the *Female Spectator*), by
 “ its Institution, is the School of Virtue, and
 “ the Scourge of Vice; and when either of these
 “ noble Purposes is defeated, it is no Wonder
 “ that Persons of true Sense and Honour choose
 “ to absent themselves, and oblige their Families
 “ lies to do so too.” So reasonable an Entertainment, as the Drama in its Purity, must be, in some sort, a Promoter to Virtue; therefore every Manager of a Theatre should make it his Study to exhibit no other Pieces but what aim to that End; and, by Degrees, throw off the looser Drama, and constitute, in its place, those that the wisest, and most virtuous, need not be ashamed to partake of the innocent Amusement. I do not pretend to set up for a Monitor; but every Stage Performer would find his Account in reforming the Stage, as well as themselves. I do not mean this Admonition to any particular Theatre, but all in general, at Home and Abroad; for our Plantations in *America* have been voluntarily visited by some Itinerants; *Jamaica*, in particular. I had an Account, from a Gentleman who was possess'd of a large Estate in the Island, that a Company, in the Year 1733. came there, and clear'd a large Sum of Money; where they might have made moderate Fortunes, if they had not been too busy with the Growth of the Country. They receiv'd 370 Pistoles the first Night, to
 the

the *Beggars Opera* ; but within the Space of two Months they bury'd their third *Polly*, and two of their Men. The Gentlemen of the Island, for some Time, took their Turns upon the Stage, to keep up the Diversion ; but this did not hold long ; for, in two Months more, there were but one old Man, a Boy, and a Woman of the Company, left : The rest died, either with the Country-Distemper^s, or the common Beverage of the Place, the noble Spirit of Rum-punch, which is generally fatal to New-comers. The shatter'd Remains, with upwards of 2000 Pistoles in Bank, embark'd for *Carolina*, to join another Company at *Charlestown*, but were cast away in the Voyage. Had the Company been more blest with the Virtue of Sobriety, &c. they might, perhaps, have liv'd to carry home the Liberality of those generous Islanders.

^s The Country Distempers are, the Dry-gripes, and *Tenesmus*, which generally ends in a Sanguinary Flux : Most New-comers, for want of a proper Regimen, fall into it. The Dry-gripes brings a final Dissolution in two Days, if no Remedy keeps it back. The other Distemper, indeed, is slower in its Execution and Cure. Sir *Hans Sloane* tells us, the Badness of the Water contributed to all these Distempers, which is brackish near the Sea-coasts : But swallowing large Draughts of Rum Punch, with the fatal Dew that falls in the Night, when the Body is carelessly expos'd, heated with drinking, is the chief Cause. Place any woollen Garment expos'd to the noxious Vapours of the Night, and it will imbibe double its Weight of Dew before Sun-rise. Those that escape the Seasoning, as they term it, seldom feel the fatal Effects of it afterwards. This is more dangerous on the Sea-coasts of the Island ; the mid Parts are much more salubrious, both as to Air and Water.

Even

Even the Wicked have some Regard to Virtue, are often aw'd by Persons that are reputed to wear that amiable Character. Persons on the Stage, which is too liable to Insults, escape them there, unless, as in a Crowd of Quarrellers, where a Looker on may meet with an accidental Stroke. But these Theatrical Squabbles are too often ungenerous from the Audience, or, I should say, from a small Part of the Audience; for a Dozen, when they are pleas'd to take it into their Heads, shall disturb the Whole, and disconcert the best Actors in the World. Is not this a gross Affront upon the rest? What Right have I to rob my Neighbour of his Money, and Satisfaction? He pays the Price to be entertain'd for two or three Hours, and, perhaps, would be as well contented with a well-acted Play, as a Dinner. Now, if I should come to you, Sir, be you who you will, while you are sat down to your Meal at a Tavern, turn the Drawers down Stairs, throw your Provision about, prevent your eating your Dinner with any Satisfaction; I should think you a very good-natur'd Gentleman, if you only thrust me out of your Room; because I should imagine I deserv'd worse Treatment.

I remember, above twenty Years past, I was one of the Audience, at a new Play: Before me sat a Sea-Officer, with whom I had some Acquaintance; on each Hand of him a Couple of Sparks, both prepar'd with their offensive Instruments vulgarly term'd *Cat-calls*, which they were often tuning, before the Play began.

The

The Officer did not take any Notice of them till the Curtain drew up; but when they continued their Sow-gelder's Music (as he unpolitely call'd it), he beg'd they would not prevent his hearing the Actors, tho' they might not care whether they heard, or no; but they took little Notice of his civil Request, which he repeated again and again, to no Purpose: But, at last, one of them condescended to tell him, *If he did not like it, he might let it alone. Why, really,* reply'd the Sailor, *I do not like it, and would have you let your Noise alone; I have paid my Money to see and hear the Play, and your ridiculous Noise not only hinders me, but a great many other People that are here, I believe, with the same Design: Now if you prevent us, you rob us of our Money, and our Time; therefore I intreat you, as you look like Gentlemen, to behave as such.* One of them seem'd mollified, and put his Whistle in his Pocket; but the other was incorrigible. The blunt Tar made him one Speech more. *Sir,* said he, *I advise you, once more, to follow the Example of this Gentleman, and put up your Pipe.* But the Piper sneer'd in his Face, and clap'd his troublesome Instrument to his Mouth, with Cheeks swell'd out like a Trumpeter, to give it a redoubled, and louder Noise; but, like the broken Crow of a Cock in a Fright, the Squeak was stopt in the Middle by a Blow from the Officer, which he gave him with so strong a Will, that his Child's Trumpet was struck thro' his Cheek,
and

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and his Companion led him out to a Surgeon; so that we had more Room, and less Noise; and not one that saw or heard the Affair, but what were well pleased with his Treatment; and, notwithstanding his great Blustering, he never thought it worth his while to call upon the Officer, tho' he knew where to find him. It is certainly a Mark of Cowardice to insult in public Company, or strike a Man who has his Hands bound; and yet I have known a poor Actor pelted by Puppies, that would run away at the Sight of a Stage-Foil, that has neither Edge or Point.

*As Cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the Game;
So Cowards never use their Might,
But against those that must not fight.* Hud.

Actors in France meet with Respect (I mean if they will endeavour to deserve it, which in my Opinion they may easily do); and are acceptable in the Company of Rank and Figure in that polite Nation; and tho' the Clergy scrupled to give *Moliere*^a the Rites of the Church at his Death, yet *Lewis the XIVth* often convers'd with him in his Closet, as well as in Public.

I shall

^a *Moliere*, the great Comic-Poet of *France*, was esteem'd an excellent Actor. He died in performing the Part of the *Hypochondriac* in a Comedy of his own Writing, call'd *Le Malade Imaginaire*, which is Part of a Comedy

I shall not say much more on this Subject, and it may be, I have said too much already. For I am convinced, *Nil sub sole novum*, no not even in Fashions; for what we receive for new, are only the old ones taking their Course over again. The Stage is the Epitome of the great World, as *Boileau* has said long ago.

Le monde à mon avis est comme une Grand Theatre, &c.

Comedy in *English* call'd the *Mother-in-law* on the 17th of February, 1679, in his grand Climacteric. The Archbishop of *Paris* would not allow his Body to be inhum'd in consecrated Ground, which the King being informed of, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him; but he was an obstinate Churchman, and would not willingly condescend to his Majesty's Persuasions. The King, finding him unwilling to comply, desired to know how many Feet deep the Holy Ground reach'd? The Bishop reply'd, *About eight*. Well, reply'd the King, *I find there is no getting the better of your Scruples; therefore let his Grave be dug twelve Feet, that's four below your consecrated Ground, and let them bury him there*. The Archbishop was obliged to comply; for *Lewis the XIVth* would be obey'd. *Moliere* left behind him thirty-two Dramatic Pieces, which are held by the *French* in the highest Esteem. A *French* Gentleman, in giving me his Opinion of this excellent Author, told me *Moliere* compos'd 37 Pieces for the Stage; and tho' he had left the World twice that Number of Years, all the Dramatic Writers of the *French* Nation had not produced twice as many Comedies equal to his. Most of his Comedies have given a Foundation to our *English* Dramatic Writers; but none have met with more Success than the *Miser*, and the *Mock-Doctor*, by Mr. *Fielding*.

The

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*The World, in my Opinion, is a Stage,
Where, in deceiving others, all engage :
Hence the discerning Eye can often scan
The Player widely diff'ring from the Man :
The Blockhead, prating from another's Book,
The Scholar apes with supercilious Look ;
And the sly Knave, by putting Virtue on,
Deceives the Virtuous till they are undone.*

'Tis very possible Boileau might have *Shakespeare* in view, in these Lines, from that of *Antonio's* Speech in the first Act of the *Merchant of Venice* ;

*I hold this World but as a World, Gratiano,
A Stage, where ev'ry Man must play his Part, &c.*

The *French* have borrowed from us, as well as we have from them. *Le Comte d' Essex* is not only plann'd upon *Banks's Earl of Essex*, but has many Speeches for several Pages together translated. The best modern Tragic Poet *France* has produced since *Corneille* and *Racine* (*Monsieur^a Voltaire*), has in *Oedipus* follow'd
our

^a This noted Author, about twenty Years past, resided in *London*. His Acquaintance with the *Laureat* brought him frequently to the Theatre, where (he confess'd) he improved in the *English* Orthography more in a Week, than he should otherwise have done by labour'd Study in a Month. I furnish'd him every Evening with the Play of the Night, which he took with him into the *Orchestra* (his accustomed Seat) : In four or five Months, he not only convers'd in elegant *English*, but wrote it
with

our *English* Play of that Name, and ends his third Act with a verbal Translation from *Nat. Lee*.

*To you, just Gods, I make my last Appeal:
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal, &c.*

His *Zaire* looks after *Othello* in its Jealousy, and all the rest of his Plays seem to be of *English* Extraction.

Now let us leave *Greece, Rome, France, Britain*, and the rest of the World, and retire to this Kingdom, where no Snake in the Grass will rise to bite the unwary Traveller, no Blind-worm or

with exact Propriety. In time, he wore off the Prejudice he first conceiv'd at the Catastrophe of our *English* Tragedy, the Custom of killing upon the Stage never having been introduced on the *French Theatre*, till the *Zara* of this Author, which he plann'd from *Shakespear's Othello*. The last Speech of *Osmin* the Emperor (after he has stab'd *Zara*) which he ends by killing himself, is to the same Purpose with *Othello's*, and the same Sentiments. His Attempt answer'd his Wish, for *Zaire* in *Paris* had above fifty successive crowded Audiences. The *French* open'd their Senses to the true Fire of our *English* Drama, where they discover'd the Spirit of Liberty, and, for the first time, shew'd that Monarchs had no Right from Heaven to enslave their Subjects, and that God-like Liberty was a Gift from Power Almighty. The Freedom of his Pen gave Disgust to People in Power, and their Resentment occasioned his Banishment from *Paris*. Shortly after, he made himself a voluntary Exile, where his Wit gains him many Admirers, and his good Sense and Wisdom links them in the Bands of Friendship.

Adder

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Adder to hiss us into Fears, Viper or Toad to molest our Eyes, or noisome Spider to spread her Venom, which, according to some of the antient *Irish* Bards, were banish'd the Island many Ages before St. *Patric* ^a.

This

^a The *Irish* History informs us, that Prince *Gadelus* (I think of the *Milesian* Race) in his Travels visited *Pbarach* King of *Egypt*, fell in Love with *Scota* the King's Daughter, and married her. This *Gadelus* or *Gadel* (for the Royal Records of *Tarah* call him by both Names, as I am informed) in *Egypt* was stung by a *Serpent* as he lay asleep, and was healed by the Prophet *Moses*. The *Irish* is thus elegantly translated by a native Bard.

*The hissing Serpent, eager for his Prey,
Ascends the Couch where sleeping Gadel lay :
In winding Mazes there himself he roll'd,
And leap'd upon him with a dreadful Fold,
And shook his forked Tongue, and then around
His Neck he twists, and gave a deadly Wound.
The subtle Poison spreads thro' ev'ry Vein ;
No Art, no Juice of Herbs, can ease the Pain ;
Till Moses, with his never-failing Wand,
Touch'd the raw Wound, which heal'd at his Command.*

When *Gadelus*, with his Wife *Scota* (from this Princess *Ireland* was first call'd *Scota*) and his Followers, were leaving *Egypt* to settle some new Colony, the following Prophecy was declar'd by *Moses*, translated by the same elegant Hand.

*The Holy Prophet was inspir'd, to see
Into Events of dark Futurity :
And said, For thee, young Prince, has Heav'n in store
Blessings, that Mortals ne'er enjoy'd before :
For wheresoe'er the Royal Line shall come,
Fruitful shall be their Land, and safe their Home ;*

No

This Kingdom of *Ireland* is one of the last in *Europe* where established *Theatres* were erected; yet I am assur'd one of the first, whose Bards or Poets have celebrated in Verse the illustrious Actions of their Monarchs, nor any Nation in the World, where Poetry and Poets were in such high Esteem. Every antient and noble Family had one in their Household, and their Kings their *Poet Laureats*, as we have in *England*, but long, long before the *Englisch* invaded *Ireland*. The Poets had their Seats in their great assembled Triennial Councils, which you may find by the following Lines translated from the original *Irish* by the same Hand.

*Once in three Years the great Convention sat,
And for the public Happiness debate.*

*No poisonous Snake or Serpent shall deface
The Beauty of thy Fields, or taint thy Grass;
No noisome Reptile, with invenom'd Teeth,
Shall ever swell that Land, or be the Cause of Death:
But Innocence and Arts shall flourish there,
And Learning in its lovely Shapes appear;
The Poets there shall in their Songs proclaim
Thy glorious Acts, and never-dying Name.*

Our *Englisch* Historians mention the Bards of antient *Britain*, but we cannot find any of their Productions extant; when we are assured there are many *Irish* Historians and Poets still to be found in *Ireland*, as well as *England* (more especially in the Library of the Duke of *Chandos*) preserved even from the Depredations of the *Danes*, Destroyers that were utter Enemies to Science and Learning.

*The King was seated on a Royal Throne,
 And on his Face majestic Greatness shone.
 A Monarch for heroic Deeds design'd
 (For noble Acts become a noble Mind) :
 Around him, summon'd by his strict Command,
 The Peers, the Priests, and Commons of the Land :
 The Bards, or POETS, are indulg'd a Place,
 And Men of Learning the Assembly grace.
 Here Love and Union ev'ry Look confess'd,
 And Joy and Friendship beat in ev'ry Breast.
 Justice, by nothing bias'd or inclin'd,
 Is deaf to Pity, to Temptation blind ;
 For here with stern and steady Rule she sways,
 And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pays ;
 Tho' just, yet so indulgently severe,
 Like Heav'n, she pities those she cannot spare.*

A few Lines more of the same Author, and same Translator, will tell you the *Poet Laureat's* Business at Court ; for he was one of the ten Officers that attended the Kings of Ireland.

*A Poet to applaud, or boldly blame,
 And justly to give Infamy or Fame :
 For without him the freshest Laurels fade,
 And Vice to dark Oblivion is betray'd.*

By these Lines we may gather, that their Poets were their *Historians* ; and it may be suppos'd, if they had thought of the Drama, we might have had some elegant Tragedies handed down to us. But to proceed.

Mr. Ogilby the Master of the Revels in this
 King-

Kingdom (who had it from proper Authority) inform'd Mr. *Ashbury*, that Plays had been often acted in the Castle of *Dublin* when *Blount*, Lord *Mountjoy*, was Lord-Lieutenant here in the latter End of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. And Mr. *Ashbury* saw a Bill for *Wax Tapers*, dated the 7th Day of September, 1601. (Queen *Elizabeth*'s Birth-day) for the Play of *Gorboduc* done at the Castle, one-and-twenty Shillings and two Groats. But it is to be supposed they were Gentlemen of the Court that were the Actors on this Occasion.

I cannot find any established Theatre in *Dublin* till the Year 1635. when the Earl of *Straford* was Lord-Lieutenant of this Kingdom, in the tenth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the First, *John Ogilby*, Esq; then Master of the Revels, under the Title of Historiographer to his Majesty, and Master of the Revels in the

^a The Play of *Gorboduc* was written by the Right Honourable *Thomas Sackville* Lord *Buckhurst*, afterwards created Earl of *Dorset* in the first Year of King *James* the First's Reign. This Dramatic Piece was accounted the best of its Kind at the Time it was wrote; it was first published under the Title of *Ferrex* and *Porrex* in 1582. and 1590. reprinted under the Title of *Gorboduc*. This was a favourite Play of Queen *Elizabeth*'s, as may be supposed by her seeing it twice acted; first, by the Gentlemen of the *Inner-Temple*, and afterwards by the Children of her Majesty's Revels. Mr. *Spence*, Professor of Poetry in the University of *Oxford*, has reprinted this Play about nine Years ago, and dedicated it to the Earl of *Middlesex*, Son to his Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, descended from this Author.

Kingdom of *Ireland*, and I believe the first that wore the last Title. This Theatre was built by his Directions in *Warberg-Street*, where the Company continued to act, till the unhappy Rebellion broke out in the Year 1641^a. The Theatre was then shut up, by Order of the Lords Justices, sign'd *William Parsons*, and *John Borlace*. We do not find any mention of a Theatre in *Dublin*, till the Year after the Restoration 1661. which was built on the Spot where the Theatre now stands in *Orange-street*, commonly call'd *Smock-alley*; how it came by the last Name, may be easily guess'd.

We find in the Year 1662. *Pompey*, a Tragedy acted at the Theatre in *Dublin*, translated from the *French* of *Corneille*: It is wrote in Verse by Mrs. *Catharine Phillips* (the fam'd *Orinda*) term'd by her cotemporary Poets the *English Sappho*. This Lady wrote another Play call'd *Horace*, taken from the same *French* Author,

^a *Henry Burnel*, Esq; a Gentleman of *Ireland*, wrote a Play call'd *Landgartha*, a Tragi-Comedy, acted at the New Theatre in *Dublin*, 1641. with very great Applause (so says the Title); but there are no Actors Names printed in the *Drama*. The Prologue was spoken by an *Amazon*, arm'd with a Battle-ax, to bespeak the Favour of the Audience. The Plot is taken from the *Danish* History of *Saxo Grammaticus*. This Play was the last that was performed on the Theatre in *Warberg-street* before the Rebellion broke out, which was discovered by Mr. *Owen O Connolly* but the Night before the Execution, which prevented the City of *Dublin* being seiz'd on the 22d of *October* 1641. as intended; but it was too late to give Notice to the rest of the Kingdom, which felt the fatal Effect of the Rebellion.

but

but neither of them play'd in *England*, till after her Death, which fell out in the Year 1664. in the 31st Year of her Age, of the Small-Pox. From this we may gather that she resided in *Ireland*, since both her Plays were acted in this Kingdom some Years before they were perform'd in *England*.

The Theatre in *Smock-Alley* was so badly built, that in the Year 1671. some Part of it fell down, when two were kill'd, and several sorely maimed. We can give little Account of the Theatre here from this Time till after the *Revolution*; all that can be given will be noted in the Life of *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; Playing was discontinued during the Troubles between King *William* and *James* the Second; but when quiet Peace was restored, the Theatre opened again with *Othello Moor of Venice*; the Part of *Othello*, by Mr. *Wilks* (See more of this in the Memoirs of that excellent Player). This Play was acted by Officers mostly about the Castle, Mr. *Ashbury* *Iago* only, for the Company was not form'd till three Months after, when they began again with *Othello*, which was on *March* 23. 1691-2. the Day of proclaiming the End of the *Irish* War. The Company play'd on with Success many Years, and I find by the Cast of Sir *George Etherridge's* three Comedies, there has not been a better in all its Branches since, which I shall set down in proper Order, that the Reader may judge for himself. The Cast of these three Plays I had

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from the late well-received Comedian, *Thomas Griffith, Esq;*

The Comical Revenge; or, Love in a Tub.

Lord Bevil		Mr. Schoolding
Lord Beaufort		Mr. Buckley
Colonel Bruce		Mr. Booth
Louis		Mr. Keen
Sir Frederic Frolick	by	Mr. Wilks
Dufoy		Mr. Bowen
Sir Nicolas Cully		Mr. Norris
Wheedle		Mr. Estcourt
Palmer		Mr. Trefusis

Graciana		Mrs. Knightly
Aurelia		Mrs. Ashbury
Mrs. Rich	by	Mrs. Hook
Lætitia		Mrs. Harrison
Mrs. Grace		Mrs. Martin
Jenny		Mrs. Schoolding

She Wou'd if she Cou'd.

Sir Oliver Cockwood		Mr. Norris
Sir Joscelin Jolly		Mr. Estcourt
Mr. Courtal	by	Mr. Wilks
Mr. Freeman		Mr. Booth
Mr. Rakehell		Mr. Griffith
Thomas		Mr. Trefusis

Lady

Lady Cockwood	by	Mrs. Smith
Ariana		Mrs. Schoolding
Gatty		Mrs. Hook
Mrs. Sentry		Mrs. Ashbury
Mrs. Gazet		Mrs. Harrison
Mrs. Trinket		Mrs. Martin

*The Man of Mode ; Or, Sir Fopling
Flutter.*

Dorimant	by	Mr. Wilks
Medley		Mr. Booth
Old Bellair		Mr. Estcourt
Young Bellair		Mr. Elliot
Sir Fopling Flutter		Mr. Griffith
Shoemaker		Mr. Bowen
Handy		Mr. Norris
Parson		Mr. Trefusis

Lady Townley	by	Mrs. Smith
Loveit		Mrs. Knightly
Belinda		Mrs. Schoolding
Emilia		Mrs. Elliot
Lady Woodvil		Mrs. Martin
Harriet		Mrs. Ashbury
Pert		Mrs. Hook
Buffy		Mrs. Harrison
Orange-Woman		Mrs. Cross

Here we may see Messieurs *Ashbury, Wilks, Booth, Keen, Estcourt, Norris, Griffith, Bowen, Cross, and Trefusis*, on one Stage at the same

Time in *Dublin*, most of them eminently great in their different Way of acting. For the Women, I know little of any but Mrs. *Ashbury*; yet I have been inform'd by Mr. *Wilks*, that Mrs. *Knightly*, Mrs. *Hook*, and Mrs. *Smith*, were very good Actresses in their different Parts. Mrs. *Ashbury* is taken Notice of in the Memoirs of her Husband. I will put down the Cast of three Plays more in the Year 1715. when I was first in this Kingdom, and shall begin with

Timon of Athens; or, the *Man-Hater*.

Timon		Mr. Tho. Elrington
Alcibiades		Mr. Evans
Apemantus		Mr. Ashbury†
Nicias		Mr. Fr. Elrington
Phæax		Mr. Thurmond
Ælius		Mr. Trefusis†
Cleon	by	Mr. Quin
Ifidore		Mr. Hall
Thrasillus		Mr. Daugharty ^a
Demetrius		Mr. Leigh
Poet		Mr. Griffith
Painter		Mr. Oates
Jeweller		Mr. Bowman
Musician		Mr. Hallam

Those with this Mark † were of the former Company.

Evandra

^a Mr. *Daugharty* was found dead, suppos'd by some by a Fall down the Stairs of a Cellar; while others imagine he was murder'd by a Watchman with his Watch-Bill,

Evandra	by	Mrs. Thurmond
Meliffa		Mrs. Wilkins
Chloe		Mrs. Haywood ^b
Thais		Miss Wilson
Phrinia		Miss Schoolding ^c

T A M E R L A N E.

Tamerlane	by	Mr. Ashbury
Bajazet		Mr. Tho. Elrington
Axalla		Mr. Leigh
Monefes		Mr. Evans

Bill, by a Cut in his Skull ; but the Murderer was never found out.

^b Mrs. *Haywood* has made herself eminent to the polite World by her Writings ; she is still alive. Her numerous Novels will be ever esteem'd by Lovers of that Sort of Amusement. She is likewise Authoress of three Dramatic Pieces. 1st, *The Fair Captive*, a Tragedy. 2d, *Wife to be Let*, a Comedy. Mrs. *Haywood* perform'd the capital Part in this Play. 3d, *Frederic Duke of Brunswick*, a Tragedy. She also join'd with Mr. *Hatchet*, in making Songs to Mr. *Fielding's Tom Thumb*, which were compos'd by the ingenious Mr. *Frederic Lampe*, and perform'd often with the Title of the *Opera of Operas*. As the Pen is her chief Means of Subsistence, the World may find many Books of her Writing, tho' none have met with more Success than her *Novels*, more particularly her *Love in Excess*, &c. Her Dramatic Works have all died in their first visiting the World, being exhibited in very sickly Seasons for Poetry. Mr. *Pope* has taken her for his Goddess of *Dulness* in his *Dunciad* ; but she need not blush in such good Company.

^c Miss *Schoolding* was marry'd to Monsieur *Moreau*, a celebrated Stage-Dancer in this Kingdom.

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Prince of Tanais		Mr. Quin ^a
Omar		Mr. Hall
Haly		Mrs. Fitzgerald ^b
Stratocles	by	Mr. Oates
Dervise		Mr. F. Elrington
Mirvan		Mr. Minns
Zama		Mr. Boman
Arpasia	by	Mrs. Thurmond
Selima		Miss Wilfon

The Committee; or, the Faithful *Irishman*.

Colonel Careless		Mr. Ashbury
Colonel Blunt		Mr. T. Elrington
Lieutenant Story		Mr. Evans
Mr. Day		Mr. F. Elrington
Abel		Mr. Quin
Obadiah	by	Mr. Trefusis
Teague		Mr. Griffith
1st Committee-man		Mr. Hall
2d Committee-man		Mr. Minns
3d Committee-man		Mr. Bowman
Bookfeller		Mr. Hallam
Bailiff		Mr. Kendall
Mrs. Day	by	Mrs. Martin ^c
Arabella		Mrs. Ashbury
Ruth		Mrs. Thurmond
Mrs. Chat		Miss Schoolding

^a Mr. Quin was then a Youth.

^b Mrs. Fitzgerald, whose Maiden Name was Swan, generally play'd the Part of a young Man.

^c Mrs. Martin was the original Mrs. Peachum, and Diana Trapes, in the Beggar's Opera.

Distinguished Characters in Bills were not in Fashion, at the Time these Plays were perform'd; they were printed in Order according to the Drama as they stood, not regarding the Merit of the Actor. As for Example, in *Macbeth*, *Duncan* King of *Scotland* appear'd first in the Bill, tho' acted by an insignificant Person; and so every other Actor appear'd according to his Dramatic Dignity, all of the same-siz'd Letter. But latterly, I can assure my Readers, I have found it a difficult Task to please some *Ladies*, as well as *Gentlemen*, because I could not find Letters large enough to please them; and some were so very fond of Elbow-room, that they would have shov'd every body out but themselves, as if one Person was to do all, and have the Merit of all, like Generals of an Army; such a Victory was gained by such a King, and such a Prince, while the other Officers and Soldiers are forgot. But as *Trim* tells us in the *Funeral*, or, *Grief A-la-mode*, 50,000 of such Rascals as these will make an Alexander. I shall leave this last Quarter of a Hundred of Years to the Memory of others, that I may the sooner come to the Conclusion of my little *History*, and fall upon the *Memoirs*. I have told you the first Theatre was built in 1635. and the old *Smock-Alley* House in 1661. and now I shall proceed to the rest, as they stand at present.

In the Year 1732. a Theatrical Booth was erected by Mrs. *Violante* an *Italian* Lady, celebrated for Strength and Agility, a Qualifica-

tion that does not render the Fair-Sex the least more amiable ; the Strength of the Limbs, which these Sort of Undertakers expose, in my Opinion, is shockingly indecent ; but hers were masculinely indelicate, and were of a Piece with the Features of her Face. I am informed, the shewing her Limbs did not meet with the Success in this Kingdom, as she had found in her elder Sister, *England* ; that Lady's Children delight in such Entertainments : Bull-baiting, Boxing, Bear-garden, and Prize-fighting, will draw to them all Ranks of People, from the Peer to the Pedlar : Our late *English* Gladiator, Mr. *Figg*, of Cutting-flashing Memory, made much private Emolument by his public Valour, more especially in Linen ^a.

But

^a Mr. *Figg* informed me once, that he had not bought a Shirt for more than twenty Years, but had sold some Dozens. It was his Method, when he fought in his Amphitheatre (his Stage bearing that superb Title) ; he sent round to a select Number of his Scholars to borrow a Shirt for the ensuing Combat, and seldom failed of half a dozen of superfine Holland from his prime Pupils (most of the young Nobility and Gentry made it Part of their Education to march under his warlike Banner). This Champion was generally Conqueror, tho' his Shirt seldom failed of gaining a Cut from his Enemy, and sometimes his Flesh, tho' I think he never receiv'd any dangerous Wound. Most of his Scholars were at every Battle, and were sure to exult at their great Master's Victories, every Person supposing he saw the Wounds his Shirt received. Mr. *Figg* took his Opportunity to inform his Lenders of Linen, of the Chasms their Shirts received, with a Promise to send them

But to Mademoiselle *Violante*. She, finding her Tumbling tiresome, fell into Playing and *Pantomime* (another Disgrace to the Drama). Mr. *Barrington*, Mr. *John Morris*, and, I think, Mr. *Beamsly*, Miss *Woffington*, Miss *Mackay* (now Mrs. *Mitchel*), and many others, came under her Directions, and play'd several Dramatic Pieces with Grotesque Entertainments, till stopt by the Lord Mayor of the City of *Dublin*; Mrs. *Violante* having no Sanction, or proper Authority, to exhibit such Entertainments. The Place is put to another Use.

I shall

them home. But, said the ingenious, courageous *Figg*, *I seldom received any other Answer, than, Damn you, keep it.* I shall not enter into the Merits of this Method in procuring Linen; but, if it was a Fraud (as he told me), he was never found Guilty. For, as *Hudibras* says,

*For those that meddle with his Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools.*

^b It is now an Hospital for indigent *Lying-in Women*, which is a generous, virtuous, and humane Charity, worthy the Imitation of every civilized Nation. The Director and Inventor of this useful Institution ought to be mentioned with great Respect. How many Subjects have been lost, for want of such a noble Charity! The Hospital was opened in *March 1745.* and, by the First of *November 1747.* there were 514 poor Women safely delivered of 281 Boys, and 241 Girls; 13 Women bearing Twins; the eminent Dr. *Moffe* (the first Promoter of this charitable Work) giving Attendance without Fee or Reward. I wish *Iberia's* Elder Sister would follow the Example. 'Tis true, there are such in *China*, but not under such Regulation; the Women there are not receiv'd,

I shall take Leave of *Violante*, and her Postures, and give it, as my own Opinion, that I think such Diversions are below the Dignity of the Stage, or Humanity. Where can be the Satisfaction, when Death and Danger attend it? I have the Fate of Lady *Isabella*ⁱ ever present to my Memory at the mentioning of such dangerous Entertainments. I should have told my Reader, that Mrs. *Violante* had let her

Booth

receiv'd, till the Pangs of Child-birth attack them, according to *Mendez Pinto*; and several Mothers, with their Infants, perish, before they can be conveyed to the Hospital. In *Paris* there is one of this Kind; but the Women after the Month, if able, are obliged to attend those that lie in, and cannot be free of the Place till their Turn comes on, which must be one Month, at least: For, as I am informed, they are Nurses to each other. *Rome*, that has Hospitals almost without Number, has none such, tho' they have one for repenting Courtezans. Altho' the Hospitals, in *Amsterdam*, maintain 20,000 Souls, of both Sexes; yet I cannot find one that is appropriated to this Use.

ⁱ The Lady *Isabella* was born in *Italy*, sprung from a noble Family in the City of *Florence*: She was put into a Nunnery at twelve Years of Age, in order to take the Veil; but a Posture-master unluckily came to that City, gained her Affections, and found Means to carry her off, and marry'd her; instructed her in his unseemly, dangerous Employment (if we may call it so), and brought her to *England*; where Lady *Isabella* was greatly admir'd, for her Postures, and Feats of Activity. The last, and fatal, Time of her Performance, she was eight Months gone with Child; but the covetous Husband loved Money so well (as it is reported), that he would not allow her the necessary Repose required in her Condition; so that, in one of her Dances on a slack Rope,

the

Booth to Mr. *Luke Sparks*, Mr. *John Barrington*, Miss *Mackay* (now Mrs. *Mitchel*), for three Pounds *per Week*: The three mentioned Persons, being all very young, fell desperately in Love with the *Dramatic Poets*, and were resolved to marry them, with their Poetical Fortune, that is, without a Rag to cover their Nakedness, or rather nothing but Rags; for their Scenes had shewed their best Days. However, Cloaths were borrowed, some from Friends, and some to be paid for; and they began with a Comedy of *Farquhar's*, call'd *The Inconstant*, or, *The Way to win him*; the three chief Parts being performed by the three adventurous Undertakers; *viz.*

Young Mirabel		Mr. Sparks
Duretete	by	Mr. Barrington
Bifarre		Miss Mackay.

Mr. *Sparks* (as having played before, in a Country Company) was the *Manager*. The Play was performed much better than was expected, and their Company soon became more numerous, being join'd by others that look'd more to *Profit* than *Pleasure*; for these three

she fell on the Stage, where the Mother and Infant, newly born with the Force of the Fall, expired in a Moment, fatal Catastrophe! in the Twenty-first Year of her Age. This was the running Account of the poor Lady *Isabella*, after her Death, whose End was much lamented: For, notwithstanding her disreputable Employment, she was esteemed as a Woman of strict Virtue.

Lovers

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Lovers of the Drama could play Heroes and Heroines, without eating; Love for the Sublime was enough for them: However, other People did not relish this Cameleon Diet, and hunger'd after something more substantial; therefore resolved upon Benefits, and gave the first to Miss *Mackay*, in order to break the Ice. The *Fop's Fortune* was the Play, and she then being a young promising Actress, several Ladies, of the first Rank, espous'd her Cause, and brought upwards of Forty Pounds to her Benefit. They might well say, with the Herald in the *Rehearsal*,

They had not seen so much the Lord knows when.

The Success of this Benefit alarmed the *Old Smock-alley House*, who applying to the *Lord Mayor*, he sent Orders to forbid their Acting; and it was with much Difficulty they had Leave to play one more, which was, *Woman's a Riddle*, to a good House,

And that the last.

This was the Spring from whence *Ransford-street* arose, out of the Power of the *Lord Mayor of Dublin*.

Ransford-street Theatre was built, and opened, for the first Time, under a Licence granted by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Meath*^k,
being

^k I saw a Licence, granted by that worthy Nobleman
to

being Part of his Liberties. 'The first Play that was performed there was, a Comedy call'd

LOVE for LOVE.

(The Company being under the Directions of Mr. Husband.)

Sir Sampson		Mr. Moore ¹
Valentine		Mr. Husband
Tattle		Mr. Ravenscroft ^m
Forefight	by	Mr. Bourne ⁿ
Ben		Mr. Sparks
Trapland		Mr. Daniel
Jeremy		Mr. Roch
Angelica		Mrs. Ravenscroft ^o
Mrs. Forefight		Mrs. Smith ^p
Mrs. Frail	by	Miss Mackay ^q
Miss Prue		Miss Barnes ^r
Nurse		Mrs. Talent ^s

to the late Mr. *Thomas Walker*, Comedian, for Forty Pounds *per Annum*; which Sum was meant to be given to the Poor in the Earl of *Meath's* Liberty: A pious Example!

¹ Since dead.

^m Since dead.

ⁿ Now in *England*.

^o Dead.

^p Dead.

^q Now Mrs. *Mitchel*.

^r Now Mrs. *Martin*.

^s Lives at *Corke*.

I never

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I never saw this *Theatre*, but have been inform'd, it was a very neat, compact Building, capable of containing an hundred Pounds, at common Prices, which they never raised, but at Benefits.

The Company performed here above a Year with tolerable Success, sometimes Neap, and sometimes Spring-tides; but when *Henry the Eighth*, with the pompous Coronation, was exhibited at the Theatre in *Aungier-street*, they were almost forsaken; good Sense with Shew, for once prevailed, which is not always the Case.

As Poverty is the Mother of Invention, all the Wit of the Company went to work, and, at last, produced a *Mock Coronation*, with less Expence than a Lady's Tail at *Aungier-street Theatre*. It was called the *Beggars Coronation* (and not unworthy that Title), in the Play of *The Royal Merchant*, or *The Beggars Bush*; with the following *Prologue*, on the solemn Occasion, ushered in by this Preamble, in Print:

A PROLOGUE spoke at Ransford-street Playhouse, on the Revival of The Royal Merchant, or The Beggars Bush; which was acted with the Mock Coronation, on the playing King Henry the VIIIth and Coronation in Aungier-street Playhouse.

*WELL, by this Time, your Eyes have ach'd
with gazing
On Coronations, Masks, and Sights no less
amazing! Here,*

Here, then, you come, unwilling to be pleas'd,
Longer than just your dazzled Sight is eas'd.
The Sun, 'tis true, will dim the strongest Eye;
And Darkness, only, can new Force supply—
Yet you must own, that, had no Shew been there,
You'd been content to kill an Ev'ning here.

The Coronation made so great a Noise,
Had there been none, Harry had miss'd your Voice;
Buffoon—Jack-pudding—Jobson—Hob, con-
spir'd,

In vain, to make the burlesque King admir'd.
He play'd it, tho', some say, with wond'rous Art!
His Belly—shook; and—that was all the Part.

Yet, faith, 'tis odd—But we surprise you more
Than Harry's Hob! or Wolsey's envy'd Store.

Here honest Clause shall gain a Beggar's
Crown,

Tho' Tyrants threaten, and proud Churchmen
frown!

Each willing Subject his small Tribute brings,
Abhorring Slav'ry, yet adoring Kings.

Clause, tho' a Beggar, 'midst his Rags is free;
Henry's a Slave to Tyrants great as he.

How does their Splendor mock their wretched Fate!
They mourn in Pomp, and starve in pageant State.
Like petty Kings, who Rome's Subjection own;
To feed its Pride, they hunger on a Throne.

If any here, with indigested Rage,
Will speak malignly of our sporting Stage,
As if, in Ridicule of Rites so known,
Sacred to Britain's Fame, and GEORGE's Crown,
We thus our Mockery of State pursue,
Let others our Design with Candour view,

And

*And own, if any Disrespect appears,
'Tis them we mock; be, then, the Censure theirs.*

As the World is fond of Novelty (and this Mock Coronation appearing new), the Stream of Success flowed upon them with a rapid Torrent, swelled their Pockets till they overflow'd their Banks, and water'd the Fields of many a Publican! Debts were cleared, and every single Person might, fearless, look at the Dial on the *Tbolfel*.

Their Success went even beyond their Hopes, and *Aungier-street* suffered short Allowance (as they say at Sea), because the Current was turn'd another Way: Yet I find, by this Success, all do not think alike.

King Henry the Eighth, with the Coronation, in the utmost Magnificence, was performed in the Year of his present Majesty's Accession to the Throne, at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane, London*: The Success there was beyond the Bounds of Expectation; it was even added to every Play, as a *Pantomime*, &c. and exhibited, that one Season, 75 Times.

The Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* got up a *Mock Coronation*, as a Burlesque upon that in *Drury-lane*; but the Audience took a different Turn to that in *Ransford-street*; for the poor Mock Peers and Magistrates were pelted off the Stage, in the utmost Contempt, and all their Study and Labour came to nothing.

However, this *Mock Coronation* fill'd *Ransford-street* Theatre, seventeen succeeding Nights:
But

But as Mountain-rivers soon overflow, they as soon sink, and rest in their natural Bed again : *Ransford-street* was too far out of the Way ; therefore the Company, after three Years Occupation, forsook it. However, I shall subjoin a Couple of poetical Pieces of Poetry, occasioned by the above *Prologue* : Wits are a Tribe like *Jews*, and one Production begets another. As every Line of Battle Ship has its own *Chaplain*, so every Theatre have their own *Poets* ; and sometimes, like *Ragotin* in *Scarron*, they may be found in itinerant Troops. The opponent Theatre produced one, spoken by Mrs. *Bellamy* in Boy's Cloaths, at a Time when an epidemic Cold had reigned greatly in Town.

Dear Ladies, may I perish, but I'm proud
To find you all recover'd, and so loud.
Not one sore Throat amongst you now remains,
Of that vile Cold of which the Town complains :
And, faith, you'll answer for me, I'm sincere,
When I profess I'm glad to see you here !

I found a Female Habit would not do,
And therefore try'd a Pair of Breeches too :
A spruce young Blade, well made, with such Ad-
dress,

Among you Belles may speak with some Success—
And I, who am a Woman—to my Cost,
Know, by myself, what please the Ladies most—
In vain we strive our Merit here to show,
For ev'ry Night to *Ransford-street* you go ;
Where painted Scenes, and tinsell'd taudry Drefs,
Are only splendid Signs of Emptiness.

But

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*But this is Scandal; for all Dublin know,
That Playhouse deals not over-much in Cloaths.*

Two Venders of the same Commodity will be a little too apt to depreciate each other's Goods; therefore the Poet drew his Pen in their Defence, and furnished forth the following *Prologue*, spoke by Miss Mackay, in the Character of *Lady Townley*, in the *Provok'd Husband*.

*As some poor 'Squire, to Country Quarters sent,
His Credit gone, and all his Money spent;
A Swarm of Duns, each Morn, attend his Door,
Crying out, Money! Faith we're very poor.
Why ay! the 'Squire replies; but pray have
Patience,
Six Months Arrears comes with my next Ac-
quittance.*

*Just so I've told my Duns, this many a Day,
They'd all have Money when I got my Play^t.
The other House, we thank their honest Care,
Have, to their Cost, engag'd the good Lord
Mayor
To send us, as they thought—the Lord knows
where!
Yet we'll forgive them, if they keep their Word;
But that is more than they can yet afford.
'Tis true, alas! we're scant in Cloaths, while they
Abound in more—than they can ever pay—*

^t This Play was for Miss Mackay's Benefit.

Our House is new—Thanks to our Benefactors"!
Nor do we envy those enslav'd Detractors :
They may get one, but Lord knows where get
Actors".

We may see, this last Bard did not take the least Advantage of his Antagonist: Their Lines were exactly even, and eighteen Thrusts given on each Side, and therefore neither could claim the Conquest; tho', like Battles in *Flanders*, each Side claimed the Victory, and each General put on the Wreath of Conqueror.

The Theatre in *Aungier-street* was built by the voluntary Subscription of many of the illustrious Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom: The first Stone was laid by the Duke of *Dorset*, then Lord Lieutenant; but, I think, the Architect had more View to the Magnificent, than Theatrical. The Audience Part is ornamented with rich Embellishment, that gives it a superb Countenance; but, no Disparagement to the Architect in other Buildings, this might have been more convenient, with less Cost. But I believe the Contriver had an Eye more to *Ridottos*, than the *Drama*: If so, indeed, his Intentions were answered; for, in that Shape, it may vie with that in the *Hay-market* in *London*. Thrusting my own Opinion, in this Manner, might have the Air of Presumption, if my Employment and Observation had not

^u *Old Smock-alley* was then in a ruinous Condition.

^w *Aungier-street* was afterwards built for the Company in *Smock-alley*.

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taken up full thirty Years of my Time: In other Buildings I would not pretend to give my Judgment on a Pigeon-house, or a Centry-box, or give Directions in erecting a thatched Cabin, or a Turnpike.

Aungier-street Theatre opened *March* the 9th, 1733-4. with the Comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*; the Parts acted as follows:

Captain Plume	by	Mr. J. Elrington
Justice Balance		Mr. Layfield
Captain Brazen		Mr. R. Elrington
Worthy		Mr. Watson
Kite		Mr. Vanderbank
Bullock		Mr. F. Elrington ^x
1st Recruit		Mr. Reed ^y
2d Recruit		Mr. Butler ^z
Silvia	by	Mrs. Bellamy
Melinda		Mrs. Wrightson
Lucy		Mrs. Reynolds
Rose		Mrs. Moreau

These were the main Body of the Theatrical Army in its first March, tho' several Auxiliaries join'd them afterwards.

The Theatre in *Smock-alley* ^a was built by a voluntary Subscription. The Architect has considered

^x Since dead.

^y Now in his Majesty's Navy.

^z Died in *England*.

^a The proper Name is *Orange-street*; but it took the Appellation of *Smock-alley* from Mother Bungy, of infamous

considered the Building more for the real Intention of the Proprietors, I mean for Profit: The *Cavea*, or that Part where the Audience sit, is much more convenient than that of *Aungier-street*, and will contain a fifth Part more in Number than the latter, altho' it does not appear so to the Eye: On the contrary, the Stage is more cramp'd for want of Room, which might have been otherwise at the first building.

When I came first from *England*, in the Year 1741. I brought over an experienc'd *Machineist*, who alter'd the Stage after the Manner of the Theatres in *France* and *England*, and formed a Machine to move the Scenes regularly all together; but it is since laid aside, as well as the Flies above, which were made as convenient as the Theatre would admit: However, the present Manager has form'd it as regular and convenient as the Spot would allow of, decorated it with all the Elegance of the Theatres Abroad, with proper Scenery and Habits, that her elder Sisters in *England* need not blush at the Figure she makes.

mous Memory, and was, in her Days, a Sink of Sin; but a Man being found murder'd in these bottomless Pits of Wickedness, the Sheds were pulled down by the Populace, the unclean Vermin were banish'd, the Place purged of its Infamy; handsome Dwellings now shew their Faces in a modest Garb, and entertain modest and reputable Inhabitants; and therefore, I think, ought to lose its old stain'd Name. But if *Tyburn* were removed, the Spot would be call'd *Tyburn* still.

74 *A General HISTORY*

This new Theatre opened with a Comedy call'd *Love makes a Man*; or, *The Fop's Fortune*:

The Parts played as follows;

Don Antonio		Mr. Dash
Don Charino		Mr. Bourne
Carlos		Mr. Ward
Don Lewis	by	Mr. Wetherilt
Don Duart		Mr. Cashel
Clody		Mr. Sparks
Governor		Mr. Redman
Sancho		Mr. Barrington

Elvira	by	Miss Boucher
Lovisa		Mrs. Ward
Angelina		Miss Barnes ^b

But so eager were they to open (or to get Money), that they began to play before the Back-part of the House was til'd in; which the Town knowing, they had not Half an Audience the first Night, but mended leisurely by Degrees; where we shall leave them on the mending Hand, and walk to

CAP E L - S T R E E T.

This Theatre was built, like an aggrieved People in the State of Rebellion, their Forces raised in a Hurry, neither well cloath'd, arm'd, or paid; their Fortifications so slightly thrown

^b Now *Martin*.

up,

up, did not promise a long Defence, though they had a Veteran at their Head, that might have taught them Discipline, had he taken proper Pains with his raw Soldiers; or rather, indeed, had they been more capable of being taught: But this hasty Building was erected in the great Cause of Liberty!

*The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,
And Life itself's th' inferior Gift of Heav'n.*

This Company open'd under the Sanction of the Lord Mayor of *Dublin*, and call'd themselves the *City Company of Comedians*. Their first Play was *Shakespear's Merchant of Venice*.

Duke		Mr. Rivers
Morochius		Mr. Brouden
Antonio		Mr. Townsend
Bassanio		Mr. Marshal
Gratiano	y	Mr. Hall
Lorenzo		Mr. Corry
Shylock		Mr. Wright
Tubal		Mr. Bourne
Launcelot		Mr. Morgan

Portia		Mrs. Brouden
Nerissa	by	Mrs. Phillips
Jessica		Miss Lewis

I shall leave the further Mention of this Theatre to the Memoirs of the worthy Projector of it,
D 2

it, *Harlequin Phillips*, and end with its Neighbour,

PUNCH's THEATRE.

O happy Manager! whose Servants never disoblige, or contradict his Will! No clamouring for Parts, or Pay! No Envy reigns among them! No Sycophants to corrupt his Ears with Falshoods, or cringing Flatterers to tickle his Vices, or swell his Pride and Vanity! But all obey him without Self-interest, or ever trouble themselves whether they are naked, or cloath'd; or ever repine at the Success of each other's Performance, or, like the *Spaniards*^c,
lay

^c A *Spanish* Bishop writes thus of the Conquest of *America*: "The first Conquerors of this large new World gave out, that there were mighty Giants and warlike *Amazons*, all of them a Race of Cannibals that fed upon human Flesh, making War on each other for that Purpose: But these Reports were spread to cover the Inhumanity of the *Spaniards*, who put to Death, with extreme Tortures, above Six Millions of innocent, naked, harmless *Indians*; pretending it was in the Service of Heaven to rob, starve, and murder the Image of their Creator; when it has been proved, their own Avarice was the Motive, when Millions were put to Death a thousand Ways, because they could not, or would not, discover their hidden Wealth."

Thus it too often falls out among ourselves; when a poor Wretch is half laden with Injuries, they make up
the

lay Faults on the *Indians*, to cover their own Cruelty. Mr. *Punch's* Theatre has been built and occupy'd by these decent and well-behav'd Performers several Years. It goes by the Name of the first Founder, *STRETCH*, as the Coffee-houses in *London* still go by the Names of *Tom's*, *White's*, and *Will's*; tho' the Names of their present Masters may be *Jack*, *Sam*, or *Ned*: However, it intimates, that the first were eminent in their Stations; and it expresses Modesty in the Survivors, in owning it, by continuing *their* Names, rather than their *own*.

Thus has this opulent City of *Dublin* every innocent Diversion, that may unbend the Mind, equal to any City of *Europe*, leaving the *Italian* Opera out, which can neither produce Mirth or Sorrow, Pity or Compassion. Yet here is Music, in Perfection, converted to a better Use than in *Britain*, which produces a double Pleasure—the Charms of *Harmony*, and the Means to relieve the *Poor*.

I have been in most Parts of the World in my Youth, and in every Place of Note I have touch'd at (as the Sailors term it) have found the Natives of this Kingdom in Places of Trust and Power, venerated and esteemed by all. I

the other Half-burden with Falshoods, and very humanly throw on a Weight that intirely sinks him.

78 *A General HISTORY, &c.*

shall therefore conclude with two Lines of that celebrated *French* Author Monsieur *Voltaire*^d.

*Peuple malheureux, doux, genereux, et vaillant,
En tous lieux exiles, mais par tout triomphant.*

“ Ill-fated Race! brave, generous, and true;
“ Tho’ Exiles in each Cline; thro’ all, subdued.”

^d I have mentioned this Author, in another Part of the Work, as an *Exile*; but have learn’d since, that his Banishment is repealed, and he is made *Historiographer* to the *French* King.

MEMOIRS of the principal Performers on the STAGE.

JOSEPH ASHBURY, Esq;

THIS worthy Gentleman was born in *London*, the Year 1638. of an antient Family. His Father married a near Relation of that great *Scholar* and *Soldier*, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, who was first Gentleman to that Duke of *Buckingham*, that was kill'd by Lieutenant *Felton* in the Reign of King *Charles* the First. The Gentleman I am about to give an Account of, was sent very young to ^a *Eton-School*, near *Windfor*, where he received a genteel Education, being very well instructed in classical Learning. After the Death of his Father, his Friends procur'd him a Pair of Colours in the Army under the Duke of *Ormond*, which was the first Time of his coming into

^a The School of *Eton* was founded by that unfortunate King *Henry* the Sixth, eminent to a Degree for producing Men of great Learning. 'Tis seated on the delightful River of *Thames* in *Buckinghamshire*, over-against *Windfor* in *Berkshire*; it is called *Eton-College*. The Chapel is a handsome *Gothic* Pile, with an Organ and Choir. This Place is ranked as the first Free-School in the King's Dominions. It seems by *Art* and *Nature* form'd for Study; its shady Walks public or private, large Gardens, Orchards, Groves, and the limpid River, are natural Calls for Learning.

this Kingdom, in the last Year of *Oliver Cromwell's* Administration.

Mr. *Ashbury* was one of the Number of Officers that seiz'd the Castle of *Dublin*, when Governor *Jones* was made Prisoner, and secur'd in Behalf of King *Charles II.* He was made Lieutenant of Foot of a Company granted by that Monarch to the City of *Dublin*, in the Year 1660. and 1662. the Duke of *Ormond*, the then Lord Lieutenant, made him one of the Gentlemen of his Retinue, and Deputy-Master of the *Revels* under *John Ogilby*, Esq; some time after.

In the Year 1682. at the Death of the Master of the *Revels*, through Mr. *Ashbury's* Interest with the Duke of *Ormond*, he was made Patentee, and Master of the *Revels* in this Kingdom. His first Wife was Sister to an eminent Actor of that Time (Mr. *Richards*), by whom he had two Children, who died in their Infancy; and the Mother of them, being a very infirm Woman, was not long after the Death of her second Child before she left the World.

Mr. *Ashbury* continued a Widower many Years, till, fixing his Eyes upon Miss *Darling*, a blooming young Gentlewoman, Daughter to the Reverend Mr. *Darling*, Dean of *Emly*, by this Lady he had two Sons, the eldest Mr. *Boyle Ashbury*, Lieutenant in Brigadier *Bor's* Regiment, and unfortunately killed in a Duel at *Sligoe* (where he was then on Duty) June the 9th, 1725. The last of the Male Race (Mr. *Richard Ashbury*) is Deputy *Attlone* Pursuivant, and an eminent Undertaker in

Joseph Ashbury, Esq; 81

in *Capel-street*^a. His only Daughter was married to Mr. *Thomas Elrington*.

Mr. *Ashbury* was not only the principal *Aſſor* in his Time, but the best *Teacher* of the Rudiments of that Science in the three Kingdoms. I speak not from my own Judgment, but that of many others, as Mr. *Wilks*, Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Keene*, &c. To prove this, give me leave to insert a Letter from Mr. *Wilks* to Mr. *Ashbury* concerning Mr. *William Wilks* his Nephew^b.

To Joseph Ashbury, Esq; Master of the Revels, Dublin.

‘ I Have no Pretence to ask a Favour of Mr.
‘ *Ashbury*, but that he has a thousand times
‘ oblig’d me. I take the Liberty, therefore,
‘ to recommend the Bearer, my Nephew^c,
‘ to you for your Countenance and Favour :

^a The first Part of this Account I gathered from Mr. *Joseph Ashbury*’s own Mouth when I was a young Man under his Directions in this Kingdom, about four Years before his Death, when he liv’d at the *Bowling-Green-House*, *Oxmantown*, since built upon ; then, I believe, the finest Spot of its Kind in the whole Universe.

^b I was favoured with this Letter by Mr. *Richard Ashbury* the Son.

^c Mr. *William Wilks*, the Nephew mentioned in this Letter, came over here, and play’d several Parts in the Old *Smock-alley* Theatre ; and, tho’ young and genteel, he was only the Shadow of his Uncle, and his Name befriended him more than his Abilities. He return’d to *England*, after a Year’s Probation here, and was entered one of the Company in *Drury-lane*, at thirty Shillings a Week, and died before he had reached his 30th Year, or a higher Salary. He was a good Scholar, and had a tolerable Knack of *Rhyming to his PHYLLIS*.

‘ He was bred an Attorney, but is unhappily
 ‘ fallen in Love with that fickle Mistress the
 ‘ Stage, and no Arguments can dissuade him
 ‘ from it. I have refus’d to give him any Coun-
 ‘ tenance, in Hopes that Time and Experience
 ‘ might cure him : But since I find him de-
 ‘ termined to make an Attempt somewhere,
 ‘ no one, I am sure, is able to give him so just a
 ‘ Notion of the Business as Mr. *Ashbury* ; and
 ‘ indeed I am proud to own, that all the Success
 ‘ I have met with, both with you, and in *Eng-*
 ‘ *land*, on the Stage, has been intirely owing
 ‘ to the early Impressions I received from *You*.

‘ If you find that my Nephew wants either
 ‘ Genius, or any other necessary Qualification,
 ‘ I beg, dear Sir, that you will freely tell him
 ‘ his Disabilities ; and then it is possible, he
 ‘ may more easily be persuaded to return to
 ‘ his Friends and Business, which I am in-
 ‘ form’d he understands perfectly well.

‘ Before I had the Favour of yours, honest
 ‘ *Jo Trefusis*^a, I believe, was near his Jour-
 ‘ ney’s

^a Mr. *Joseph Trefusis* was the original *Trapland* in
Love for Love, and a well-esteem’d low Comedian (a
 Theatrical Term to distinguish that Branch from the Gen-
 teel) ; and was famous for Dancing an aukward Coun-
 try Clown. He was an experienced *Angler*. As he was
 sitting by the *Liffy* Side, some Friends of his were go-
 ing in a Boat in order to embark for *England*. *Jo*, seeing
 them, called to them to take him in, that he might see
 them safe on board. He gave his Fishing-Rod to a
 Friend on Shore, to take care of till his Return ; but *Jo*,
 it seems, was prevailed upon by his Companions to make
 the Journey to *London* with them, with his Fishing-
 cloaths

Joseph Ashbury, Esq; 83

ney's End ; and I had taken care to furnish him with what was necessary, for which I neither expect or desire any Return ; 'tis sufficient that you esteem it a Kindness, and I wish it were in my Power to lay a more lasting Obligation upon Mr. *Ashbury*, or any of his Family. My most humble Service to the dearest Part of you — In plain Terms—your Wife—to Mr. *Elrington* and his *Fanny*—and pray believe, that I shall be ready on all Occasions, to shew how much I am, dear Sir, your oblig'd and faithful humble Servant,

London Dec.

ROBERT WILKS.

6, 1714.

When the Earl of *Wharton* was Lord Lieutenant, some needy Courtier try'd all his Interest to be made Master of the Revels ; inso-much that Mr. *Ashbury* was greatly alarm'd at it, which was said to proceed from a Report of his Death. Therefore, in the 74th Year of his Age he embark'd for *England* to solicit the Queen.

cloaths upon his Back, not a second Shirt, and but seven Shillings in his Pocket. His Companions left him at *London*, and Mr. *Wilks* found him gazing at the Dial in the Square of *Covent-Garden*. He hardly knew him at first (as Mr. *Wilks* told me) but by his particular Gait, which was beyond Imitation. When he asked him how he came there, and in that Pickle ; *Hum ! ha ! why faith*, Bobby, reply'd *Jo, I only came from Dublin to see what it was o'Clock at Covent-Garden*. However, Mr. *Wilks* new-cloath'd him, supply'd him with Mopey, and sent him back, as mentioned in the above Letter, before he receiv'd Mr. *Ashbury's* Letter to supply him.

He arrived at *Chester*, from whence he sent the following Letter to his Wife concerning the Affair.

^a *Chester, October 13. 1713.*

My Dear,

‘ **T**HIS is only to let you know that I am
 ‘ safely arrived at *Chester*, where I had
 ‘ the good Fortune to meet with Sir *John*
 ‘ *Stanley*, who was well pleased to see me. Af-
 ‘ ter I had told him the Cause of my Journey
 ‘ relating to my Patent, he bid me be assured,
 ‘ he would render me all the good Offices in
 ‘ his Power, and was of the Opinion it lay in
 ‘ the Will of the Duke of *Shrewsbury* our good
 ‘ Lord Lieutenant, without giving our gra-
 ‘ cious Queen the least Trouble concerning it.
 ‘ This Morning I had the Honour of a Visit
 ‘ from Mr. *Kightly* and Sir *Richard Levinze*,
 ‘ who are of the same Opinlon with Sir *John*,
 ‘ and have both promised me their utmost
 ‘ Assistance. Good Mr. *Kightly* tells me, he
 ‘ will put her Majesty in mind of her old Mas-
 ‘ ter^b, as he was pleased to call me. I am so
 ‘ well satisfy’d in the Affair, that I would re-
 ‘ turn to thee on the first Opportunity, if I
 ‘ had not resolved to see my Sister, and my
 ‘ Son *Tom Elrington*’s Father and Mother.

^a I received this from the same Hand with the other.

^b Mr. *Ashbury* taught the Queen, when she was Princess *Anne*, the Part of *Semandra* in *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, which was acted at Court by Persons of the first Rank in the Banqueting-House, *Whitehall*, where Mr. *Ashbury* was Prompter, and conducted the Whole.

‘ Thou

‘ Thou knowest it is troublesome to me to
 ‘ write ; but to satisfy thee in thy longing De-
 ‘ fire to hear from me, I take the Trouble
 ‘ with Pleasure. I remain thine for ever,

‘ JOSEPH ASHBURY.

‘ My Blessing to all my dear Children.’

Mr. *Ashbury* succeeded Mr. *Darling* as Steward of the *King's-Inns*, a Post of good Profit. I had not the Pleasure of knowing this great Man but till the latter Part of his Life ; yet, notwithstanding his great Age, I have seen him perform several Parts with the utmost Satisfaction ; and tho’ at his Years it could not be expected the Fire of Youth and Vigour should blaze out, yet Truth and Nature might be seen in a just Light. His Person was of an advantageous Height well-proportioned and manly ; and, notwithstanding his great Age, erect ; a Countenance that demanded a reverential Awe, a full and meaning Eye, piercing, tho’ not in its full Lustre ; and yet I have seen him read Letters, and printed Books, without any Assistance from Art ; a sweet-sounding manly Voice, without any Symptoms of his Age in his Speech. I have seen him acquit himself in the Part of *Careless* in the *Committee* so well, that his Years never struck upon Remembrance. And his Person, Figure, and Manner in *Don Quixote* were inimitable. The Use of a short Cloak in former Fashions on the Stage seem’d habitual to him, and in Comedy he seem’d to wear it in Imagination, which
 often

often produced Action, tho' not ungraceful, particular and odd to many of the Audience; yet in Tragedy those Actions were left off, and every Motion manly, great, and proper.

Mrs. *Ashbury*, even in her noon-tide Sun, had an amiable Person, a sweet, innocent, modest, winning Countenance; and, having so great a Master in the Art, was ever just in Speech and Action, without climbing to the Summit of Perfection; yet I have seen her perform one Part that seem'd a finish'd Original, where all since have appeared to me but excellent Copies (if I may use the Term), that is, Mrs. *Pinchwife* in *Wyckerly's* Comedy of the *Country Wife*.

Joseph Ashbury, Esq; died July 24. 1720. in the 82d Year of his Age, retaining his Judgment to the last Moment of his Life. Mrs. *Ashbury* surviv'd him a few Years, bewailing his Loss till she follow'd him to the Grave. This great Man was Master of the Revels to Five Monarchs of *England*, viz. K. *Charles II.* K. *James II.* K. *William*, Q. *Anne*, and K. *George the First*. I shall lead him to his Grave, with the following Poem on his lamented Death.

*As distant Thunder in a rolling Cloud,
First murmurs inwardly, then roars aloud;
Till the dread Clap frights ev'ry mortal Ear,
And strikes them with a just and panic Fear:
Such was the sad distracted News which bore
The Tidings to us — Ashbury's no more!
The Muses speechless to his Shrine repair,
Ev'n Art, and Wit, stand silent Mourners there;
Yet*

*Yet bolder Zeal will Bands of Duty break,
 And Gratitude has Liberty to speak :
 True Passion too can Inspiration bring :
 'Twas Grief first taught the Nightingale to sing --
 From his, as from some Hero's awful Tomb,
 Ev'n my dead Muse shall vital Warmth resume.*

*When first in Learning's Orb his Lustre blaz'd,
 The World look'd up, transported and amaz'd !
 His Words, as if inspir'd, Impression made ;
 Ulysses' Skill, without his Craft, display'd :
 His Counsels ne'er were varnish'd o'er with Art,
 With Policy he still did Truth impart,
 Spoke Oracles, but always spoke his Heart. }
 By Judgment's Compass ev'ry Course he steer'd,
 And watch'd the Signals ere the Storm appear'd.
 His Prudence o'er the Surges did prevail,
 With Ballast still proportion'd to his Sail —
 Precipitately ne'er assum'd a Trust,
 To promise, slow ; but in Performance just :
 By Grace instructed, and by Nature mild ;
 Nor relish'd Life, but when he reconcil'd.
 His Life and Aspect did just Patterns give,
 What Figures we should make, and how to live.*

MR. ANTONY ASTON, commonly
 called TONY.

THIS Person was bred an Attorney in
 England ; but, having a Smattering of
 Wit and Humour, he left the Study of the
 Law for Parts on the Stage. He strain'd forth
 a Comedy which was acted on the Theatre in
 Smock-

Smock-alley, call'd *Love in a Hurry*, but with no Success. He play'd in all the Theatres in *London*, but never continued long in any ; his Way of living was peculiar to himself and Family, resorting to the principal Cities and Towns in *England* with his *Medley*, as he call'd it, which consisted of some capital Scenes of Humour out of the most celebrated Plays. His Company were generally compos'd of his own Family, himself, his Wife and Son ; between every Scene, a Song or Dialogue of his own Composition, fill'd up the Chinks of the slender Meal. He pretended a Right to every Town he enter'd ; and if a Company came to any Place where he exhibited his Compositions, he would use all his Art to evacuate the Place of these Interlopers, as he called them. He was never out of his Way ; or if he met with a sightly House when he was Itinerant, he would soon find the Name, Title, and Circumstances of the Family, curry them over with his humorous Verse, and by that means get something to bear his Charges to his next Station. His *Finances*, like those of Kingdoms, were sometimes at the Tide of *Flood*, and as often at low *Ebb*. In one, where his Stream had left the Chancel dry, yet ready to launch out on a trading Voyage without a Cargo, or Provision, he called up his Landlord, to whom there was something due, told him of his Losses in his present Voyage, and being sent for to another Place, desired he would lend him a small Sum upon his *Wardrobe* (which he shew'd him in a large Box) ten times the

the Value of the Debt owing, or the Sum borrow'd. The honest Landlord, seeing a proper Security, easily comply'd, gave him the Sum demanded, lock'd up the Trunk, put the Key in his Pocket, and retired. But as no Vessel can make a Voyage without Sails, and other proper Materials, he had contriv'd a false Bottom to this great Box, took out the Stuffing, and by Degrees, sent off his Wardrobe by his Emissaries, unperceiv'd. And that the Weight should not detect him, he filled up the Void with Cabbage-stalks, Bricks and Stones cloath'd in Rags to prevent moving, when the Vehicle was to be taken the next Morning into the Landlord's Custody. Every thing succeeded to his Wish, and away went *Tony*, but far wide of the Place he mentioned to mine Host. A Week was the stated Time of Redemption, which the Landlord saw elapse with infinite Satisfaction (for he had a Bill of Sale of the Contents in the Trunk); he open'd it with great Pleasure; but when he saw the fine Lining! he was motionless, like a Statue carv'd by a bungling Hand. He had recourse to Revenge. A Bailiff with proper Directions was sent to the Place mentioned; but if he had discover'd the least Wit in his Anger, he might have thought *Tony* knew better than to tell him Truth. I only mention this little Story, to let the Reader know the Shifts the *Itinerant* Gentry are sometimes put to. For *Tony*, when his *Finances* were in Order, and cur'd of the Consumption, honestly paid him. I have had this Tale
both

both from *Tony* and the Landlord, who then kept the *Black-Boy* Inn at *Chelmsford* in *Essex*.

If *Tony* by chance ever came to a Town where a Company of *Showmen* (as People oft call them) had got in before him, he presently declar'd War with them; and his general Conditions of Peace were, that they should act a Play for his Benefit, that he might leave the Siege, and march with his small Troop to some other Place. And as he was a Person of Humour, and a proper Assurance, he generally, like a Cat, skimm'd off the fat Cream, and left the lean Milk to those that stay'd behind. I believe he is Travelling still, and is as well known in every Town, as the Post-Horse that carries the Mail. He shall make his *Exit* with the two following Lines.

*If various Dealers the same Goods exhibit,
They wish each other dangling on a Gibbet.*

BARTON BOOTH, Esq;

THIS excellent Tragedian was Son to *John Booth*, Esq; of the County Palatine of *Lancaster*, a Branch of the *Warrington* Family. He was born in the Year 1681. in that County; but soon after his Birth his Father and Family removed to *Westminster*, and, at that celebrated School, the Son received his Education, under the Correction (as he call'd it) of the great *Dr. Busby* and *Dr. Knipe*. He in-

inform'd me, the first Look he cast towards the Theatre, was from the Applause he received in performing in the *Andria* of Terence in *Latin* at *Westminster-School*, which perverted his Thoughts from the Pulpit, for which his Father intended him. At Seventeen he was chose out for the University, and had Orders to prepare for his Journey; but his Inclinations prevented the Designs of his Friends.

He first apply'd to Mr. *Betterton*, then to Mr. *Smith*, Two celebrated Actors; but they decently refus'd him for Fear of the Resentment of his Family: But this did not prevent his pursuing the Point in View; therefore he resolv'd for *Ireland*, and safely arrived in *June* 1698. His first Rudiments Mr. *Ashbury* taught him, and his first Appearance was in the Part of *Oroonoko*, where he acquitted himself so well to a croud'd Audience, that Mr. *Ashbury* rewarded him with a Present of Five Guineas, which was the more acceptable as his last Shilling was reduced to Brass (as he inform'd me). But an odd Accident fell out upon this Occasion. It being very warm Weather, in his last Scene of the Play, as he waited to go on, he inadvertently wiped his Face, that, when he enter'd, he had the Appearance of a Chimney-Sweeper (his own Words). At his Entrance, he was surpris'd at the Variety of Noises he heard in the Audience (for he knew not what he had done), that a little confounded him, till he received an extraordinary Clap of Applause, which settled his Mind. The Play was desir'd
for

for the next Night of Acting, when an Actress fitted a Crape to his Face, with an Opening proper for the Mouth, and shap'd in Form for the Nose; but, in the first Scene, one Part of the Crape slip'd off: *And Zounds!* said he (he was a little apt to swear), *I look'd like a Magpie! When I came off, they Lamp-black'd me for the rest of the Night*¹, *that I was flayed before it could be got off again.*

He remained here near Two Years, and, in that Time, by Letters, reconciled himself to his Friends in *England*, and return'd with great Theatrical Improvement, where he gradually stept to Perfection. In 1704. he marry'd the Daughter of Sir *Wm. Barkham*, Bart. an antient Family in the County of *Norfolk*, who died without Issue in the Year 1711. *Pyrrhus* in the *Distrest Mother* plac'd him in the Seat of *Tragedy*, and *Cato* fix'd him there; and, to reward his Merit, he was join'd in the Patent, tho' great Interest was made against him by the other *Patentees*; who, to prevent his soliciting his Patrons at Court, then at *Windsor*, gave out Plays every Night, where Mr. Booth had a principal Part. Notwithstanding this Step, he had a Chariot and Six of a Nobleman's waiting for him at the End of every Play, that whipt him the Twenty Miles in three Hours, and brought him back to the Business of the Theatre the next Night.

¹ The Composition for blackening the Face are Ivory-black and Pomatum, which is, with some Pains, clean'd with fresh Butter.

He told me, not one Nobleman in the Kingdom had so many Sets of Horſes at Command as he had at that Time, having no leſs than Eight; the firſt Set carrying him to *Hounſlow* from *London*, Ten Miles; and the next Set ready waiting with another Chariot to carry him to *Windsor*.

He had a vaſt Fund of Underſtanding as well as Good-nature, and a perſuaſive Elocution even in common Diſcourſe, that would even compel you to believe him againſt your Judgment of Things. Notwithſtanding his Exuberance of Fancy, he was untainted in his Morals. In his younger Years he admir'd none of the Heathen Deities ſo much as *Jolly Bacchus*; to him he was very devout; yet, if he drank ever ſo deep, it never marr'd his Study, or his Stomach. But, immediately after his Marriage with Miſs *Santlow*, whoſe wiſe Conduct, Beauty, and winning Behaviour, ſo wrought upon him, that Home, and her Company, were his chief Happineſs, he intirely condemn'd the Folly of Drinking out of Season, and from one Extreme fell, I think, into the other too ſuddenly; for his Appetite for Food had no Abatement. I have often known Mrs. *Booth*, out of extreme Tenderneſs to him, order the Table to be remov'd, for fear of overcharging his Stomach.

His profound Learning was extraordinary, ſince he left School at Seventeen, took to the Stage at Eighteen, and, by his own Confeſſion, that the Buſineſs of the Stage, joined with his
Devotion

Devotion to *Bacchus*, had taken up most of his Time since, yet I have seen him take a Classic, and render it in such elegant *English*, that no Translator would hardly excel. I will set down his Character from a Paper call'd the *Prompter*, by *Aaron Hill*, Esq; whose Writings will be a living Monument of his own Merit.

“ Mr. *Booth* was a Man of a strong, clear,
“ and lively Imagination. His Conversation
“ was lively and instructive: He had the Ad-
“ vantage of a finish'd Education to improve
“ and illustrate the bountiful Gifts of Nature.
“ Two Advantages distinguished him in the
“ strongest Light, from the rest of the Frater-
“ nity. He had Learning to understand per-
“ fectly whatever it was his Part to speak,
“ and Judgment to know how far it agreed or
“ disagreed with his Character. Hence arose
“ a peculiar Grace, which was visible to every
“ Spectator, tho' few were at the Pains of ex-
“ amining into the Cause of their Pleasure. He
“ could soften, or slide over, with a kind of
“ elegant Negligence, the Improprieties in
“ a Part he acted; while, on the contrary, he
“ would dwell with Energy upon the Beauties,
“ as if he exerted a latent Spirit, which had
“ been kept back for such an Occasion, that
“ he might alarm, waken, and transport, in
“ those Places only, where the Dignity of his
“ own good Sense could be supported with
“ that of his Author. A little Reflection up-
“ on this remarkable Quality, will teach us to
“ account for that manifest Languor which has
“ some-

“ sometimes been observed in his Action; and
“ which was generally, tho’, I think, falsely,
“ imputed to the Indolence of his Temper.
“ For the same Reason, tho’ in the customary
“ Round of his Business he would condescend
“ to some Parts in Comedy, he seldom ap-
“ pear’d in any of them with much Advantage
“ to his Character. The Passions which he
“ found in Comedy, were not strong enough
“ to excite his Fire; and what seem’d Want
“ of Qualification, was only Absence of Im-
“ pression. He had a Talent of discovering
“ the Passions where they lay hid in some ce-
“ lebrated Parts by the injudicious Practice of
“ other Actors; when he had discover’d, he
“ soon grew able to express them: And his
“ Secret for attaining this great Lesson of the
“ Theatre, was an Adaption of his Looks to
“ his Voice, by which artful Imitation of Na-
“ ture, the Variations in the Sound of his
“ Words gave Propriety to every Change in
“ his Countenance: So that it was *Booth’s*
“ Excellence to be heard and seen the same,
“ whether as the pleas’d, the griev’d, the pi-
“ tying, the reproachful, or the angry. His
“ Gesture, or, as it is commonly call’d, his
“ Action, was but the Result and necessary
“ Consequence of his Dominion over his Voice
“ and Countenance; for having, by a Concur-
“ rence of Two such Causes, impressed his Ima-
“ gination with such a Stamp and Spirit of
“ Passion, his Nerves obey’d the Impulse by
“ a kind of natural Dependency, or relaxed

“ or braced successively into all that fine Expressiveness with which he painted what he spoke without Restraint, or Affectation.”

As a Proof of Mr. Booth's Learning, I am desired to insert the *Latin* Inscription wrote by him on the Death of Mr. Smith^m the Actor, with

^m This Gentleman, Mr. Smith, was zealously attach'd to the Interest of King James the Second, and served in his Army as a Volunteer, with Two Servants. After the Abdication, Mr. Smith return'd to the Theatre, by the Persuasion of many Friends, and the Desire of the Town, who admired his Performance. The first Character he chose to appear in was that of *Wilmore* in the *Rover*, his original Part in that Comedy; but, being informed that he should be maltreated on account of his Principles, he gave Orders for the Curtain to drop, if any Disturbance should come from the Audience. Accordingly the Play began in the utmost Tranquillity; but when Mr. Smith entered in the First Act, the Storm began with the usual Noise upon such Occasions (an Up-roar not unknown to all Frequenters of Theatres, and by Time mightily improved by a particular Set that delight in that agreeable Harmony, as pleasing to the Ear, as a Sow-gelder's Horn, that sets all the Village Curs to imitate the Sound); Mr. Smith gave the Signal, the Curtain dropp'd, and the Audience dismiss'd. No Persuasions could prevail upon him to appear on the Stage again, till that great Poet, Mr. Congreve, had wrote his Comedy of *Love for Love*, which was in the Year 1695. more than three Years void from the above Accident. This celebrated Author prevailed upon several Persons of the First Rank to move Mr. Smith to appear in the Character of *Scandal* in that excellent Comedy: But he yielded more to the Persuasions of his sincere Friends, Mr. Betterton and Mrs. Barry, and accepted the Part; and his inimitable Performance added one Grace to the Play. He took his Station in many Plays afterwards, for, I think, three Years. He died of a Cold, occasion'd

with a short Account of him, as I receiv'd it
from Mr. *Benjamin Husband*.

Scenicus eximius,

Regnante Carolo Secundo :

Bettertono Coætaneus & Amicus,

Nec non propemodum Æqualis :

Haud ignobile stirpe oriundus,

Nec Literarum rudis Humaniorum,

Rem Scenicam

Per multos feliciter Annos administravit,

Iustoque moderamine, & morum suavitate,

Omnium intra Theatrum

Observantiam, extra Theatrum laudem,

Ubique benevolentiam & amorem, sibi conciliavit.

In English,

An excellent Actor

Flourished in the Reign of *Charles the Second*:

Betterton's Cotemporary and Friend,

And very near him in Merit :

Sprung from a genteel Family,

And no Stranger to Literature.

In the Management of the Theatre

He acquitted himself many Years, with deserved

Success ;

And, by a just Deportment, and Sweetness of

Temper,

sion'd by a violent Fit of the Cramp ; for when he was
first seiz'd, he threw himself out of Bed, and remained
so long before the Cramp left him (in that naked Con-
dition), that a Cold fell upon his Lungs, a Fever ensu'd,
and Death releas'd him in three Days after.

E

Gained

Gained the Respect of all within the Theatre,
 The Applause of those without ;
 And every-where claimed the Friendship
 And Affection of Mankind.

I shall give a Couple of Songs as a Specimen of his Taste in *English* Poetry, among many that do not occur to my Memory. The Source of them both sprung from his growing Passion for the amiable Miss *Santlow*, before their Marriage.

The First S O N G.

*CAN then a Look create a Thought
 Which Time can ne'er remove?
 Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,
 Again thou bleed'st for Love.*

*She sees the Conquest of her Eyes,
 Nor heals the Wounds she gave ;
 She smiles whene'er my Blushes rise,
 And, sighing, shuns her Slave.*

*Then, Swain, be bold ! and still adore her,
 Still the flying Fair pursue :
 Love, and Friendship, still implore her,
 Pleading Night and Day for you.*

The Second S O N G.

I.

SWEET are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the Damask Rose;
 Soft as the Down of Turtle-Dove,
 Gentle as Winds when Zephyr blows;
 Refreshing as descending Rains,
 On Sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.

II.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun;
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon:
 From ev'ry other Charmer free,
 My Life, and Love, shall follow thee.

III.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady Bow'rs,
 With verdant Spring her Notes renews:
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

IV.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies:
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

V.

*Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
 And Marble Tow'rs, and Gates of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low:
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.*

VI.

*Death, only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove;
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above;
 Where, known to all his Kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.*

VII.

*Love, and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born from Heav'n together came;
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name:
 Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
 When Time, and Death, shall be no more.*

Mr. W. BOWEN.

HE was born in this Kingdom in the Year 1666. and play'd on the *Irish Theatre* several Years. He had a loud strong Voice, which gave him the Title of an Actor of Spirit. Though the Interest of the late Duke of Ormond,

mond, he got into the Revenue in *London*. He was fiery to a Fault, and passionate to his Prejudice, which drew on his own Death, by the unwilling Hands of Mr. *Quin*. Mr. *Bowen* was too tenacious, and could not brook being told, that the late *Ben Johnson* excell'd in the Part of *Jacomo* in the *Libertine*: 'Tho' it was given against him by the whole Company. He immediately parted, sent to Mr. *Quin* (in the Name of a Gentleman) to a neighbouring Tavern; when he enter'd, *Bowen* shut the Door, clapt his Back against it, and drew his Sword. Mr. *Quin* mildly expostulated with him, but all to no Purpose. He threaten'd to pin him to the Wainscot, if he did not draw that Moment; which he did to defend his own Life, with an Intention to disarm him: But *Bowen* pressed so furiously upon him, that he receiv'd the Wound which occasion'd his Death three Days after. However, when the Loss of Blood had weakened his Rage, he confess'd his own Folly and Madness had justly drawn on his own Misfortune; and, at the Tryal, Mr. *Quin* was honourably acquitted. Mr. *Bowen* had several Children by his Wife, and a Boy illegitimate, who, tho' he bore his Name, had none of his Care; and therefore lived a dissolute Life, without the least Improvement from Education, and justly gain'd the Nick-name of *Rugged-and-Tough*. One Day a Clergyman in *St. Clement Danes* (a Church in the *Strand*) was catechizing the Children of the Parish, where *Rugged-and-Tough*

thrust among the rest. *Rugged's* Dress was none of the cleanest; which the good Parson observing, call'd him the first to be examin'd. I shall put the short Dialogue down just as I had it from an Ear-witness; since the Questions are short, as well as the Answers, they will not appear very tedious.

Parson. What's your Name?

Rug. Rugged-and-Tough.

Parson. Who gave you that Name?

Rug. The Boys of our Alley, L—d d—n 'em for't.

The good Parson was a little surpris'd, no doubt; and order'd him to wait till the rest of the Children were examin'd, intending to polish Master *Rugged-and-Tough*; but *Tough*, not liking to wait so long, stole off unperceiv'd. All I could learn of Mr. *Rugged-and-Tough* afterwards was, that, having a great Inclination to travel, he contrived Means to do it at the Charge of the Government.

*Thus bad Beginning to bad Ending tends,
And Vice in Nature, Nature seldom mends.*

Mr. JOHN BARRINGTON.

THIS Gentleman was born of a good Family in the County of *Corke*. He was bred to the Law, but his stronger Genius led him to the Drama, where he has prov'd himself one of its favourite Children. I think his first

first Commencement in the Drama was in *Violante's* Booth (as it was then call'd) in *George's-Lane*. He may be well esteem'd an excellent Comic Actor, of infinite Humour; a much-desir'd pleasing Companion, and (what is not always to be met with) a Person of Sincerity. There is a very antient Family of the *Barringtons* in the County of *Essex*, in *England*; where they shew a Record, that their Ancestor was instructed in the Christian Faith by the Preaching of *St. Augustine* the Monk, afterwards Bishop of *Canterbury*, and receiv'd Baptism in the River of *Thames* by that Saint, in the Year of Redemption 597. This Account may, probably, be called a motly one; but what of that? A good Player (from the Poet) may instruct; and, as an old Author writes,

*A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.*

MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

THIS Gentleman was born in *Dublin*. He was marry'd very young, and, consequently, set forward in the World, perhaps, with too little Consideration. A lively Spirit, and good Sense, are not always prosperous, or meet with that Success equal to their Merit. Neither does the Employment of a Father always sit easy upon the Son. Business is not

hereditary. One may gain a Fortune by the same Employment that might be lost by the Descendent. Our young Gentleman, by frequent Attendance at the Theatre, turned his Genius to the *Drama*. Inclination and Fancy are two good Instructors, and a Willingness to please is doing some Part of the Work. A good Person, and an excellent Voice, are great Substantives for the Stage.

The first Part he perform'd in this Kingdom was *Othello the Moor of Venice*: To the surprising Satisfaction of the general Audience, he seem'd a finish'd Actor dropt from the Clouds. I hear, that in *England* he has gained the Summit of Perfection. I would say more upon the Subject, but, as he received the first Rudiments from me, I shall be silent; yet borrow a few Lines from the Poet, that may give a Remembrance of his Person,

*Such Beauty, as great Strength thinks no
Disgrace,*

*Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face:
His tall strait Body amidst Thousands stood,
Like some fair Pine, the loftiest of the Wood.*

I don't think I can give the Reader a greater Pleasure, upon this Occasion, than to insert the following Letter upon Mr. Barry's first Attempt on the Stage; which may serve for a general Instruction to all on the Theatre.

To Mr. Spranger Barry, from a Friend in the
Country.

“ AS I lately heard you were determin’d for
“ the Stage, my Affection for your Person,
“ and Concern for your Misfortunes, gave Oc-
“ casion to some Reflections which may, pos-
“ sibly, be of Use to you in this new Scene of
“ Life. In the Time of *Athenian* Elegance,
“ when Learning was in Taste, when Liberty
“ was the Blessing of the Public, and the Pa-
“ rent of Arts; which Excellence, alone, found
“ Honour, Capacity, Employment, and Me-
“ rit, Rewards; the Stage grew suddenly
“ from its Infancy to Maturity, and, from be-
“ ing encouraged, became itself the Encou-
“ rager of those Talents and Geniuses with
“ which it was supply’d. It was there that each
“ Spectator was taught his particular Conduct,
“ by seeing his own Representation in the ge-
“ neral Picture of Life, where the Lights were
“ thrown alone upon Virtue, and the Shades
“ upon Vice; where Great and Eminent, of
“ every Age, were set up for Imitation; where
“ every noble, tender, and exalted Sentiment,
“ was recorded, and daily inculcated; where
“ Purity was invited, Obscenity exiled; and
“ where the Heart was attached to Virtue, by
“ affectingly walking through all its Scenes of
“ Misfortunes; and, lastly, exulting in its fi-
“ nal Reward. No Institution, less than divine,
“ could ever be of equal Efficacy, or Advan-

“ tage: For when Instruction becomes our
“ Entertainment, then, only, it is, that Vice
“ grows detestable, and Virtue delightful, from
“ the Pleasure it brings: And hence were the
“ Sentiments of the *Grecian* Vulgar so exalted,
“ that an immoral Expression, tho’ naturally
“ introduced in an immoral Character, has
“ been hiss’d off the Stage. Shall we think,
“ then, that where the Doctrine was so glo-
“ rious, the Preaching was dishonourable? No,
“ sure. To be an Actor, then, was not to be a
“ *Mimic*; no Trick of Gesture, or Tone of
“ Voice, could avail: Those of Distinction were
“ to be, by Nature, the very Persons they re-
“ presented; they were to have the same Ele-
“ vation of Soul, the same Delicacy of Thought,
“ the same Morality of Life, the same Huma-
“ nity of Heart, and Sweetness of Affections,
“ that could at once constitute the Patriot, the
“ Hero, the Lover, and the Friend. The
“ Words only belonged to the Author, the Sen-
“ timents were, by Nature, their own; and
“ hence flow’d that Aptness of Attitude, that
“ Ease in Elocution, that expressive Look, that
“ eloquent Silence, that Freedom of Action,
“ and that Harmony of the Whole, which at
“ once exalted, melted, and subdued a mighty
“ Nation to Elegance and Virtue. Where
“ such an Actor was found, he was justly
“ esteem’d a Blessing to the Community. As
“ his Talents were the Admiration, so his Per-
“ son was the Delight, of all People; in his Life
“ he was honoured, and his Posterity provided
“ for.

“ for. You will now, perhaps, be tempted to
 “ wish, that this was the Stage of the *Athe-*
 “ *nians* ; but Nature and Mankind are always
 “ the same; and even on the *English* Theatre I
 “ have known some, who gain’d more Encou-
 “ ragement and Respect as Actors, than they
 “ deserv’d as Men : But if the Members of
 “ your new Province have brought a Scandal
 “ on their Profession, let it be your Study to re-
 “ trieve it. If I have any Judgment, you are
 “ qualified to excel in this Way ; nor would I
 “ have you imagine, that any will shun you in
 “ Private, merely because you give them Plea-
 “ sure and Entertainment in Public. Let your
 “ Heart be the true Model of whatever is
 “ great, or good, in the Characters you re-
 “ present : Take Instruction with Pleasure,
 “ and Applause with Humility ; and then fear
 “ not to be received as the Man of Worth,
 “ and the Gentleman you have hitherto been
 “ esteemed. *I am, &c.*”

MR. PETER BARDIN,

WAS born in *Dublin*, tho’ of *French* Ex-
 traction. He bent his Thoughts towards
 the Stage very early in Youth, and, having seen
 the Performance of the best Actors in *England*,
 upon the *London* Stages (where, at various
 Times, he has made one in most of the The-
 atres in that City), if he has not improv’d, it
 must be owing to himself. His long Inter-

course of Theatrical Action has improv'd his Study, and few Parts become amiss to him, either (as *Shakespeare* says) “ for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited, &c.” It does not become me to condemn, or uphold his Conduct, in private Life; however, I cannot avoid giving my Opinion, that such Disputes that have fallen out, need not trouble the Public in their public Diversions. I own, if a Person pays his Money for his Entertainment, he ought to enjoy it quietly. If a Cook at an Ordinary has spoil'd another Person's Dinner, that Person, I think, has no Right to spoil mine; more especially, if I had made a Tinker's Bargain, and paid for my Meal before-hand. Give me Leave to add a printed Paper on the Subject, whose Author has said much more than my Capacity will reach.

A small Animadversion on a late Affair in the Playhouse.

“ I Went, the other Night, to the Playhouse,
 “ in full Expectation of seeing the *Rehearsal*
 “ perform'd in as high a Manner as was possible:
 “ But, to my great Surprise, the Performance
 “ was interrupted, and the Audience disap-
 “ pointed, by a Concert of most unmusical In-
 “ struments, in the Gallery. The Cause of this
 “ Noise and Hurly-burly was soon found to be
 “ a private Dispute between somebody in the
 “ Gallery

Gallery and *Bardin* the Player, which Dispute might (with the Consent of the whole Theatre) have subsisted seven Years, so it had not offended a numerous and polite Audience. — If a Player, in his private Capacity, offends me, will this warrant my offending a thousand People at once? Should I have a Dispute at Law, or Play with Mr. *G—ck*, must the whole Town, for this Reason, lose the Entertainment of the rarest King *Lear* and *Macbeth* that ever were seen in this, or any other Country? If *B—n* had done any unwarrantable and injurious Thing to a Gentleman, *B—n* should have made proper and ample Satisfaction, in his private Capacity, for the Offence. The Audience had no Right in, nor Care for *B—n*, but they certainly have for Prince *Volscius*; he was their Player; they had paid for him: The Prince had managed his Horse with wondrous Dexterity, and had an undoubted Right to have ridden him to the Battle. There is nothing more mistaken than that Right which some People imagine they have in Theatres, and other publick Places; for, in Truth, their Right consists only in decently partaking of the Entertainment, and, where they think it deserves it, giving a proper and timely Applause. It is the same Right that a Man has in a Ferry-boat, that is (if he behaves himself properly), to be safely and pleasantly landed on the opposite Shore; but, if he disturbs the Passage, and endangers the Boat, the Ferryman and Passengers

“gers will certainly join, and throw him over-
 “board. A surly Swain at a Horse-race, fan-
 “sying he had a Right to any Part of the Sod,
 “would needs ride directly in the Course; the
 “first of the Racers threw him and his Horse
 “twenty Yards on the Ground; and better had
 “it been if he had died with his Horse on the
 “Spot; for he received a Lash from every
 “Whip in the Field. Every Gentleman, pro-
 “perly habited, has a Right to go to Court;
 “but if a Person, having a Pique to a Battle-ax,
 “should breed an Uproar in the Levee-room,
 “he would certainly have a Halberd in his
 “Guts, or be sent to the Black Hole. There
 “can be no Excuse for doing an Injury to a
 “Multitude.

“I have often dined at a Two-dish Ordinary,
 “where I had a Right to partake of each; but
 “if I should have taken it into my Head to
 “have thrown one Dish at the Waiter, and
 “kick’d the other about the Floor, I do verily
 “believe I should have been kick’d downStairs.
 “If a Gentleman (Heaven defend us!) should
 “have a Quarrel on his Hands with a Porter,
 “the Gentleman certainly has a Right to do
 “himself Justice; but I should think it some-
 “what untimely, if he should knock the Fel-
 “low down when he had a Dozen of my Wine
 “on his Back. *Shakespear*, who well under-
 “stood the Decorum of Theatres, gives strong
 “Advice for proper Behaviour: He speaks it
 “to the Players, but he meant it to the Spec-
 “tators likewise, tho’, in his Modesty, he held
 “it

Mr. Beamsly.

III

“it not meet so to set it down. . He directs
“them to be extremely careful not to create
“the least Noise or Disturbance in the House
“when the Play should be duly attended to.
“He concludes, that, to disturb the House, is
“villainous, and betrays a pitiful Ambition in
“the Fool that does it.

“I am, Sirs, your humble Servant.”

How necessary it is, we may see, for Stage-performers to have a strict Guard on their Behaviour; and I have said it before, their own Conduct will make them esteemed or slighted, will draw Regard or Insult. To strengthen my own Opinion, I shall insert a very small Paragraph from a very late News-Paper.

Naples, August 16. 1748.

“One of the Lords of the Court has been
“banished, for having publicly insulted, upon
“the New Theatre, one of the Singing-
“women of the Opera.”

*But many Things are spoke without a Thought,
That, badly constru'd, have Confusion brought.*

Mr. JOHN BEAMSLY.

THIS Person has had a large Experience, of Time and Travel, in *England and Ireland*, for improving his *Theatrical Genius*. He
is

is decent in many Parts, and seldom offends in any; is ever very perfect, a Voice strong and intelligible, not unharmonious, and may rank in the File of good Actors, either in *Tragedy* or *Comedy*.

*Merit may shine in various Beams of Light,
And diff'rent Men, in diff'rent Roads, are right.*

Mrs. BULLOCK.

THIS Gentlewoman was the Natural Daughter of the late perfect Comedian *Robert Wilks*, Esq; by Mrs. *Rogers*, an Actress of Merit, among great Stage Performers. So parented, one might have expected a finish'd Genius for the Stage: She, however, pleas'd in several dramatic Characters, assisted by a graceful Form and Figure. In the Year 1717. she was join'd in Wedlock to Mr. *Christopher Bullock*, a very promising Comedian, who died in the Road to Excellence.

After various Turns of Fortune, she came over to this Kingdom, with her Daughter (now Mrs. *Dyer*). Her Person may put us in mind of her Mother; but she is a happy Stranger to any Failing of her's. Mrs. *Bullock* died in this Kingdom in the Year 1739.

*A Scion oft proves diff'rent from the Root,
And better Branches will yield better Fruit.*

MISS BELLAMY.

THIS young and amiable Actress was born in this Kingdom in the Year 1727. She has a most admirable improving Genius; therefore it will be no Wonder, if she soon reaches the Top of Perfection. She has a liberal open Heart, to feel and ease the Distresses of the Wretched. How amiable must blooming Beauty appear, that forms the Mind with every moral Virtue! She has lately left this Kingdom, to the Regret of all Lovers of the *Drama*. I cannot avoid, upon this Occasion, setting down a few Lines from a Poem on *Bellamy*; the Motto from *Milton*.

*Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love.*

*The Maid, in Action just, in Judgment strong,
Exacts our Wonder, and inspires our Song;
From slavish Rules, mechanic Forms, unt'y'd,
She soars, with sacred Nature for her Guide.
The Grace-adorning Smile! the feign'd Despair!
The soft'ning Sigh! the Soul-dissolving Tear!
Each magic Charm, lamented Oldfield knew,
Inchanting Bellamy! revives in you.*

*'Tis thine, O beauteous Maid! the wond'rous
Art,
To search the Soul, and trace the various Heart,
With*

*With native Grace, with unaffected Ease,
To form the yielding Passions, as you please.*

*Oldmixonⁿ, Syren-voice, improv'd by Art,
Steals softly on the Song-enamour'd Heart;
But ah! how weak, how feebly, must she wound,
The Maid whose chiefest Charm consists in Sound!
Or should Mechel^o, all languishing, advance,
Her Limbs dissolv'd in well-conducted Dance
(The Soul untouch'd), she may subdue the Sight:
But breathing Wit with Judgment must unite,
To give the Man of Reason unconfin'd Delight.*

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

THIS great Actor, as well as Author, was once in this Kingdom, many Years ago, which I gather'd from his saying he landed in the Night; and when he ask'd what Place they were in, was answer'd, *Ringsend*. O! then I am sure we are right; meaning the Answer as a native Blunder. But, to rescue that Place from the Aspersiō, I am credibly inform'd, it was the original Dwelling of a Person whose Surname was *Ring*, and from him took its Denomination. The Father of this Gentleman was a Native of *Holstein*^p, a Statuary by Profession,

ⁿ Mrs. *Oldmixon*, a celebrated Singer from *England*, now in *Dublin*

^o *Mademoiselle Mechel*, an agreeable Dancer, now performing in *Smock-alley* Theatre.

^p *Holstein* is a Dukedom of *Lower Saxony* in *Germany*. One Part belongs to the King of *Denmark*, the rest to the

cession, without his Equal in this Kingdom. The Figures over the Gate of *Bethlehem* (or *Bedlam*, as it is vulgarly call'd) in *Moorfields*, and the Pedestal, or Base, of the *Monument*⁹, were carv'd by him.

Mr.

the Duke of *Holstein*. It has two Imperial Cities: The first, *Lubeck*, a large, fair, and rich Town, accumulated by Trade and Navigation, seated about two Miles from the *Baltick* Sea; the other City is *Hamburg* upon the *Elbe*, one of the most opulent Marts in *Lower Germany*, it being a free City, and self-dependent. It is very strongly fortify'd. The River *Elbe* ebbs and flows with the Tide, and wafts Ships of large Burden to the Port, from all Parts of the World.

⁹ Since this is a Pillar, now the finest in the World, and not generally known in this Kingdom, I'll give a Description of it. This noble Structure is erected near the Spot where the dreadful Fire began in the Year 1666. design'd by that great Architect Sir *Christopher Wren*. It is a fluted Column, Two hundred and two Feet high, the greatest Diameter of the Shaft fifteen Foot, the lower Part of the Pedestal Twenty-eight Foot square, and Forty Foot high; built with *Portland* Stone, finely polish'd; the winding Stair-case within (containing 345 Steps, ten Inches and an half broad) black Marble, inclos'd in the spiral Round with Balustrades of Iron, turn'd and ornamented. Thirty-two Foot from the Top, is a square Balcony, secured with Iron Rails, with their Capitals and Bases gilt. The Top of this noble Pillar is crown'd with a Flame, gilt. On the West Side of the square Pedestal, *London* is described by the Figure of a Woman lamenting the Ruins of the City in Flames on one Side of her; and, fronting her, *London* in all its Magnificence, rebuilt. This noble Sculpture was design'd and finish'd, in Basso-relievo, by *Caius Gabriel Cibber*, Father to the Laureat. This Pillar was begun in 1671. and finish'd in the Year 1677. at the Charge of the Public, in Commemoration of that fatal Fire in 1666. on the Second, Day of September,

Mr. Colley Cibber, the Son of this great *Artist*, was born the Sixth of *November* 1671. in *London*; but I shall refer the Reader to the *Apology* for his own Life, printed for G. Faulkner. The excellent *Dramatic* Works of this Author are,

1. Love's last Shift; or, The Fool in Fashion. 1696.
2. Woman's Wit; or, The Lady in Fashion. 1697.
3. Xerxes; *a Tragedy*. 1699.
4. Love makes a Man; or, The Fop's Fortune. 1700.
5. The Careless Husband. 1704.
6. The Lady's last Stake; or, The Wife's Resentment. 1708.
7. The Comical Lovers.
8. She Wou'd and she Wou'd Not; or, The kind Impostor.
9. Richard *the Third*.
10. The Rival Fools.
11. Perolla and Izadora, *a Tragedy*.

tember, which consum'd 13200 Houses, 400 Streets, 89 Churches, and most of the public Structures. The Top of the square Base is ornamented by large Dragons, between them the Arms of *England*, with Engines of War display'd; *Time*, with the rest of the Figures, masterly finish'd; with *London*, represented in the Clouds in another Figure of a Woman looking on the City once more in her Glory; form a noble Group, that cannot be describ'd in Words. The three other Squares are fill'd with Inscriptions relating to the fatal Accident (tho' some Authors impute it to Design) too long to mention here.

12. The

12. The Double Gallant ; or, The Sick Lady's Cure.
13. The School-boy.
14. The Nonjuror. 1717.
15. Venus and Adonis, *a Masque; set to Music.* 1717.
16. Myrtilla, *a Masque.* 1717.
17. The Refusal ; or, The Lady's Philosophy. 1720.
18. Ximena ; or, The Heroic Daughter.
19. Cæsar in Egypt. 1725.
20. The Provok'd Husband ; or, A Journey to London. 1727.
21. Love in a Riddle. 1728.
22. Damon and Phillida.
23. Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John.
24. The Country Wake.

Besides these *Dramatic* Pieces, he has wrote innumerable Songs, Prologues, &c. several humorous Pamphlets, the excellent *Apology for his own Life*, and a Critic upon *Middleton's Translation of Cicero*.

As Envy seldom attacks any other Object but conspicuous Merit, this Gentleman was generally attack'd by the Tribe of Scribblers, his cotemporary Authors, that, *Like Village-curs, bark when their Fellows do* ; which he regarded not ; and if he ever seem'd to rouse, it was like the Lion in *Don Quixot* : *Rise, stretch, and p—fs in his Face.*

118 Mr. Theoph. Cibber.

As to his Person, he is strait, and well made; of an open Countenance, even free from the conspicuous Marks of old Age. Meet or follow him, and no Person would imagine he ever bore the Burden of above two Thirds of his Years. He is Head of a numerous Family; and it might be said, as a *German Author* writes of the *Nestorian Lady Malburges*, of that Country;

*Mater ait natæ, Dic natæ, filia natam
Ut moneat natæ plangere filiolum.*

“ The aged *Mother* to her *Daughter* spake,
“ Daughter, said she, arise!
“ Thy *Daughter* to her *Daughter* take,
“ Whose *Daughter’s Daughter* cries.”

Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

THIS Gentleman came into the World on the Day of the great and destructive Storm in 1703. whose Rage rang’d over the greatest Part of *Europe*, but, I think, most fatal to *England*. He is Son to *Colley Cibber*, Esq; that excellent Comedian, the present Poet Laureat, whose dramatic Works are so well known.

Mr. *Theophilus Cibber* receiv’d his Education at *Winchester School*: His strong Genius for the *Theatre* brought him early upon the Stage, where he has appear’d in full Lustre in the various Branches of Comedy; and tho’ he has perform’d

perform'd several Parts in Tragedy with Success, in my Imagination the *Sock* sits easier upon him than the *Buskin*. His first Wife, mention'd in the Account of Mrs. *Clive*, was Miss *Johnson*, by whom he had two Daughters. The eldest, I am inform'd, has appear'd on the Stage with great Prospect of excelling, first in the Part of *Juliet*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, by *Shakespear*. His second Wife, Miss *Arne* (by whom he has no living Issue), is arriv'd at the highest Pitch of Excellence in the amiable, soft, and tender.

Mr. *Theophilus Cibber* has appear'd twice as a dramatic Author; viz. first, *Henry the Sixth*, alter'd from *Shakespear*, which was play'd in the Summer-season of 1721. without any Criticks laying hold of it: His second Performance in the Drama was, a Comedy call'd *The Lover*; but as the Criticks were always ready arm'd to attack the Father, they drew their Indignation on the Son, with the false Imagination that the Father was the conceal'd Author. But I am positively convinced to the contrary; for that Gentleman to me refus'd the Sight of it before it appear'd on the Stage, for the very Reasons, he suspected, that fell out accordingly. However, he wrote an *Epilogue*, that was spoken by Mr. *Theophilus* and his Wife, that took away the Sting of the Revelrout, and the Play was perform'd six Nights in the Year 1731. The *Epilogue*, for its Singularity, I shall insert here.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by the A U T H O R, and his W I F E.

Wife. *NOW*, I suppose, you'll find your Work
is done;

*Did not I say—you were your Father's Son?
Be what it might, your Play, the Town wou'd
game it,*

*That your bare Name were half a Cause to damn
it?*

*Experience, to your Cost, will shew you now,
Who wears the wiser Head, your Wife, or you.*

Author. *Tho' all this shou'd be true, my
pretty Rogue,*

Yet what's all this, dear Jane, to th' Epilogue?

Wife. *Why, what's an Epilogue to such a
Play?*

Will it be sav'd, by ought that I can say?

Author. *No matter what's its Merit—no,
my Dear,*

*When many a Husband's Case has known De-
spair,*

*A wheedling Wife has brought the Thing to
bear.*

Wife. *O, I'm your humble Servant, humble
Sir!*

*Now you're distress'd, you my weak Head pre-
fer—*

*No, Sir, since you have had your Frolick, pay it—
When you have rais'd the Storm, your Wife must
lay it.*

Author.

Author. *I'll give you Composition, gentle
Spouse,*

*All my clear Benefit of my Third-day's House,
Wife. Which may amount to——not one
single Soufe.*

Author. *Were mine, alone, the Case, that
may be true ;*

Yet to your very Sex some Pity's due :

They'll not, with me, destroy the Guiltless, too.

Wife [To the Audience.] *Gallants, in this,
I hope, he has touch'd your Hearts ;*

Let not me suffer for his weak Deserts :

Do not to last Extremes your Censure drive ;

Give us, at least, an honest Chance to live.

*Our Fate is in your Hands—If you are brave,
You'll think the Triumph less to ruin, than to
save.*

This Comedy the Author dedicated to his Wife, in order to make a perfect Agreement between them. He has also wrote several small Pieces in Verse and Prose, occasionally, besides several Letters in an odd Dispute between him and Mr. *Thomas Sheridan*, printed here, and in *London*.

I shall not meddle with conjugal Affairs ; these short Memoirs would swell too large, and the Belly, out of Proportion for the Body, appear dropfical, and require Tapping.

*Then draw a Veil o'er what must be conceal'd,
To hide those Faults that should not be reveal'd.*

MRS. CIBBER.

THIS true and perfect Actress was Daughter to Mr. *Arne*, an eminent *Up-holder* in *Covent-Garden*. Her first Appearance on the Stage was as a Singer; her Voice and Judgment gain'd her universal Applause: But when she commenced a speaking Actress, she charm'd anew. Her first Appearance was in the Part of *Zara*, to the Admiration of every Spectator that had their auricular Faculties; and, since that, has prov'd herself the Daughter of Nature in Perfection. I shall add a *Prologue* wrote by the *Laureat*, on her first appearing in the Part of *Zara*, and leave her to enjoy her deserved Praise.

Spoke by Mr. CIBBER.

THE French, *howe'er Mercurial they may seem,*
Extinguish Half their Fire by critic Phlegm;
While English Writers Nature's Freedom claim,
And warm their Scenes with an ungovern'd Flame.
'Tis strange that Nature never should inspire
A Racine's Judgment with a Shakespear's Fire!
Howe'er, To-night (to promise much we're loth)
But—you've a Chance to have a Taste of both.
From

*From English Plays Zara's French Author fir'd,
Confess'd his Muse beyond herself inspir'd:
From rack'd Othello's Rage he rais'd his Style,
And snatch'd the Brand that lights this tragic
Pile:*

*Zara's Success his utmost Hopes outflow,
And a twice twentieth weeping Audience drew.*

*As for our English Friend, he leaves to you,
Whate'er may seem to his Performance due.*

*No Views of Gain his Hopes or Fears engage,
He gives a Child of Leisure to the Stage;*

*Willing to try, if yet forsaken Nature
Can charm, with any one remember'd Feature.*

*Thus far the Author speaks—But now the
Player*

With trembling Heart presents his humble Prayer.

To-night, the greatest Venture of my Life

Is lost, or sav'd, as you receive—a Wife.

If Time, you think, may ripen her to Merit,

With gentle Smiles support her wav'ring Spirit.

Zara, in France, at once an Actress rais'd,

Warm'd into Skill by being kindly prais'd:

O! could such Wonders here from Favour flow,

*How would our Zara's Heart with Transport
glow!*

But she, alas! by juster Fears oppress'd,

Begs but your bare Endurance, at the best:

Her unskill'd Tongue would simple Nature speak

*Nor dares her Bounds for false Applauses
break.*

Amidst a thousand Faults, her best Pretence

To please—is unpresuming Innocence.

When a chaste Heart's Distress your Grief demands,

One silent Tear outweighs a thousand Hands.

If she conveys the pleasing Passions right,

Guard and support her this decisive Night.

If she mistakes, or finds her Strength too small,

Let interposing Pity break her Fall—

In you it rests to save her, or destroy.

*If she draws Tears from you—I weep—for
Joy.*

MR. OLIVER CASHEL.

I Know little more of this Gentleman, than that he was born in *Ireland*, of a very antient reputable Family. He commenced Actor in this Kingdom, where he made but slow Progress, as I have been inform'd. He was recommended to the Manager in *Drury-lane* by his Friend and Countryman Mr. *Charles Macklin*, who brought him from the *Bristol Theatre*, where they both play'd the Summer before, I think in the Year 1738.

The first Part he play'd on *Drury-lane Theatre* was, *Sir Julius Cæsar* in *Sir Walter Raleigh*, where his good Figure was his best Friend; for Fear had made his Voice not his own (if I may be allow'd that Term). It is a Theatrical Observation, that Fear, in the first setting-out Attempt on the Stage, is not an ill Omen; for many, that have set on without it,
have

have play'd their best, and never mended afterwards. This Gentleman is one Proof of it; for he got the better of his Fear, proving a very good Theatrical Officer in a little Time^r: And I hear, since I have left *England*, has so far excelled in Captain *Macheath* in the *Beggars Opera* (which requires a good *Singer*, to the Qualifications of a good *Actor*), that his Merit has given this excellent Piece a large fresh Run in *Covent-garden*, which he went to from *Drury-lane*, eight or nine Years ago.

This Gentleman died at *Norwich* (the capital City of the County of *Norfolk*). He was taken speechless on the Stage in the Part of *Frankly*, in a Comedy call'd *The Suspicious Husband*: He was carried to his Lodgings, where Physicians and Surgeons attended, but to no Purpose; for he expired in a few Hours, in spight of the Doctor.

*Death eases Lovers, sets the Captive free,
And, tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.*

^r The first Dramatic Piece of Mr. *Dryden*, that great Poet, was, a Comedy call'd *The Wild Gallant*, that met with so little Success (as *Langbain* says), "that if he had not a peculiar Force of Inclination to the *Drama*, he would have been sufficiently discouraged from any farther Progress in Dramatic Writing".

Mrs. CATHARINE CLIVE (formerly
Miss RAFTOR):

THIS celebrated natural Actress was the Daughter of Mr. *William Raftor*, a Gentleman born in the City of *Kilkenny* in *Ireland*. The Father of her Father was possessed of a considerable Paternal Estate in the County where he was born; but the Parent of our Actress being unhappily attach'd to the unfortunate King *James* the Second, the late Revolution gave it, among many others, to the Crown. Mr. *James Raftor*, her Brother, went over to *Ireland*, some Years ago, in order to solicit for his Grandfather's Fortune; but did not meet with Success.

Mr. *William Raftor*, the Father, was bred to the Law; however, when King *James* was in *Ireland*, he enter'd into his Service; and, after the decisive Battle of the *Boyne*, in the Year 1690. he follow'd his Master's Fortune, and, by his Merit, obtain'd a Captain's Commission in the Service of *Lewis* the Fourteenth; but, gaining a Pardon, with many other Gentlemen in his Condition, he came to *England*, where he married Mrs. *Daniel*, Daughter to an eminent Citizen on *Fishstreet-bill*, with whom he had a handsome Fortune: By her he had a numerous Issue.

Miss

Miss *Catharine* was born in the Year 1711. She had an early Genius for the Stage ; for she told me, when she was about twelve Years old, Miss *Johnson* (afterwards the first Wife of Mr. *Theo. Cibber*, another rising Genius, if Death had not overtaken her in her Prime of Youth) and she, used to tag after the celebrated Mr. *Wilks* (her own Words) whenever they saw him in the Streets, and gape at him as a Wonder.

Miss *Rastor* had a facetious Turn of Humour, and infinite Spirits, with a Voice and Manner in singing Songs of Pleasantry peculiar to herself. Those Talents Mr. *Theo. Cibber* and I (we all at that Time living together in one House) thought a sufficient Passport to the *Theatre*. We recommended her to the *Laureat*, whose infallible Judgment soon found out her Excellencies ; and the Moment he heard her sing, put her down in the List of Performers at twenty Shillings *per* Week. But never any Person of her Age flew to Perfection with such Rapidity ; and the old discerning Managers always distinguish'd Merit by Reward. Her first Appearance was in the Play of *Mithridates* King of *Pontus*, in *Ismenes* the Page to *Ziphares*, in Boy's Cloaths, where a Song proper to the Circumstances of the Scene was introduced, which she performed with extraordinary Applause. But after this, like a Bullet in the Air, there was no distinguishing the Track, till it came to its utmost Execution.

I remember the first Night of *Love in a Riddle* (which was murdered in the same Year) a

128 *Mademoiselle Chateauneuf.*

Pastoral Opera wrote by the *Laureat*, which the Hydra-headed Multitude resolv'd to worry without hearing, a Custom with Authors of Merit, when Miss *Rastor* came on in the Part of *Pbillida*, the monstrous Roar subsided. A Person in the Stage Box, next to my Post, called out to his Companion in the following elegant Stile — “Zounds, *Tom!* take Care; “or this charming little Devil will save all.”

In the Year 1732. she was marry'd to Mr. *G. Clive*, Son to Mr. Baron *Clive*. I shall be silent in conjugal Affairs; but in all my long Acquaintance with her, I could never imagine she deserved ill Usage.

I shall take Leave of this excellent Actress with the following Lines (as every Part cannot fit the best Performers):

*Merit mistaken oft may lose its Way,
And pore in Darknefs with the Blaze of Day.*

Mademoiselle CHATEAUNEUF.

THIS agreeable Dancer (as she play'd *Polly* in the *Beggars Opera*, &c.) must come under my Cognizance. She was born in *France*, what Town or Province, has stole from my Memory. Her real Name was not what she bore. She was in her Infancy an Orphan, and Monsieur *Chateauneuf* took her from her Distresses, and bred her up as his own Daughter. Her Virtue never was tainted in most Peoples

Peoples Opinion ; but as our immortal *Shakespeare* says,

*Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
Thou shalt not 'scape Calumny.*

When I was instructing her in the Part of *Polly*, she told me, a Lady that Morning was surpris'd to hear from a Gentleman of her Acquaintance, that she was taken for a Boy in Disguise. (This Gentleman, it seems, was a Person that would have been very willing to have been certain of the Distinction of Sexes.) *I told the Lady, said Miss Chateaucuf, I was very glad he knew no more of me.* Which I think was a quick and witty Answer. She was born the same Day that our young Hero the *Duke* came into the World, *April 15. 1721.*

Since leaving this Kingdom she is marry'd to her supposed Father, *Monsieur Chateaucuf*; and now it is made her real Name. This Intelligence I had from a Gentleman that lately came from *Bordeaux*^a, where he conversed with

^a 'Tis possible every body cannot tell where *Bordeaux* lies: It is a very fine City and Sea-port, the Capital of the Province of *Guienne*. It is graced with a Parliament, a University, and an Archbishop, seated on the fine River *Garonne*, and is esteemed one of the richest trading Cities in *France*. *Ausonius*, a celebrated *Latin* Poet, owes his Birth to this Place. Most Lovers of *Bacchus* very much commend the Growth of its Grape. One of our *English* Monarchs (*Richard the Second*) drew here his

130 Mrs. Chetwood. Mr. Delane.

with them, being at the Head of a Troop of Comedians of their own, where he heard *Madem Chateauneuf* sing several *English* Songs by Desire of the Audience, particularly the Song of *Rosy Wine* from the Masque of *Comus* altered from *Milton*.

*Thus Midwife Time brings many Things to Light,
That long lay hid within the Womb of Night.*

Mrs. CHETWOOD.

SHE was upon this Stage in the Year 1741. an agreeable *Actress*, when the Part suited her Voice; a tolerable *Dancer*, and a pleasing *Colombine*. Being Grand-daughter to the present *Laureat*, 'tis no Wonder if she had a little Wit.

*But Wit and Wisdom seldom well agree :
Wisdom would fetter what the Wit would free.*

Mr. DENIS DELANE,

IS a Native of *Ireland*, descended from an antient Family. He received his Education in *Trinity College, Dublin*, a Fountain of Learning, whose Streams have watered the Universe.

first Breath. This Dukedom was once an Attendant upon the Crown of *England*, as tack'd to the Tail of *Elcanor* Heirefs of *Poitiers*, wedded to King *Henry* the Second, which is my chief Reason for this Scrap of *Geography*. There is also a very handsome Theatre in this City, and the Country exceeding pleasant about it, being in the South of *France*.

He appeared first on the *Dublin* Stage, and was very well received ; his Person and excellent Voice, joined with his other Merits, gained him the Esteem as he justly deserved. However, he set out for *London*, where he was recommended to the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, I think in the Year 1731. but their Company being brimful, even to the running over, the Managers did not give him the Encouragement that the Promise of his Voice and Person deserved. Mr. *Giffard* took hold of the Occasion, and engaged him for his Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, where he had a better Opportunity of shining without any Rival Ray. Mr. *Quin*, as I am inform'd (who can distinguish Merit from his own superior Judgment), prevailed upon him to leave that Corner of the Town, and act on the same Stage with him (*Covent-Garden*). Persons of the *Drama* may be compared to the *Swiss-Cantons*, willing to fight for those who give the best Pay ; therefore it is no Novelty to see them change Sides.

Mr. *Delane* is now marching under the Banner of *Covent-Garden*. He has an Estate in this Kingdom, and came over last Year (tho' I had not the Pleasure of seeing him). I am informed he is inclining more to the Bulky since I saw him last, which is a Recommendation to many capital Parts that may sit easy, and give Pleasure, when the Bloom of Youth is gone.

*Truncheons, or Lawn, do seldom Youth become,
For distant War, or Bishopricks at Home.*

Mr. DYER,

IS not only a useful, but a very pleasing Actor; his good Voice, and easy-acquired Manner, gives him a Cast above many of his Cotemporaries, being the best allowed Singer on the *Dublin* Theatre, that is not a profess'd Singer. I am no Friend to *Mimicry*, yet if I could be pleased with that natural Qualification (if I may be allowed to call it so), I do not know one could give me more Pleasure than Mr. *Dyer*; for he can *take off* (as the Theatrical Term expresses it) not only every Actor, Male and Female, he has seen and heard, worth mimicking, but also Singers and Dancers, foreign and domestic. All these Qualifications, join'd to a good Understanding, will render him acceptable in any Theatre.

*A just Behaviour claims a due Regard,
Tho' Modesty will fail to meet Reward.*

THOMAS ELRINGTON, Esq;

THIS excellent Actor was born in June 1688. in *London*. His Father having a numerous Issue, put his Son Apprentice to an Upholder in *Covent-Garden*, where I was first acquainted with him. He was early addicted to the Drama. I remember, when he was an Apprentice, we play'd in several private Plays

Plays together : when we were preparing to act *Sophonisba*, or, *Hannibal's Overthrow*, after I had wrote out my Part of *Massiva*, I carried him the Book of the Play to study the Part of King *Masinissa* ; I found him finishing a Velvet Cushion, and gave him the Book ; but alas ! before he could secrete it, his Master (a hot voluble *Frenchman*) came in upon us, and the Book was thrust under the Velvet of the Cushion. His Master, as usual, rated him for not working, with a *Mortbleu ! why a you not vark*, Tom ? and stood over him so long, that I saw, with some Mortification, the Book irrecoverably stitch'd up in the Cushion, never to be retriev'd till the Cushion is worn to Pieces. Poor *Tom* cast many a desponding Look upon me when he was finishing the Fate of the Play, while every Stitch went to both our Hearts. His Master observing our Looks, turn'd to me, and with Words that broke their Necks over each other for Haste, abused both of us : The most intelligible of his great Number of Words, were *Jack Pudenges*, and the like Expressions of Contempt.

But our Play was gone for ever ! Another time we were so bold to attempt *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, where our 'Prentice *Tom* had the Part of the *Ghost*, Father to young *Hamlet*. His Armour was compos'd of Pasteboard, neatly painted. The *Frenchman* had Intelligence of what we were about, and to our great Surprize and Mortification, made one of our Audience. The *Ghost* in its first Appearance is dumb to

Ho-

Horatio. While these Scenes past, the *Frenchman* only muttered between his Teeth, and we were in Hopes his Passion would subside ; but when our Ghost began his first Speech to *Hamlet*, *Mark me*, he reply'd, *Begar me vil marke you presently!* and, without saying any more, beat our poor Ghost off the Stage through the Street, while every Stroke on the Pasteboard Armour grieved the Auditors (because they did not pay for their Seats) infomuch that three or four ran after the Ghost, and brought him back in Triumph, with the avenging *Frenchman* at his Heels, who would not be appeas'd till our *Ghost* promised him never to commit the Offence of Acting again. A Promise made like many others, never intended to be kept. However, in the last Year of his Time, his rigid Master gave him a little more Liberty, and our young Actor play'd different Parts, till he was taken Notice of by Mr. *Keene*, an excellent *Player* at that Time. He was introduced upon the Stage in the Part of *Oroonoko*, where he met with a good Reception in the Year 1711.

The next Season he was invited over by *Joseph Asbbury*, Esq; and in the Year 1713. wedded the Daughter of that worthy Gentleman, by whom he had a numerous Issue, particularly three Sons, who are now alive ; the eldest, Mr. *Joseph Elrington*, who makes a considerable Figure on the present Theatre here ; Mr. *Richard Elrington*, now of a Country Company in England ; and Mr. *Thomas Elrington*, the

the youngest, first an Ensign, now a Lieutenant in Colonel *Flemming's* Regiment in *Flanders*.

Mr. *Elrington* the Father was a true Copy of Mr. *Verbruggen*, a very great Actor in Tragedy, and polite Parts in Comedy ; but the former had an infinite Fund of (what is called Low) Humour upon the Stage. I have seen him perform *Don Cholerick* in the *Fop's Fortune* with infinite Pleasure ; he entered into the true Humour of the Character, equal to the Original, Mr. *William Penkethman*. His Voice was manly, strong, and sweetly full-ton'd ; his Figure tall and well-proportion'd. His eldest Son, Mr. *Joseph Elrington*, is most like him in Person and Countenance.

This excellent Player succeeded his Father-in-law, *Joseph Ashbury, Esq*; in the Place of Steward of the *King's-Inns* ; and the more to establish him in the Kingdom, a Post was given him of fifty Pounds a Year in the *Quit-Rent Office* ; also *Gunner* to the Train of Artillery, a Gift of the Lord *Mountjoy*, Father to the present Earl of *Blessington*, which at the Death of that noble Lord, he got Permission to dispose of. He was a Gentleman of Honour, Humanity, and extensive Good-nature, of a facetious well-manner'd Conversation, a little too desirable for his Health, from Company of the best Condition. He was taken ill the very Day he was consulting a Plan for a new Theatre, after the Form of that in *Drury-Lane, London*, with an eminent Builder of this City. He went home, where his Malady increas'd to a violent
Pleuritic

136 Thomas Elrington, *Esq*;

Pleuritic Fever, which never left him (notwithstanding all the Physicians Art) till he expir'd July 22. 1732^a.

I shall leave him to eternal Rest, with the following Lines, and a short Epitaph.

*Thus, when our stated Time of Life is come,
And Pow'r Almighty has pronounc'd our Doom;
The best Physician's Art is shewn in vain,
And Death's the Doctor that must end our Pain.*

E P I T A P H,

ON THOMAS ELRINGTON, *Esq*;

THOU best of Actors here interr'd,
No more thy charming Voice is heard,
This Grave thy Coarse contains :
Thy better Part, which us'd to move
Our Admiration, and our Love,
Has fled its sad Remains.

Tho' there's no monumental Brass,
Thy sacred Relicks to encase,
Thou wond'rous Man of Art !
A Lover of the Muse divine,
O ! *Elrington*, shall be thy Shrine,
And carve thee in his Heart.

^a He was interr'd in *St. Michan's Church-yard*, near the Remains of his Father-in-law, *Joseph Ashbury, Esq*; Mr. *Elrington* had one Daughter marry'd to Mr. *Wrightson*, now in *England* with a Country Company. I never saw her ; but have been inform'd she has many promising Theatrical Talents.

Mr.

MR. FRANCIS ELRINGTON,

WAS born in *London* in the Year 1692. He had a small Post in the Wardrobe under his Grace the Duke of *Montague*; but hearing the Success of his elder Brother in *Ireland*, he left his Post, to follow the Call he had to the Stage. By his Theatrical Observations in *England*, he set out in *Ireland* with Success, improving his Talents so well, that he gave the utmost Satisfaction in many capital Parts. His Grace the Duke of *Dorset*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, gave him a Post in the Revenue, which he faithfully executed, and enjoy'd to his Death.

He was in a languishing State of Health near two Years; but the last Stroke he received at *Kilkenny*, where Part of the Company were playing during the Time of the Camp being at *Bennet's-Bridge*; he was carried back to his House in *Drumcondra-lane*, where, after a few Days Struggle, Death overcame him in *August*, 1746. in the 53d Year of his Age, of a *Polypus*^a, to the Regret of all his Acquaintance.

Mr.

^a A *Polypus* is an Excrescence, or fleshy fungous Substance that grows in or about the Heart; a slow, but certain Death. This Distemper is sometimes found in the thick Membrane of the Brain, which proves fatal. This Disease often seizes the Nose, and other hollow Parts of the Body, fixing its Fibres like the Root of a Plant,

MR. RALPH ELRINGTON,

IS the younger Brother of the late eminent Player *Thomas Elrington*, Esq; born in *England*, and came early upon the Stage, tho' without any Countenance (as I have been inform'd) from his Friends and Relations. Since his elder Brother's Death he has undertaken many of his Parts, which he copies as near as possible.

He was admired some Years ago as a good executing *Harlequin*, Agility and Strength being two main Ingredients in the Composition of that motly Gentleman, where *Heels* are of more Use than the *Head*. In one of his Feats of Activity he was much hurt, and was in some Danger of breaking his Neck to please the Spectators, the Ears having little to do in such Entertainments; yet this unlucky Spring met with universal Applause.

I remember a Tumbler in the *Hay-market* Theatre in *London* by such an Accident beat the Breath out of his Body, which raised such vociferous Applause, that lasted longer than the vent'rous Man's Life, for he never breathed more. Indeed his Wife had this Comfort,

Plant, which must be cut off, and intirely eradicated, or it will grow again.

*How many Ways has proud imperious Death,
To plunder, storm, and steal away our Breath!*

when

when the Truth was known, Pity succeeded to the Roar of Applause.

Another Accident like this, fell out in Dr. *Faustus*, a Pantomime Entertainment in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* Theatre, where a Machine in the Working broke, threw the mock *Pierrot* down headlong with such Force, that the poor Man broke a Plank on the Stage with his Fall, and expired : Another was so sorely maimed, that he did not survive many Days ; and a third, one of the softer Sex, broke her Thigh. But to prevent such Accidents for the future, those Persons are represented by inanimate Figures, so that if they break a Neck, a Leg, or an Arm, there needs no Surgeon.

Another Accident of the same Kind happened in *Smock-alley*, which gave me much Concern, as having a Hand in the Contrivance. The late Mr. *Morgan* being to fly on the Back of a Witch, in the *Lancashire Witches*, thro' the Ignorance of the Workers in the Machinery, the Fly broke, and they both fell together, but thro' Providence they neither of them were much hurt ; and such Care was taken afterwards, that no Accident of that Kind *could* happen.

*When Danger's fled, it dwells upon the Mind,
And leaves the strong Impression still behind.*

MR. RICHARD ESTCOURT.

THIS excellent Comedian was born at *Tewksbury*, in the County of *Gloucester*, in the Year 1668. where he received his Education in the *Latin* School of that Town. He had an early Desire for the Stage; for, in the 15th Year of his Age, he stole from his Father's House with a Country Company, and at *Worcester*, for fear of being known, set out with the Part of *Roxana*, in Woman's Apparel (in *Alexander the Great*); but his Father, having Notice of it, sent to secure the Fugitive, who made his Escape in a Suit of Woman's Cloaths that he borrowed of one of the Itinerant Ladies, and trudg'd it to *Chipping-Norton*, a Corporation-town in *Oxfordshire*, twenty-five long Miles in one Day. When he came to the Inn, Beds were scarce, and he was obliged to take up with that of the Daughter's behind the Bar: The young Woman, going to Bed, found the wearied Traveller in a profound Sleep; but, observing the Shirt instead of a Shift, she began to suspect her design'd Bedfellow; and, stooping to look on the Dress that lay upon the Ground, she saw a Pair of Man's Shoes under the Bed, that convinced her she might have been in an odd Situation, if she had gone to Bed in the Dark. She, upon the Discovery, instantly called in the People of the House, and waked our drowsy Traveller. The Landlord

Landlord had designed to carry him decently to the Horse-pond, till *Dick* made a true Confession of the whole Affair. By Accident, a Person of the Town of *Tewksbury* put up at the said Inn that Night, who knew our young disguised Wanderer; and that Knowledge signed his Pardon. In two Days afterwards his Cloaths were brought him from *Worcester*, accompanied with a Messenger from his Father, who led him the Road home again.

Soon after, the Father went with him to *London*, where he bound him fast to an Apothecary in *Hatton-garden*. He was too impatient to wait so long a Time for Liberty; therefore he stretched his Bonds till they broke, and, after an *itinerant* Life two Years in *England*, he went to try his Fortune in *Ireland*, where he shone in an exalted theatrical Sphere for some Years, when he returned to *London*; where, by his Wit, and mimic Humour, his Conversation was taken up by Persons of the highest Rank, and Parts.

He was made Providore of the *Beef-Stake-Club*, and, for a Mark of Distinction, wore their Badge, which was a small Gridiron of Gold, hung about his Neck with a green silk Ribband. This Club was compos'd of the chief Wits and great Men of the Nation.

Mr. *Estcourt* was the original Serjeant *Kite*, and every Night of Performance entertained the Audience with Variety of little Catches, and Flights of Humour, that pleased all but his Critics. He was a great Favourite with
the

the late Duke of *Marlborough*, whose just Fame he celebrated in several out-of-the way witty Ballads. He was Author of a Comedy called *The Wife's Excuse; or, Cuckolds make themselves*; and acted at the Theatre-Royal in the Year 1706. but, as I have been informed, with moderate Success. Another little Piece was produced by him, call'd *Prunella*, a Burlesque upon the *Italian Operas*, then stole into Fashion, too much supported by the excellent Voice and Judgment of Mrs. *Tofts*: But such an odd Medley—Mrs. *Tofts*, a mere *Englishwoman*, in the Part of *Camilla*, courted by *Nicolini* in *Italian*, without understanding one single Syllable each other *said* or *sung*; and, on the other Hand, *Valentini* courting amorously, in the same Language, a *Dutchwoman*, that committed Murder on our good old *English*, with as little Understanding as a *Parrot*: Though it was reported a Lady, of some Quality, fell desperately in Love with *Nicolini*; which occasioned the following Lines, that were pinn'd to *Nicolini's* Coat in a Chocolate-house.

*Soft thrilling Notes, swell'd out with Art,
May wound, alas! the fair one's Heart;
Yet these Italians will not feel;
The Wounds they give, they cannot heal.*

Yet, notwithstanding the Lashes given by *Estcourt*, and others, the enervating Weakness took more Hold, like Folly, and new Sects in
Reli-

Religion. Persecution but gains more Profelytes.

This celebrated Comedian paid his Debt to Nature in the Year 1733. after leaving the Stage some Years. Sir *Richard Steele* gives him this Character, in his *Lucubrations*: “ An
“ excellent Companion, one who was perfectly
“ Master of well-turned Compliments, as well
“ as smart Repartees; which shews a ready
“ Wit^w. ”

Mr. JOHN EVANS.

THIS Person was an Actor of very good Repute in this Kingdom, join'd in the Management with Mr. *Thomas Elrington*, Mr. *Thomas Griffith*, &c. His Person was inclinable to the Gross; therefore wanted Delicacy for the amiable Parts; he had an excellent harmonious Voice, and just Delivery, but a little too indolent for much Study or Contemplation.

^w The first Account of this eminent Performer I had from the late Mr. *John Bowman*, an Actor more than Half an Age on the *London Theatres*.

This Gentleman was born in the Year 1666. and died in the Year 1739. I have often heard him say, he never remember'd that any Indisposition retarded his coming to the Theatre during his long Course of Life; and this Declaration was made not a Month before he died. He never met with Contempt in the latter Part of his Life; and we may end with two Lines in *Jane Shore*:

*Age sat with decent Grace upon his Visage,
And worthily became his silver Locks.*

In

In the last Year of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, the Company of *Dublin* went down, in the Summer Season, to play at *Corke*: One Evening Mr. *Evans* was invited, by some Officers of a Regiment then on Duty in that City, to a Tavern: Many Healths were propos'd, and went round, without Reluctance; when it came to Mr. *Evans's* Turn, he propos'd the Health of her Majesty Queen *Anne*, which so much disgusted one of the Company (tho' cloath'd in the Livery of his Royal Mistress), that he ran down Stairs, and sent up a Drawer to whisper Mr. *Evans*; who immediately put on his Sword, and went after him, without taking the least Notice to the Company. He found his Antagonist in a Room in the Passage of the Tavern, with the Door half open, who courageously made a Thrust at Mr. *Evans*, which he put by with his left Hand; at this, Mr. *Evans* drew, thrust the Door wide open, enter'd, and soon drove his Opposer out to the Passage, where he disarmed the doughty Hero, before the Company above Stairs knew any thing of the Matter. The rest of the military Gentlemen expressed an Abhorrence to the Treatment Mr. *Evans* received, and, seemingly, reconciled them on the Spot; but, notwithstanding, when the Company return'd to *Dublin*, the Person who sent the Challenge up Stairs at *Corke*, being then returned also, told his own Story in such a Manner, that several warm Gentlemen of the Army were made to believe, that Mr. *Evans* had affronted the whole Body Military; and when the
poor

poor suppos'd Culprit came to his Business of the Theatre, their Clamour, in the Audience, was so great, that the House was dismiss'd, and no Play to be acted till Mr. *Evans* had asked public Pardon upon the Stage. His high Spirit was, with great Difficulty, brought to submit, but at last he consented. I remember the Play was, *The Rival Queens*; or, *The Death of Alexander the Great*; the Part of *Alexander* to be acted by the Delinquent. He came to ask Pardon before the Curtain: When he address'd the Audience, one Smart, from the Pit, cried out, *Kneel, you Rascal! Evans*, then collected in himself, replied, in the same Tone of Voice, *No, you Rascal! I'll kneel to none but God, and my Queen!* A dangerous Paroxysm, at such a Crisis. However, as there were many worthy Gentlemen of the Army who knew the whole Affair, the new-raised Clamour ceas'd, and the Play went through without any Molestation, and, by Degrees, Things return'd to their proper Chanel. By this we may see, it is some Danger for an Actor to be in the right.

Three Years after this Affair, Mr. *Evans* went to the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and, in his Journey back to *Ireland*, was taken ill of a Fever, at the Town of *Whitchurch* in *Shropshire*; from whence he was removed, for better Advice, to *Chester*, where he ended his Progress of Life, in the 41st Year of his Age; and was privately buried in the Cathedral, without Monument, Stone, or Inscription.

*Thus may great Merit in Oblivion lie,
And rest forgotten to Eternity.*

MR. WILLIAM ESTE.

THIS Gentleman was related to the late Bishop of *Waterford*. He died in the Prime of Youth, in the Year 1743. 'Tis a Pity he took such Pains in getting the better of his Constitution; but he succeeded at a Time when he might have made some Figure on the Stage. He had Qualifications sufficient for Improvement, some Learning, a Person amiable, a sweet Voice, and sung not unpleasingly: Notwithstanding, the Neglect of himself depreciated his Merit. He truly made out a Saying of that late great Comedian Mr. *Wilks*: "The
" Man that drinks a Glass of strong Liquor in
" a Morning, for every one he swallows, drives
" a Nail in his Coffin." Many a Genius has been drown'd in Drink. I remember an Author, whose sweet Writings will keep his Memory fragrant, that was so much addicted to that Weakness, that if there were no other Spirits to become at, he would empty a Lady's *Hungary* Water-bottle; and yet the flowing Numbers of his Pen seem'd as if he had drank no other Liquid but what came from the pure Streams of *Helicon*. I shall end this with *Shakespeare's* Reflection from the Mouth of *Cassio* in *Othello*:

“ O! that Men should put an Enemy in
 “ their Mouths to steal away their Brains! O!
 “ thou invisible Spirit of Wine! if thou hast
 “ no Name to be known by, let us call thee
 “ Devil! ”

He died of a lingering Illness, the 24th of
January 1742-3.

Mrs. E L M Y.

HER maiden Name was *Mors*. She was
 born in *England*, but *when*, or *where*, I
 know not *. She has been an Actress about
 seventeen Years, *began* very young, and was
enter'd first in a Country Company. She knows
 what she *does*, as well as what she *says*. She
 seems to have more Spirits *off* the Stage, in a
 Chamber, than she has *in* the public Theatre,
 which is owing to her weak Voice; but she
 means very well *there*. I do not know her well
 enough to be any Judge of her Morals; there-
 fore I shall not speak of what I do not *know*;
 and even this I have gathered more from *com-*
mon Fame, than my own particular Knowledge:
 Therefore I shall not say any more of her, as
 Fame is a Gossip not always to be believed, as
Hudibras tells us.

*There is a tall long-sided Dame,
 But wond'rous light, ycleped Fame:*

* Mr. *Elmy*, her Husband, I know, was born at *Nor-*
wich; but where he is now, I believe neither she nor I
 can tell.

*Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary Tones;
 But whether both with the same Wind,
 Or one before, or one behind,
 We know not—only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, t'other well:
 And therefore vulgar Authors name
 The one Good, t'other Evil Fame.*

MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

SINCE this Gentleman owes his Birth to this Kingdom, and on the *Irish* Stage commenced Actor, I hope it will not be thought improper to give a short Account of him, which I shall take from his Life, that I collected several Years past, to prefix to his Works. The Materials I received from Mr. *Wilks*, who approved of them before they went to the Publisher.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born, in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in that Part of the Country; who, having a numerous Issue, could bestow on him no other Fortune than a genteel Education. As those who are bless'd with a poetical Genius always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth; so he, ere he arriv'd at his tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that Way. One of his juvenile Productions I shall here mention, in which he discovered a Way
 of

of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

*y The pliant Soul of erring Youth
Is, like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all heav'nly Truth,
Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.
Shun Evil in your early Years,
And Manhood may to Virtue rise;
But he who, in his Youth, appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.*

He was educated in the University of *Dublin*, where he acquired a considerable Reputation: He began very early to apply himself to the Stage as an *Actor*, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway* with our great *Shakespear*, and with like Success; who, tho' all excellent dramatic Poets, made but indifferent Actors. However, Mr. *Farquhar*, having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repulsed by the Audience; but the following Accident made him determine to leave off the Occupation: Playing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is supposed to kill *Vasquez*, one of the *Spanish* Generals; not remembring to change his Sword for a *Foil*^z, in the Mock Engagement, he wounded the Person that represented *Vasquez*, tho' (as it

^y I took these Lines of Verse from the Mouth of Mr. *Wilks*.

^z *Foils* are the Name of those Swords us'd in the Theatre, with the Edges ground off, and a blunted Point.

fell out) not dangerously; nevertheless, it put an End to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor.

He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy of *Love and a Bottle*, acted at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-lane* 1698. He was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand. His Plays were wrote in the following Order:

1. *Love and a Bottle*, 1698.
 2. *The Constant Couple*, 1700. This Piece was play'd 53 Nights the first Season.
 3. *Sir Harry Wildair*, the Sequel to the former, 1701. 9 Nights.
 4. *Inconstant; or, The Way to Win Him*; 1703. 11 Nights.
 5. *Twin Rivals*, 1705. 13 Nights.
 6. *Recruiting Officer*, 1707. 15 Nights.
 7. *The Beaux Stratagem*, 1710. 10 Nights.
- (*All acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane.*)

His last Comedy he wrote in six Weeks, with a settled Illness all the Time. He perceived the Approaches of Death before he had finish'd the last Act, and (as he had often foretold) died before the Run of the Play was over. It was affirm'd, by some of his near Acquaintance, his unfortunate Marriage shorten'd his Days; for his Wife (by whom he had two Daughters), through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly
the

the Fault of her Love, which was so violent, that she was resolv'd to use all Arts to gain him. Tho' some Husbands, in such a Case, would have proved mere Husbands; yet he was so much charm'd with her Love and Understanding, that he liv'd very happy with her. Therefore when I say an unfortunate Marriage, with other Circumstances, conduced to the shortening of his Days; I only mean, that his Fortune, being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniencies: For I have often heard him say^a,
 “ That it was more Pain to him in imagining
 “ that his Family might want a needful Sup-
 “ port, than the most violent Death that could
 “ be inflicted on him^b.”

*The Mind diseas'd strikes Poison to the Heart,
 And baffles all the best Physician's Art.*

Mr.

^a Mr. Wilks's own Words.

^b Mr. Farquhar was a Person of infinite Humour, as I have been inform'd, even in his last Indisposition. He died in the Run of the *Stratagem*. Mr. Wilks often visited him in his Illness. In one of these Visits, Mr. Wilks told Mr. Farquhar, that Mrs. Oldfield thought he had dealt too freely with the Character of Mrs. Sullen, in giving her to *Archer* without a proper Divorce, which was not a Security for her Honour. To salve that, reply'd the Author, I'll get a real Divorce—Marry her myself, and give her my Bond she shall be a real Widow in less than a Fortnight. While Mr. Farquhar was in *Trinity College, Dublin*, he sent to a Gentleman to borrow *Burnet's History of the Reformation*; but the Gentleman sent him Word he never lent any Book out of his Cham-

MR. FOOTE.

AS I never had the Fortune to be present at this Gentleman's public Performance, I cannot pretend to be a competent Judge of his Merit; tho', I must own, I have heard him launch out into *Mimicry*, which might perhaps give Pleasure to others, but, I must own, very little to me.

ber; but, if he would come there, he should make use of it as long as he pleas'd. A little While after, the Owner of the Book sent to borrow Mr. *Farquhar's* Bellows; he return'd him the Compliment—*I never lend my Bellows out of my own Chamber; but if he pleas'd to come there, he should make use of them as long as he would.* When he expir'd, Mr. *Wilks* took Care to bury him decently in *St. Martin in the Fields*. Among his Papers he found this short Note:

“ Dear Bob,

“ I have not any thing to leave thee to perpetuate my Memory, but two helpless Girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last Moments of his Life, Thine, G. FARQUHAR.”

Even the two last Lines he ever wrote, seem'd to be playing with Words.

*Death now appears to seize my latest Breath;
But all my Miseries will end in Death.*

Mr. *Farquhar* attempted to play the Part of *Sir Harry Wildair* for his own Benefit, as I am inform'd from a Gentleman that saw him in this Kingdom, which answer'd his Design, in gaining a crouded Audience; but he executed the Part so lamely, as an Actor, that his Friends were asham'd for him. Thus we see a good Poet may make but an indifferent Actor.

I re-

I remember an Instance of this kind of *Satire* in my Youth, that gave Satisfaction to some light Hearts, but greater Disgust to the more judicious Sort of the Audience.

Mr. *George Powell*, a reputable Actor, with many Excellencies, gave out, that he would perform the Part of Sir *John Falstaff* in the Manner of that very excellent *English Roscius*, Mr. *Betterton*. He certainly hit his Manner, and Tone of Voice; yet, to make the Picture more like, he mimick'd the Infirmities of Distemper, old Age, and the afflicting Pains of the Gout, which that great Man was often seiz'd with. Certainly *Mimicry* is a Gift from Nature, and laudable, if made use of like the antient *Mimes*, who could dumbly describe every Passion of the Mind, and tell a *Tale* without a *Tongue*: But to mimic the Infirmities of Nature, may well be term'd Incivility, Barbarity, and Inhumanity.

I remember *D'Urfey*, the late *Lyric Poet*, stuttered extremely when in a Passion, tho' he could speak an Oration, read a Scene in a Play, or sing any of his own Songs or Dialogues, without the least Hesitation. He came one Morning to the Rehearsal a little disturbed about a depending Benefit Play, and ask'd, in a Passion, *Wh, wh, where wa, wa, was M, M, Mr. Wi, Wilks?* The Drole *Penkethman* answered, *H, h, he d, d, did n, n, not kn, kn, know.* But the choleric Poet broke his Head for his Joke, and it was with great Difficulty the Bard was appeased.

Mimicry, as it now stands with us, is like a Statue, larger than the Life, made for a certain Height and Distance; while upon the Level with you, its coarse Proportion seems monstrous, and overdone. Many excellent Comedians have had this natural Talent. Mr. *Rymer*, that great Critic, tells us, that Mr. *Mountford* was so excellently gifted that Way (if we may call it Excellence), that when he was Train-bearer to the late Chancellor *Jefferies*, in the Reign of King *James* the Second, at an Entertainment for the most eminent Lawyers, his Master ordered him to come before him, and plead a feigned Cause, which he perform'd with great Eloquence; and in his Pleadings, to the Admiration of all present, assum'd the Manner and Voice of several of the best Pleaders then at the *Bar*, even some of those that were present at the Entertainment. As I said before, every thing of this kind must be over-done, to make it the more ridiculous; and Actors of great Merit, *thus* mimick'd, are liable to some little Disgrace, which is neither Justice nor Good-nature. I have seen Faces painted in a Scene of a Multitude, which is generally used in *Drury-lane* Theatre at the Coronation of *Anna Bullen*, that make most ridiculous Figures, so like to be known; and yet the Persons they represent have nothing particularly faulty in their Countenance or Figures. But the Painter was a merry *Italian* Wag, and did it to shew his exuberant Fancy.

But

But to return to Mr. *Foote*. He is a Gentleman of a good Family, and seems to have some Claim to the Estate of the *Goodieres*. One of that Family was, not many Years past, murdered by his own Brother at *Bristol*. I believe he has *Merit*, or a *Wou'd-be-Wit* would not have publish'd the following Lines in the News-papers: For, I have observed, those that have *Merit*, are generally liable to bespattering Defamation. However, here are the Lines.

On a Pseudo-Player.

THOU Mimic of Cibber—of Garrick thou Ape!

*Thou Fop in Othello! thou Cypher in Shape!
Thou Trifle in Person! thou Puppet in Voice!
Thou Farce of a Player! thou Rattle for Boys!
Thou Mongrel! thou dirty-face Harlequin Thing!
Thou Puff of bad Paste! thou Ginger-bread King!
Was a Quin, or Delane, the Boast of our Stage,
Set up as fit Marks for thy Envy, or Rage?
Was a Quin, or Delane, who excel in their Art,
To be ap'd by a Cobler, who bungles his Part?
Thou Mummer in Action! thou Coffee-house
Jester!*

*Thou Mimic sans Sense! Mock Hero in Gesture!
Can the Squeak of a Puppet present us a Quin?
Or a Pigmy, or Dwarf, shew a Giant's Design?
Shall Deficiency, unpunish'd, at Excellence rail?
Or a Sprat, without Ridicule, mimic a Whale?*

*Can a Foot represent us the Length of a Yard?
Where, then, shall such Insolence meet its Re-
ward?*

*Contempt were the best, like the Mastiff that
feels,*

With superior Derision, the Cur at his Heels—

*O Ireland! too prone to encourage new Toys!
In Trinkets, and Novelty, fickle as Boys!*

*O Dublin! alas! to a Proverb well known,
To receive what is foreign, yet scoff at thy own;
Learn truly to judge 'twixt a F—t and a Tune:
Applaud the good Player—but damn the Buffoon!*

This Poet is too passionate to be in the Right; neither would I have inserted it, if I had not received it inclosed with the following *Laconic Epistle*.

“ S I R,

“ I Know what you are about; insert the in-
“ clos'd in its proper Place, or you will
“ neither do yourself, or your Readers, Ju-
“ stice. If you fail, you shall hear of it—
“ Bob!”

Notwithstanding this angry Author, I dare swear it will not do the Gentleman any Prejudice: For Passion is the worst Persuader in the World. For, as the Poet says,

*Truth is too naked, of all Art bereav'd:
Since the World will—why—let them be deceiv'd.*

Mrs.

MRS. FURNIVAL.

I Cannot tell when Mrs. *Furnival* first commenced Actress; but I know her Reputation for a Stage-performer was so great, that a Person of high Birth and Station, who had seen her act several capital Parts at the Theatre in *York*, prevail'd on the Manager of *Drury-lane* to send for her in the Year 1737. Accordingly, I received a Commission for that Purpose, which she approved of. The first Part she acted, at her Arrival in *London*, was that of the *Scornful Lady*, in a Comedy of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's* that bears the Title. I own it was a Character of my own choosing, and for no other Reason, but that the Play had slept since the Death of the inimitable Mrs. *Oldfield*. The Success did not intirely answer the Meaning of my Intention, tho' she acquitted herself so well, that there was a very good Actress in Prospect. But the Parts in Tragedy were so taken up, that her Talent that Way was never once try'd in the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*: Therefore, by the Advice of the same worthy Gentleman, that was the Cause of her leaving *York* for *London*, she left *London* for *Dublin*, where her Merit was so conspicuous, that her Loss is much regretted. She is once more returned to *England*, I believe without any other Advice but her own; yet, I fear, she will be remember'd here, till a better *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*,

Shore, Lady Macbeth, Hermione in the Distress'd Mother, or Zara in the Mourning Bride, with many other Parts, rises up to out-do her.

*But what, at first, gives infinite Delight,
When often seen, hangs heavy on the Sight.*

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

THIS complete Actor was born, in *Staffordshire*, of an antient Family in that County; had a genteel Education, and was, by his Father, design'd for the Law. I doubt not, from his good Sense and Affability, if he had continued in that honourable Society in *Lincoln's-Inn*, but he might have made a considerable Figure at the Bar, and, by his Elocution, walk'd in the foremost Rank of eminent Orators.

His Genius led him early to study Nature, and leave the crabbed Tracts of the Law. His facetious good Humour gained him Entrance behind the Scenes, two or three Years, in *Drury-lane*, before he commenced Actor; where his excellent Understanding could profit by the Faults of others, mend them, and improve the Beauties.

In the Year 1740. he set out, in full Lustre, at the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, with the Part of *Richard the Third*; and, by the Force of Attraction, drew even the Court to the farthest

farthest Suburbs of *London*. After making that remote Part of the Town as familiar to Courtiers and Quality, as *Wapping* to Sailors; he came, with a Blaze of Light, to *Drury-lane*; where he began with an Act of Charity worthy of his Humanity and Goodness, by assisting the Widow of Mr. *Harper* with a Sum, that, by good Management, will make her Circumstances easy the rest of her Life. She was at *Kilkenny*, the Place of her Birth, two Summers ago, where I received this Account from her own Mouth. The Part he perform'd was *Chamont*, in the *Orphan*.

When this Gentleman was in this Kingdom last, I was unfortunately seized by a stubborn Indisposition, and his Good-nature prevailed upon the eminent Dr. *Barry* to give me his Assistance: But what need I repeat, to those that are not blind, that the Sun shines in Summer? I shall end with two Copies of Verses that were printed, at his first Arrival, in the News-papers, at that Time.

VERSES on Mr. GARRICK, June
19, 1742

NATURE, for Ages, made her dark
Abode

Obscure; nor one could find the lucky Road:
Till Garrick strictly search'd the thorny Way,
And found th' immortal Goddess where she lay.
Arise,

*Arise, fair Dame, the British Roscius said,
 And shew thy young Admirer where to tread—
 The Goddess view'd him with a pleasing Eye,
 And, smiling gracious, made him this Reply—
 "Thou art my only, and surviving Son;
 "Go on, and tread the Path thou hast begun:
 "Go on! my Child! assert thy noble Race,
 "And let the World view Nature in thy Face.
 "Nature will still be Nature to the Wise,
 "Tho' oft mistaken in a false Disguise.
 "Immortal Shakespear wrote for thee alone;
 "Proceed, and fix thee in the vacant Throne.
 "The Sock and Buskin were design'd for thee;
 "The Stage is fetter'd; thou shalt set her
 "free."*

*So when, in Days of Yore, the advent'rous
 Knights,
 That follow'd Arms, and prov'd themselves in
 Fights;
 Each aim'd, alone, at universal Sway,
 To make unwilling Tyranny obey;
 Till wise Urganda "fix'd a magic Sword,
 Fit only for the Hand of Britain's Lord:
 Many essay'd to force the Weapon forth,
 Yet fail'd, altho' accounted Knights of Worth;
 Till he appear'd that knew the Sword to wield,
 With Ease drew forth, and conquer'd all the
 Field.*

*"Urganda an Inchantress, that favour'd the Just and
 Generous.*

On Mr. GARRICK.

*Cur in Theatrum, Cato severe, venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?* MART.

IN Roman Days, once, Cato the severe,
With awful Brow, went to the Theatre:
But, O! instead of manly Fire, and Rage,
And all the true Pathetic of the Stage,
He saw, he heard, the Rant, the Droll, the Stare;
Saw Nature, and the Passions, murder'd there—
Saw, and retir'd—But, shou'd he now revive,
And see glad Nature in her Garrick live,
He'd laugh at Bayes, and weep with injur'd Lear,
Curse Tyrant Richard, but applaud the Player!
By Joy, Rage, Pity, all the Passions mov'd,
Garrick wou'd well by Cato be approv'd:
The Wise, the Virtuous Cato, wou'd forbear
His rigid Censures, and in Raptures swear,
That by some Pow'r Divine the Stage was trod,
And, in the matchless Actor, own the God.

This great Actor is Author of Three Dramatic Pieces, the *Lying Valet*, *Miss in her Teens*, and *Lethe*; as also several well-wrote Prologues, Epilogues, Songs, and Poems of a peculiar Turn of Wit. I shall take Leave to insert one Song, as a Specimen.

To

TO SYLVIA.

*I*F Truth can fix thy wav'ring Heart,
Let Damon urge his Claim;
He feels the Passion void of Art,
The pure, and constant Flame.

Tho' sighing Swains their Torments tell,
Their sensual Love condemn:
They only prize the beauteous Shell,
But slight the inward Gem.

Possession cures the wounded Heart,
Destroys the transient Fire;
But when the Mind receives the Dart,
Enjoyment whets Desire.

Your Charms each slavish Sense controul,
A Tyrant's short-liv'd Reign;
But milder Reason rules the Soul,
Nor Time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your Mind improves with Years;
And, when the Blossoms fade away,
The rip'ning Fruit appears.

May Heav'n and Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bless each future Hour,
That Damon, who can taste the Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flow'r!

THOMAS GRIFFITH, *Esq;*

IS descended from an antient Family in *Wales*. His Parents came to settle in *Dublin*, where this Son was born in the Year 1680. He was put 'Prentice to a Mathematical Instrument-maker; but a lively-spirited Genius made him cast his Thoughts towards the Theatre, when he saw a young Actress that had sufficient Charms to engage his Heart. The Passion of Love is not to be controuled in Youth. He marry'd her before he had serv'd a Third Part of his Time, quitting his Mathematical Master, and bent his Thoughts intirely to the Drama. His Talent led him to Comedy, of the merry Cast, in which he gave great Pleasure to the Audience.

His Wit and facetious Humour gained him many Friends, of the best Sort, and superior Rank. In the Year 1710. the late Lord *Southwell* gave him a Post in the Revenue, which he enjoyed till Death, which fell out in *January* 24. 1743-4. in his grand Climacteric, two Days before the Night of his Benefit; which was performed for the Widow, his second Wife, who was Daughter to the Rev. Mr. *Foxcroft*, of *Portarlington* in the *Queen's County*, a Gentlewoman of Merit and Virtue.

Mr. *Griffith* was not only a good Actor, but a pleasing Poet, in what he attempted: His Person was well made, tho' low in Stature. I have seen a Bill of mock *Alexander* runs thus:

The

The Part of Alexander the Great to be perform'd by little Griffith.

He was an excellent Companion, and told a Story with a peculiar Grace; and would often tell little Histories of *himself*, even in Ridicule of *himself*. I shall mention one I had from his own Mouth.

After his commencing Actor, he contracted a Friendship with Mr. *Wilks*; which Chain remained unbroke till the Death of that excellent Comedian. Tho' Mr. *Griffith* was very young, Mr. *Wilks* took him with him to *London*, and had him enter'd for that Season at a small Salary. The *Indian Emperor* being ordered on a sudden to be play'd, the Part of *Pizarro*, a *Spaniard*, was wanting, which Mr. *Griffith* procur'd, with some Difficulty. Mr. *Betterton* being a little indisposed, would not venture out to Rehearsal, for Fear of increasing his Indisposition, to the Disappointment of the Audience, who had not seen our young Stripling rehearse. But, when he came ready, at the Entrance, his Ears were pierc'd with a Voice not familiar to him: He cast his Eyes upon the Stage, where he beheld the diminutive *Pizarro*, with a Truncheon as long as himself (his own Words). He steps up to *Downs* the Prompter, and cry'd, *Zounds, Downs! what sucking Scaramouch have you sent on there?* Sir, reply'd *Downs*, *He's good enough for a Spaniard; the Part is small.* *Betterton* return'd,

turn'd, *If he had made his Eye-brows his Whiskers, and each Whisker a Line, the Part would have been two Lines too much for such a Monkey in Buskins.* Poor Griffith stood on the Stage, near the Door, and heard every Syllable of the short Dialogue, and by his Fears, knew who was meant by it; but, happy for him, he had no more to speak that Scene. When the first Act was over (by the Advice of *Downs*) he went to make his Excuse, with —*Indeed, Sir, I had not taken the Part, but there was only I alone out of the Play. I! I!* (reply'd *Betterton*, with a Smile) *Thou art but the Tittle of an I.* Griffith seeing him in no ill Humour, told him, *Indians* ought to be the best Figures on the Stage, as Nature had made them. *Very like,* reply'd *Betterton*; *but it would be a double Death to an Indian Cobler to be conquer'd by such a Weazle of a Spaniard as thou art! And, after this Night, let me never see a Truncheon in thy Hand again, unless to stir the Fire.* This Story, as I said before, was of his own telling. However, he took his Advice, laid aside the *Buskin*, and stuck to the *Sock*, in which he made a Figure equal to most of his Contemporaries.

*Our Genius flutters with the Plumes of Youth,
But Observation wings to steady Truth.*

Mr.

MR. HENRY GIFFARD.

THIS Gentleman is descended from an antient Family, originally in *Buckinghamshire*. His Father had a numerous Issue, he being the last of Eight Sons. He was born in *London*, in 1699. In the Year 1716. he was made a Clerk to the *South-Sea* Company; in which Post he remained Three Years. But having a strong Propensity to the Stage, he first appeared in Public on the Theatre in *Bath*, in 1719. and, in two Years Probation, he made such a Progress, that the Manager of *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* Theatre invited him to join his Company, where he continued two Years more: From thence he went to try his Fortune in *Ireland*, where his Merit soon brought him into the Management.

During his Stay there, he marry'd the Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. *Lydal*, Persons that made very good Figures in the Theatre. This Gentlewoman died in Child-bed very young, leaving behind her one Son, born in his Father's House on the *North-Strand*, who is now an Actor in this Kingdom. Some Years after Mr. *Giffard* marry'd a second Wife, who is now alive. She has an amiable Person, and is a well-esteemed Actress, both in Tragedy and Comedy; born, if am not misinformed by her Mother, the Widow *Lydal*, in the Year 1711.

Mr.

Mr. *Giffard* and Spouse, if I mistake not, came over to *England* 1730. where they supported a Company of Comedians, then under the Management of Mr. *Odell*, now Deputy-Licenser of Plays under the Lord Chamberlain his Grace the Duke of *Grafton*. Mr. *Odell*, from not understanding the Management of a Company (as, indeed, how should any one, that is not, in some sort, brought up to that Knowledge?) soon left it to Mr. *Giffard* that did; who, in the Year 1733. caused to be built an intire, new, beautiful, convenient Theatre, by the same Architect with that of *Covent-Garden*; where Dramatic Pieces were performed with the utmost Elegance and Propriety. Some Years after he was obliged to quit that Theatre (I may say by Oppression), and occupy'd the vacant Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*: But his Success did not answer his Merit. From thence he transplanted himself into the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

*Merit will sometimes fail of due Regard,
And Virtue's Self must be its own Reward.*

MR. BENJAMIN HUSBAND,

WAS born in *Pembrokeshire*, January 1672. His Ancestors were an antient and reputable Family, long seated in that County. He fell in Love with the Tragic Muse very young, but dangled after the Drama

ma full two Years, fighting, at great Expence, before he was suffered to declare his Passion publicly. Yet, certainly he possessed most of the Requisites that compound a good Actor, to assure Success. But the Managers of those Theatrical Days were very cautious in their Proceedings; no Persons were fit for *their* Stages, without a visible Appearance, at least, of not displeasing. And yet it was with some Difficulty he gained Permission to personate Sir *Walter Ralegh* in the *Earl of Essex*; but he came off so well, that, the following Pay-Day, he received a Week's Salary, the usual Stipend of young Actors (Ten Shillings a Week); but, unluckily, the Death of good Queen *Mary* put a Stop to their Acting for near Six Months. However, when Permission was given to open the Theatres again, Mr. *Husband* soon gained better Parts, and a larger Salary.

In the Year 1696. Mr. *Dogget*^d, being then in *Ireland*, recommended Mr. *Husband* to Mr.

^d This truly great Comedian was born in *Castle-street, Dublin* (a Circumstance overlook'd by the *Laureat*). He left his Occupation, as an Actor, several Years before his Death; and, in his Will, bequeathed to *Watermens-Hall* a Sum for ever, sufficient to buy a Coat and Silver Badge, to be row'd for on the *Thames* by 'Prentices every Year, that have fulfilled their Indentures. A humorous Poet wrote the following Lines upon the Occasion on a Glass Window at *Lambeth*, the First of *August* 1736.

Mr. *Asbury*, as a very promising young Actor, and fit for his Purpose. He set out from *London* with Mr. *Trefusis* ^c, and embarked for
Ireland;

Tom Dogget, the greatest sly Drole in his Parts,
In Acting, was certain a Master of Arts,
A Monument left — no Herald is fuller,
His Praise is sung yearly by many a Sculler:
Ten thousand Years hence, if the World lasts so long,
Tom Dogget will still be the Theme of their Song.
Old Noll, with great Lewis and Bourbon, forgot,
And numberless Kings in Oblivion shall rot.

^c I have mentioned *Jo Trefusis* before, but shall add something here which I have learn'd from Mr. *Husband*. *Jo* was reputed the natural Son of *Oliver Cromwell*; but, I must own, he did not seem to have any Resemblance of Features with his Father, if we may judge by the Pictures and Gravings of the Protector: *Jo* had a long Chin, and naturally a most consummate foolish Face, by Nature formed for suitable Characters; yet a Person of infinite Humour, and shrewd Conceits; with a particular Tone of Voice and Manner, that gave a double Satisfaction to what he said: Adhering strictly to Honesty, without Guile or Falshood; which, I suppose, he inherited from his Mother; he acquired the Appellative, from all that knew him, of *Honest Jo*! A Character he bore with Justice. *Jo*, by the following Account of himself, must have been very young on the Stage. He entered a Volunteer on board the Ship where the Duke of *York* commanded in the Chancel, in that memorable Sea-Engagement with the *Dutch Fleet*, commanded (I think) by *Van Tromp*, in the Year 1673. When the Preparations were making for the Battle, *Jo*, tho' a Volunteer, confess'd, Fear began to invade him; but, when the Man at the Topmast Head cry'd, a *Sail*! then two *Sail*! and after, *Zounds, a whole Wood*! *Jo's* Terrors augmented: But his Fears came to the full Height, when a Sailor ask'd him, If he had not per-
H formed

Ireland; and was at Sea in that violent Storm when Brigadier *Fitzgerald* was cast away in the Packet-Boat, near *Hoath*, where every Soul perished but the Master of the Vessel. However, after much Difficulty, and great Danger, he landed safe in *Dublin*. Mr. *Husband* continued on the Stage with great Reputation as an Actor, and a Gentleman of exact Conduct: An Example truly worthy imitating.

He afterwards passed and repassed from *England* to *Ireland* several Times, till, in the Year 1713. he was settled in this Kingdom, for (I believe) the remaining Part of his Days, fix'd in the Esteem of all that know him.

formed on the Stage? *Jo* reply'd in the Affirmative. *Why then* (reply'd the blunt Tarr) *To-morrow, if you are not kill'd the first Broadside, by G—d you will see the deepest and bloodiest Tragedy you ever saw in your Life.*

Jo was so inimitable in dancing the Clown, that General *Ingoldsby* was so well pleased, that he sent him Five Guineas from the Box where he sat. *Jo* dressed himself next Day, and went to the Castle to return Thanks. The General was hard to be persuaded it was the same Person; but *Jo* soon convinc'd him, by saying, *Ife the wry Mon, an't please your Ex-cell-en-ney*; and, at the same time, twirling his Hat, as he did in the Dance, with his consummate foolish Face and Scrape. *Nay, now I am convinced,* reply'd the General (laughing), *and thou shalt not show such a Face for nothing here—* So gave *Jo* Five Guineas more; which so well pleased him, that he paid his Compliments in his aukward, clownish Manner, and, as *Shakespeare* says, *Set the Table on a Roar.* So Exit *Jo*.

*The Lees of Life with Chearfulness he wears,
And from an upright Mind no Death he fears.*

Mr. CHARLES HULET.

THIS Person performed one Season on the *Dublin* Stage. He was born in the Year 1701. and was by his Father put 'Prentice to a Bookseller. By reading of Plays in his Master's Shop, he us'd to repeat Speeches in the Kitchen, in the Evening, to the Destruction of many a Chair, which he substituted in the Room of real Persons in his Drama. One Night, as he was repeating the Part of *Alexander*, with his wooden Representative of *Clytus* (an old Elbow-Chair), and coming to the Speech where the old General is to be kill'd, this young mock *Alexander* snatch'd a *Poker* instead of a *Javelin*, and threw it with such Strength against poor *Clytus*, that the Chair was kill'd upon the Spot, and lay mangled on the Floor. The Death of *Clytus* made a monstrous Noise, which disturbed the Master in the Parlour, who called out to know the Reason; and was answered by the Cook below, *Nothing, Sir, but that Alexander has kill'd Clytus.*

His Master, Mr. *Edmund Curll* ^f (a Person

^f Mr. *Curll* was a Person of extraordinary Talents, very pleasing in Conversation, and could extract Gold
H 2 from

son well noted in *London* from Mr. *Pope's* commencing Physician), finding his Inclination so strong for the Stage, agreed to let him try his Fortune there. He had a most extraordinary melodious Voice, strong, and clear; and in the Part of *Macheath*, in the *Beggar's Opera*, he was allow'd to excel the Original: Then he was an excellent *Mimic*, if Excellency may be join'd to *Mimicry*. He took a little too much Pride in the Firmness of his Voice; for he had an odd Custom of stealing unperceiv'd upon a Person, and, with a *Hem!* in his Ear, deafen him for some time, with

from Dirt. He had the Art of forming a Title to a Book beyond the rest of the *Craft*, or even the Authors themselves. I have forgot how he came to stumble over Mr. *Pope*; for Mr. *Curll* was a little purblind, and lost his Sight some Years before his Death. But Mr. *Pope* in Revenge invited him to a Tavern, under the Colour of Friendship: Sack being a favourite Liquor with Mr. *Curll*, this great Poet had a Draught prepared in an antimonial Cup, which the unsuspecting Bookseller cheerfully drank off to the Health of his good Friend Mr. *Pope*. But the Operation began to work before he could reach his own House, with such violent Motions, that the intended *Farce* was near ending in the *Tragedy* of Mr. *Edmund Curll*. The next Day, to complete his Revenge, Mr. *Pope* published a humorous Account of the Murder of Mr. *Curll* by Poison. But this Poet and Bookseller, to their Deaths, declared fell War against each other; and tho' the latter might be put to his Shifts sometimes, yet he often found Means to gall his Kibe. *Pope*, in his *Dunciad*, has made *Curll* a Demi-hero, and has filthily bedaub'd him with Honours; but enrag'd Wit, like a Wasp disturb'd, will fly at harmless Passengers, and leave their poisoned Sting behind.

the Strength and Loudness of his Voice. Yet this customary Folly (for Folly it may be justly call'd) prov'd his Fate; for the last *Hem!* he gave broke a Blood-Vessel, which was the Cause of his Death in Twenty-four Hours after. He was a great Benefactor to the *Malt-Tax*, which, in my Opinion, was the Cause of that Mountain of Flesh he was loaded with.

At the Time of his Death, he was under Mr. Henry Giffard, at the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*. He was bury'd at the Charge of that Gentleman, in *St. Mary's Church, White-chapel*, in the 35th Year of his Age. We shall end with Mr. Hulet in Mr. Giffard's own Words.

“ Mr. *Charles Hulet* was endowed with
 “ great Abilities for a Player; but laboured
 “ under the Disadvantage of a Person rather
 “ too corpulent for the *Hero* or the *Lover*;
 “ but his Port well became *Henry the Eighth*,
 “ *Falstaff*, &c. and many other Characters, both
 “ *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, in which he would have
 “ been equally excellent, had his Application
 “ and Figure been proportionable to his Qua-
 “ lifications; which had he duly cultivated,
 “ he would have become a very considerable
 “ Performer.”

What Machines are we poor Mortals! that a Person should be kill'd with a *Hem!*

*As in a Watch, if the least Engine flies,
 The Work is stopp'd, and the whole Movement dies.*

Mr. BENJAMIN JOHNSON,

Commonly called *Ben Johnson*, was bred a Painter, where his Employment led him to paint, under his Master, the Scenes for the Stage; but he took more Pleasure in hearing the Actors rehearse, than in his Pencil or Colours; and, as he us'd to say in his merry Mood, *left the Saint's^z Occupation to take that of a Sinner.*

He arrived to as great a Perfection in Acting, as his great Namesake did in Poetry. He seemed to be proud to wear that eminent Poet's double Name, being more particularly great in all that Author's Plays that were usually performed, *viz. Wasp* in the Play of *Bartbolomew-Fair*, *Corbaccio* in the *Fox*, *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*, and *Ananias* in the *Alchymist*.

He was but once in this Kingdom, about fifty Years ago, in the Summer Season. I have heard him often give most extravagant Praises to one *Baker*, a Master-Paver in *Dublin*, for excelling in *Sir John Falstaff*, the *Spanish Fryar*, *Sir Epicure Mammon* in the *Alchymist*, and many other Parts. He would be studying in the Streets, while he would be overlooking his Men at their Work. One

^z St. *Luke* was a Painter, and those that follow that Art have chosen him for their Patron; and make his Day a Time of Mirth and Jollity.

Day two of his Men, that were newly come under their Master, and were Strangers to his Manner, observing his Countenance, Motions, Gestures, and talking to himself, imagined their Master was mad. *Baker*, seeing his Men neglect their Work to gaze at him, bid them, in a hasty Manner, *mind their Business!* The Country-Fellows (for they but lately came from *Chester*) went to work again, but still with an Eye upon their Master. The Part was *Sir John Falstaff* that *Baker* was rehearsing; and, when he came to the Fifth Act, where the humourous Knight is supposed to see *Sir Walter Blunt* lie dead upon the Stage—He gives a Look on one of his new Pavers, and muttered loud enough to be heard, with Eyes fix'd upon him, — *Who have we here? — Sir Walter Blunt! — There's Honour for you.* The Fellow, that was stooping, rose on the Instant, clapping hold of his Master—*Wauns! Ise blunt enough to take care of you, Ise warrant you!* So, with the Help of his Companion, they bound *Mr. Baker's* Hands and Feet, assisted by other People, no wiser than themselves; and, notwithstanding their Master's Noise and Struggle, they carried him home in that Condition, with a great Mob at their Heels. *Mr. Johnson* informed me, when he returned to *England*, he gave *Mr. Betterton* the Manner of *Baker's* playing *Falstaff*; which that great Actor not only approv'd of, but imitated; and allowed the Manner was better than his

own. Mr. Husband gave me much the same Account of this Mr. Baker.

Mr. Johnson played to the last Year of his Life, with the same standard Reputation; and died in *August* 1742. in the 77th Year of his Age.

*He fell like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.*

OEDIPUS.

Miss J. JONES.

THE Father of this young Gentlewoman was born in *Wales*, a Branch of an ancient and reputable Family in that Country; but an unforeseen Misfortune falling upon him, he made the Stage his Refuge, and governed a Country Company many Years, with Judgment, Honesty, and Reputation. Miss Jones, more by the Will of her Father than her own Inclinations, was thrust on the Stage a mere Infant, and now makes a very good Figure there: But her Virtue, and sober discreet Behaviour, may be a Pattern for Imitation; therefore I shall say no more, but conclude, that she deserves a better Fate.

*Our Guardian Angel is fair Innocence,
And virtuous Actions are our best Defence.*

Mr.

MR. THEOPHILUS KEEN.

I Mention this Gentleman, as receiving Instructions from the late *Joseph Ashbury*, Esq; Mr. Keen was an excellent Scholar, and a very good Actor: But, having some Share in the Government of the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, under Mr. Rich, either for the Want of Performers, or, perhaps, overlooking his Talents (a Fault sometimes very good Actors, of both Sexes, are guilty of), he stood for Parts something out of his Road, as *Oroonoko*, *Earl of Essex*, *Edgar* in *King Lear*; when, in the Part of *Gloster*, in the same Play, and others of that Cast, no Actor of his Time could excel him. Altho' a very good Figure and Voice, his Person wanted Elegance for the soft Characters.

It was reported, the ill Success of the Theatre, when he was Sharer in Profit and Loss, broke his Heart. He died in the Year 1719. and was bury'd in the Body of the Church of *St. Clement-Danes*, by a voluntary Subscription from both Houses. It was what we term in *England* a Walking Funeral; and there were upwards of Two hundred Persons in deep Mourning. His Life was published by Mr. *Savage*, illegitimate Son to the Earl of *Rivers*. Several *Wou'd-be Wits* wrote Copies of Verses upon his Death: One I remember ending with this Line:

And Death was found too Sharp for Keen.

178 Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Leigh.

MR. LAURENCE KENNEDY.

THIS Gentleman is a Native of *Ireland*, born in *Dublin*. His good Figure, agreeable Voice, and genteel easy Carriage, render him a pleasing Actor; and we may expect from such Qualifications, that Time may bring him to great Perfection. All Arts are learned by Time, Observation, and Industry; and, when Choice guides Youth in any Occupation, Nature seems to lead the Way.

*But many blunder on in various Ways;
Some ill succeed, while others merit Praise.*

MR. JOHN LEIGH,

I Think, was born in *Ireland*. He commenced Actor, however, on the *Irish* Theatre. He was a Person of some Education, with a particular amiable Form, and genteel Address, insomuch that he gained the Appellative of *Handsome Leigh*. A good Figure was the chief Advantage in the Parts he perform'd. He was call'd from this Kingdom, to fill up the Troop of Comedians rais'd to garison the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, in the Year 1714. at its first Opening; where he set forth the First Night in *Captain Plume*, in the *Recruiting Officer*; which occasioned the following Lines to be wrote on the Back of one of their Bills:

'Tis

'Tis right to raise Recruits; for, faith, they're wanted;

For not one acting Soldier's here, 'tis granted.

Mr. Leigh, I believe, might have been in the good Graces of the Fair-Sex, *if his Taste had led him that Way*. He was addicted to Poetry, and produced a Comedy call'd *Kensington-Gardens*, acted at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* in the Year 1720. which walk'd consumptively six Nights, and then expir'd. He also trimm'd up a Farce call'd, *Hob's Wedding*, taken from a Comedy call'd, *The Country Wake*, written by that perfect Comedian Mr. Thomas Dogget. He has wrote several humourous Songs. Here follows a Sample, which as it is a Theatrical Anecdote, will require a little Illustration by way of Notes.

To the Tune of, *Thomas I cannot*.

M*Y* scandalous Neighbours of Portugal-street*,
Come listen awhile to my Ditty;
I'll sing you a Song, tho' my Voice be not sweet,
And that you will say is a Pity:
As merry a Sonnet as Times can afford,
Of Egleton^a, Walker^b, Jack Hall^c, and
my Lord^d;
If you doubt of the Truth, to confirm ev'ry Word,
Pll

* *Portugal-street*, where the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* is built.

^a Mr. *Egleton*, commonly call'd Baron *Egleton*, for taking that Title upon him in *France*, where he squandered away a small Patrimony. His Person was per-

I'll call for a Witness — Will Thomas ! Will Thomas ^e !

I'll call for a Witness — Will Thomas !

II.

*First, Egleton coax'd the Fool over the Way^f,
With Sentences sweeter than Honey ;
A Toad in a Hole^g was their Dinner that Day,
And my Noodle he lent them his Money.*

*What tho' I have got by him many a Crown ?
What I ne'er can forgive him is, that he came
down*

*Five Guineas the Night ere he went out of Town.
Is this true, or no? — O yes ! says Will Thomas,
O yes, &c.*

fectly genteel, and a very pleasing Actor ; but through a wild Road of Life, he finish'd his Journey in the 29th Year of his Age.

^b Mr. *Walker* (the original *Macheath*). *Vide* the Account of his Life.

^c Mr. *John Hall*, a Sharer in old *Smock alley* Theatre above thirty Years ago. He went from hence with Mr. *Leigh* to the New Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. He was something too corpulent, and a Thickness of Speech that might be mimic'd with Ease, which adds some Humour to this *Ballad*. He understood *Music*, and was once a *Dancing-Master*, and the original *Lockit* in the *Beggar's Opera*.

^d My *Lord*, a young Nobleman weak in Intellects (Title and Estates do not always inherit Wisdom)

^e A Waiter at a Coffee-house in *Portugal-street*, over-against the Stage-Door ; a Person in Understanding pretty near upon a Par with my *Lord*.

^f The young *Lord*.

^g A Cant Word for any bak'd Meat with a Pudding.

III.

Tom Walker, his Creditors meaning to chouse,
 Like an honest good-natur'd young Fellow,
 Resolv'd all the Summer to stay in the House,
 And rehearse by himself *Maffianello*^h.
 As soon as he heard of the Baron's Successⁱ,
 He stript off his Night-gown, and put on his
 Dress,
 And cry'd, D--mn my B--d! I will strike for
 no less;
 So he call'd o'er the Hatch^k for Will Thomas!
 Will Thomas!
 So he call'd, &c.

IV.

Go tell my young Lord, says this modest young
 Man,
 I beg he'd invite me to Dinner;
 I'll be as diverting as ever I can,
 I will by the Faith of a Sinner!

^h *Maffianello*, a Play, or rather two Plays, on the Rebellion of *Naples*, by *Thomas Anello*, a Fisherman of that City, who was near subverting the Government, having the whole Power and Command in his Hands for several Days; but plunging himself into Wine instead of his Element of Water, he at last ended his Life and mock Reign in a Ditch. Mr. *Walker* took some Pains that Summer to contract the two Plays into one, which was perform'd the following Winter, with some Success. The two Plays were originally written by Mr. *Thomas Durfey*.

ⁱ Mr. *Egleton* receiv'd the five Guineas from the Lord.

^k The *Hatch* of the Stage-door: The Bounds of those Theatrical Princes, that might receive four Pounds a Week, and by their Industry make Shift to spend six.

A great Virtue in some Theatrical Gentry.

*I mimic all Actors, the worst and the best,
 I'll sing him a Song, I'll crack him a Jest,
 I'll make him Act better than Henley the Priest¹
 I'll tell him so, Sir, says Will Thomas, Will
 Thomas,
 I'll tell him so, &c.*

V.

*Jack Hall, who was then just awaken'd from
 Sleep,
 Said (turning about to Grace Moffet^m),
 'Twou'd vex any Dog to see Pudding thus creep,
 And not have a Share of the Profit :
 If you have not, says Grace, you're not Mr. Hall !
 And if I have not, it shall cost me a Fall ;
 For half a Loaf's better than no Bread at all ;
 And so I'll call out for Will Thomas, Will
 Thomas,
 And so, &c.*

VI.

*Go tell my young Lord, I can teach him to Dance,
 Altho' I'm no very great Talker ;
 I'll shew him good Manners just landed from
 France,
 That's more than he'll learn from Tom Walker !
 I Sing, and I Act, I Dance, and I Fence ;
 I am a rare Judge of -- good Eating -- and Sense --*

¹ Orator Henley, who was taught to speak by Mr. Walker.

^m Grace Moffet, Daughter to Mr. Hall's Second Wife, that kept the Bell and Dragon in Portugal-street.

And

Mr. Leigh.

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*And then--as for English -- I understand French.
I'll tell him so, Sir, says Will Thomas, Will
Thomas,
I'll tell him so, &c.*

VII.

*The Peer was just going his Purse-strings to
draw,*

In order to lend them his Money —

As soon as his forward Good-nature I sawⁿ,

I cry'd out, My Lord! fie upon you!

To us you're as hard as a Turk, or a Jew;

*If you part with your Money, pay where it is
due;*

Poor Betty's^o with Child, and it may be by you.

Here's Fun for us all! cry'd Will Thomas,

Will Thomas,

Here's Fun, &c.

VIII.

*When his Lordship beard this, away down he
ran,*

And drove away strait to the Devil^p;

Will Thomas sneak'd over to the Green-man^q;

Thus our Customers use us uncivil^r.

ⁿ *As soon, &c.* This Ballad was to be supposed to be made by the Woman that kept the Coffee-house.

^o *Betty*, Maid to the Coffee-woman, that could serve the Peer, and the Porter.

^p The Devil Tavern, *Temple-Bar*.

^q A Brandy shop over the Way

^r *Thus our Customers, &c.* Reflections of the Coffee-woman.

*Poor Betty's Misfortune is pity'd by all,
 Who expects ev'ry Moment in Pieces to fall,
 Tho' she swears 'tis my Lord's, 'twas got by
 Jack Hall,
 Or else by poor sneaking Will Thomas, Will
 Thomas,
 Or else, &c.*

The Author died in 1726. the 37th Year
 of his Age.

*A Time that should to true Perfection tend;
 But many promise well, that never mend.*

MR. LEWIS LAYFIELD,

WAS born in *England*, has been in many
 Employments both by Sea and Land,
 and was formerly very active and strong, able
 to go through Fatigues. As I do not know
 the Offices he bore in the Service, I must be
 silent on that Head. I remember him in
Drury-lane, when I was in my Youth, a nim-
 ble active *Scaramouch*, before he was loaden
 with that Burden of Flesh he now carries about
 him. At that Time he was such a Person as his
 eldest Son, Mr. *Robert Layfield*, appears at
 present, who is a very good Player in several
 Cast of Parts, particularly *Serjeant Kite*, &c.

Mr.

Mr. *Layfield* has been a main Pillar, Time past, in supporting the *Dublin* Theatre, and therefore ought to be respected in his Decline ; but he is happily engaged for Life, and of Consequence (if Articles are binding) will receive his Salary to the Day of his Death. There are several Parts he might still perform with Satisfaction, as *Hob*, *Jobson*, and many others ; for the Audience (in well-esteemed Actors) will 'bate them something of their Years for the Service they *have* done. I do not know whether that Circumstance will have any Weight with the Managers here, tho' it is an old-fashioned Custom in *England* ; but different Nations, different Customs.

'Tis said the Natives of the Cape Good-Hope ,
When Age is failing, end it with a Rope.

MR. WILLIAM MILWARD.

THIS Gentleman was born at *Lichfield* in *Staffordshire* the 29th of *September* in the Year 1702. His Great Grandfather Sir *Thomas Milward* was Chief Justice of *West-Chester*, and raised a Troop of Horse in De-

^s It is a Custom with the Inland *Hottentots* (who are not under the Eye of the *Dutch* at the *Cape*) when they perceive their Relations drooping with Age and Infirmities, either to carry them into some distant Wood for Beasts to devour, or end them by Ax or Halter at Home ; and have a Saying among them — *No Work, no Meat.*

fence

fence of that unhappy Monarch King *Charles* the First, and was then a County Palatine, which occasioned the *Rump Parliament* in the Year 1659. to vote their Charter void ; and I do not find it ever restor'd. The Family were originally from *Derbyshire*. The Father of our Actor, a few Years after the Birth of his Son, removed to *Uttoxeter* (commonly called *Tociter*) in the County of *Stafford*, distant from *London* 126 measured Miles, formerly a Colony of the *Romans*.

He had his Education in a School of that Town, accounted one of the best in that Part of the Country. At fifteen his Father brought him to *London*, where he was put Apprentice to an eminent Apothecary in *Norfolk-street* in the *Strand* ; but he has often declared, *there were so many Dangers in the Employment*, that he could never like it. The following Accident made him determine to leave it.

“ He was ordered by his Master to carry
 “ his Prescriptions to a Gentleman and Lady
 “ ill of different Maladies at the same time ;
 “ the Labels were wrong directed, but he did
 “ not discover this Mistake till the next Day,
 “ when he carried other Medicines to the same
 “ Persons, and by his Judgment in the O-
 “ peration soon found out the Mistake. He
 “ was greatly terrified, but for fear of more,
 “ he let fall the Phial he had in his Hand, as
 “ by Accident, ran back to his Master, and
 “ told him what had been done. The Mas-

“ ter

“ter ordered more proper Doses, the Patients recovered, and all was well.”

Mr. *Milward's* first Essay in Acting was among young Gentlemen, privately, for their own Diversion. In a small time after he mixt with a Country Company of Comedians, where his Merit shone so bright, that it open'd the Eyes of the Manager in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, with whom he rose in that Theatre, and *Covent-Garden*, to be placed in the foremost Rank of Perfection. He died in the 40th Year of his Age, in the very Meridian of an Actor, then belonging to the Theatre in *Drury-lane*.

Mr. *Milward* shall make his *Exit* from this worldly Stage, with an Epilogue spoke for the Benefit of his Widow, which will better speak his Excellencies.

WHEN *Roscius* died, each gen'rous Roman wept,

While Cicero's deathless Page his Plaudit kept ;

Such was the Harvest in that Golden Age,

Who toil'd to till the Vineyard of the Stage :

The Romans wept ! more gen'rous Britons, ye

Dry up the Tears of Milward's Family :

Your bounteous Cares beyond the Grave extend !

Lo ! what a Scene, dead Merit to befriend ;

For Merit sure he shar'd in ev'ry Part,

Merit most rare — Integrity of Heart.

Whate'er of Friendly, Gen'rous, Good, he play'd,

In Scenes of real Life he still display'd :

Young Hamlet's Sable when he chose to wear,

Young Hamlet's filial Piety was there :

When

*When the fond Lover † Phocyas was his Part,
Each tender Line sprang glowing from his Heart;
Or when Macduff's dire Anguish was his Theme,
The Husband and the Father bled in him.
Well might he please, when with each virtuous
Thought*

*The Poet penn'd, the Player's Breast was fraught.
Such Milward was, as such his early Grave
Calls down the Pity of the Fair and Brave;
Cut off just at the Noon-tide of his Days,
Just when he hop'd to have deserv'd your Praise:
The Player, steel'd to counterfeit the Tear,
Distills an undissembled Eye-drop here;
Whilst by this splendid Circle fir'd, his Breast
With Emulation burns, and claims his best,
That his own Manes may like Milward's rest.* }

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN,

WAS born in the Kingdom of Ireland, but left that Country very young. He cast his Thoughts towards the Stage in England in his early Years. The Science of Acting is not to be learn'd without great Labour and Study; and, not copying any Performer that went before him, he has at length shone out a finish'd Original. I never knew him undertake any Part, but, as in Painting, I found some Strokes of Nature that gave fresh Touches to the Picture he was drawing.

† Phocyas in the Siege of Damascus.

He rose gradually in the Theatrical Corps, like the late Northern Star of *Russia*, till he came to be chief Leader ; he regularly gained the Topmast Step, and now is seated in the Throne of Perfection, dispensing Laws to that Part of the Province where the Sock is worn, where he reigns sole Monarch, and deservedly so, since with long laborious Pains he has found out the true Rule of Reigning. *Sbylock* the Jew, in the Merchant of *Venice*, is so inimitably counterfeited, that we cannot say more than what a Gentleman said *extempore* on seeing him perform the Part :

*This is the Jew
That Shakespear drew.*

This excellent Comedian is Author of a Play call'd *Henry* the VIIth, or the *Popish Impostor*, acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, the Story of *Perkin Warbeck*. The Piece (in my Judgment) is well-plann'd, the Diction is not considered critically ; but no wonder, since he was put upon the Subject, and had but six Weeks from the first Line in Writing to the first Night in Acting. The following One-Act Pieces have been performed with great Success, but not printed.

A Will, or no Will ; or, a new Case for the Lawyers.

A Critic on the Suspicious Husband ; or, the Plague of Envy.

The

The *Fortune-Hunters* ; or, the *Widow Bewitch'd*.

I shall conclude with two Lines, wrote by a Gentleman in this Kingdom.

*This Jew, this Colonel, Lopez, Ben, has shown,
He makes each various Character his own.*

Mrs. MACKLIN,

MAY (by her Judgment and Execution in the Parts she undertakes) be equally ranked with the first Class of Actresses, and, in some Articles, lead the Way. She never sets up for a *Heroine*, or attempts to appear in an improper Light ; she knows the Power of her own Talents, and always shines with un-borrow'd Light, without the Danger of being eclipsed. Her Propriety in Dress, for the various Characters she performs, is another Excellence that most of her Contemporaries either pass over with very little Regard, or not enough.

In my Theatrical Course of above thirty Years, I have not seen her Equal in many Parts, viz. the *Widow Black-Acre* in *Wycherly's Plain-Dealer*, Mrs. Day in the *Committee*, *Widow Lackit* in *Southern's Oroonoko*, *Lady Pliant* in *Congreve's Double-Dealer*, *Doris* in *Æsop* by Sir *John Vanbrugh*, Mrs. *Amelet* in the
Con-

Confederacy by the same Author, *Lady Wishfort* in the *Way of the World*, and a Number of other Characters, that are wrote in the true Spirit of Comedy. But a Vessel need not fail of arriving at the desired Port with the Care of so good a Pilot.

We may find by these two Examples, that *Ireland* has produced as complete Comedians as her Sister *England* : But I shall give a few Lines, the Sentiments of a young Gentleman in this City.

TO MRS. MACKLIN.

WHILE Macklin charms the list'ning
Throng,

A nobler Subject warms my Song :
Of Nature's sacred Name I'd sing,
From whom her various Beauties spring ;
The swelling Sense ! — the genial Fire !
The nameless Graces we admire !
To her — she frankly did impart
A Clue — to trace the mazy Heart :
She gave her Wit — with graceful Ease,
And ev'ry Attribute to please ;
But know — thou finish'd Nymph — to you
Nor Wonder — nor Applause — is due
For Charms — which Nature only drew.

Mr.

Mr. JOHN MORRIS,

WAS born in this Kingdom. I understand his first Entrance on the Stage was under the Conduct of Mrs. *Violante* : With her he travelled to *England*, and by various Changes has been in most of the Theatres in *London* as well as *Dublin*. There are several old Mens Parts that he masterly executes. He sings passingly, is esteemed a good *Teague*, and an excellent *Pierrot*. He has a Brother of the same Calling.

Dancing is certainly one of the Appendages to Education that few polite People would be without ; yet, if it mends the Manners, it does not always mend the Mind ; but, as *Othello* says,

—— 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my Wife is fair, feeds well, loves Com-
pany,
Is free of Speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.

Mr. CHARLES MORGAN,

WAS born in *London* in the Year 1717. His Father and Mother both belonging to the Stage at his Birth, the Son play'd the Childrens Parts as soon as he could speak plain.

plain. He came into this Kingdom in the Year 1737. with his Parents, where he made a great Progress in what is called low Comedy, and gave great Hopes of Perfection, if a lingering Consumption had not taken him off in the Flower of his Age. I fear he took a little too much Freedom with his Constitution, and by Perseverance made shift to get the better of it. He died in May 1745. in the 28th Year of his Age. The last Part he performed was *Beau Clincher* in the *Constant Couple*, being the first Time of Mr. Sherridan's appearing in the Character of *Sir Harry Wildair*, where Mr. Morgan, notwithstanding his ill Habit of Body, like a Taper in its last Blaze, gave a brighter Flame than all that shone before. This was November, tho' he lingered on till the May following.

*Thus manly Health is often overcome,
When its worst Woe is to be found at Home.*

MR. MOZEEN.

I Think I know enough of him to imagine he is a very improving Actor: He has many Requisites that may make out what I assert for him, a good Person join'd to a genteel Education, Judgment, Voice, and Understanding. His Success already (since he has had but three Years Experience) shews us a larger Prospect of Advantage.

I

He

He was born in *England* (tho' of *French* Extraction) and (if it is any Honour to him) had the much-talk'd-of *Dr. Henry Sacheverel* for a Sponfor.

Mrs. *Mozeen* (formerly Miss *Edwards*) I knew a Child. She sprung up under the Care of that eminent Actress Mrs. *Clive*. I know Mrs. *Mozeen* is an Adept in Music, has a charming Manner and Voice : If her innate Modesty keeps her back as an Actress, Time may get the better of her Timidity. Modesty may assume a proper Spirit, when it is assured of being justly right in what is undertaken ; for Virtue has ever Courage, and is its own Guardian.

*Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant Light, tho' Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. Milton.*

MR. WILLIAM MYNITT.

THIS Gentleman was born of a good Family, at *Weobly* in *Herefordshire*, in the Year 1710. where he received a good School Education : He was sent to *London* very young to be put into Business, but his Friends or rather Relations (who often prove our greatest Enemies) neglecting his Fortune, he turn'd his Thoughts to the Drama. However he had not the Vanity of most of the Theatrical young Heroes, who jump at once into your *Othello*,
Oroonoko,

Oroonoko, Hamlet, or Captain Plume; but wisely weighing his own Talents, step'd into the Part of *Polonius* in *Hamlet*, where he gained such Applause, that he resolv'd to put on the *Sock*, with which he walked an easy Pace in the right Road to Perfection.

His first Trial of Skill was at the Theatre in the *Hay-market* (commonly called the *French House*), where he gave such Strokes of Judgment that alarmed his best Antagonists. From his beginning Encouragement he was solicited to add a promising Member to the Company of *Bath*, whete there is a regular Theatre, and an Audience as difficult to be pleas'd as that in *London*, being generally Persons of the highest Rank that frequent those Diversions in the Capital. He had the good Fortune to give Satisfaction there, infomuch that several Persons of Distinction and Taste promised to recommend him to one of the establish'd Theatres in *London*: But a Company that Season setting out for *Ireland*, he was resolv'd to accompany them, and cultivate his Genius in this Kingdom. His Knowlege in Music is some Addition to his Merit, and in his Walk of Acting he may keep Pace with the best on both Sides the Water.

I never saw Mrs. *Mynitt* perform any Part; but as she has an amiable Person, and excellent Voice, I have taken it upon Trust, that she is an agreeable Actress both in Tragedy and Comedy. But the Bulk of the Letters in the Bills are the distinguished Characteristics of

Merit. It puts me in Memory of a *Mandarin* I saw at *Canton* in *China*, who was lifted on a Throne of State to public View, while a Dozen of his Slaves that bore him in Triumph through the Streets, were covered with a Curtain, and no more of their Persons seen but the regular Steps of their Feet.

*In ev'ry Region 'tis a Maxim try'd,
Custom in spight of Reason will preside.*

MR. HENRY NORRIS (alias JUBILEE DICKY).

THIS natural Comedian was born in *Salisbury Court* in 1665. near the Spot where the Theatre was afterwards erected that went by the Name of *Dorset-Garden Theatre*, it being in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days the Gardens of the Palace belonging to the Earl of *Dorset*. He play'd on the *Irish Stage* in 1695. Tho' a diminutive Figure, there were many Parts that he excelled in, viz. *Barnaby Brittle* in the *Wanton Wife*, &c. I remember when Mr. *Norris* was in his Decline, Mr. *Cibber* sen. made some Alterations in the Play, and perform'd the Part himself; Mrs. *Oldfield* that of Mrs. *Brittle*. But she complain'd she could not perform it with that Spirit with him, as she did with little *Norris* (as she call'd him). When I asked her the Reason, she reply'd, *Cuckoldom did not sit so easy on Cibber's Figure as it did upon*

upon that of Norris's, who seem'd form'd by Nature to be one.

The Mother of this little great Comedian was one of the first Women that came on the Stage as an Actress; for some Time after the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second young smooth-fac'd Men perform'd the Womens Parts. That humourous Monarch, coming before his usual Time to *Shakespear's Hamlet*, sent the facetious Earl of *Rocheſter* to know the Reason of their Delay; who brought Word back, That the *Queen was not quite shav'd*. Ods Fish (his usual Expression), *I beg her Majesty's Pardon! we'll wait till her Barber has done with her.*

Mr. Norris married Mrs. *Knapton*, the Sister of the late Mr. *Wilks's* first Wife, by whom he had several Children. The Females are since dead, and resembled the Mother in Stature, she being a very personable Woman; but the Sons copied the Father, our *Jubilee Dicky*, which Nickname came for his inimitable humourous Performance of a Part so called in *The Constant Couple; or, A Trip to the Jubilee.*

He spoke Tragedy exceedingly knowing in the different Passions, tho' he never perform'd any Part of the serious Cast: For, notwithstanding his Judgment, on the *London* Theatres his Figure must have made the Sentiments ridiculous. After the Death of that celebrated Author Mr. *Addison*, the merry Mr. *Penketh-*

man, at his Theatre at *Richmond*^d, play'd the Tragedy of *Cato*, or, rather, defil'd those noble Sentiments of Liberty, out of such merry Mouths. *Norris* was ridiculously dressed for *Cato*, *Penkethman* *Juba*, low Comedians for the other Characters, and the two Ladies supplied by Men of the same Cast: Yet a blind Man might have borne with *Norris* in the *Roman Patriot*, for he spoke it with all the Solemnity of a suffering Hero; while *Penkethman*, and the rest of the motley Tribe, made it as ridiculous by Humour and Action: And yet some of the first Rank in the Kingdom seemed highly diverted, whilst others invoked the *Manes* of the dead *Roman* and *Briton* to rise, and avenge their own Cause. I remember the next Morning the following four Lines were pasted on the Door of the Playhouse:

*While Greatness bears such Language spoke,
Where godlike Freedom's made a Joke;
Let such mean Souls be never free
To taste the Sweets of Liberty.*

An illustrious Nobleman, who had a Seat near *Richmond*, seeing several People reading the

^d There are two *Richmonds* in *England*; one in *Yorkshire*, that gives the Title to that illustrious Family; the other *Richmond* is Ten Miles from *London*. It may rank with some Cities in *England* for its Extent, but I know of none that can equal it in its fine Situation upon the noble River *Thames*, its healthful Air, beautiful various Prospects from the Hill, and its increasing noble Buildings.

Lines as he was riding up the Hill, stop'd, and perused them; and said, in his usual grave Manner,—*I wish the Poetry had been better.*

Mr. Norris died in the 69th Year of his Age. His eldest Son may be remember'd here as an *Actor*, some few Years ago, on old *Smock-alley* Stage; but neither he, nor his Brother (who has likewise troubled several Country Stages in *England*), resembled the Father in any Thing but Stature.

*Great Nature differs in the human Race;
Some worthless Stems the Parent-roots disgrace.*

Mrs. ANNE OLDFIELD.

THE Reason why I have thrust this celebrated Actress into my Account, may be learn'd by the following Epistle.

Dublin, May the 27th.

S I R,

“ WE find, by the News-papers, you intend to give us the *History of the Stage*. It is desir'd by several, that you would be pleas'd to add Mrs. *Oldfield* to the Number (tho' we are all assur'd she never was in this Kingdom). We know the Task is in your Power; and you will oblige many that have a Regard for you.

“ *Yours, &c.*”

Every Art has its Origin, but, when brought to full Perfection, it is often in Danger of decaying, and, sometimes, of being quite lost in Oblivion. Painting on *Glass*, in this Age, is but a faint Copy of our Forefathers in that Art; and the perdurable Cement of our ancient *Castles*, &c. is now unknown. The Sun sets to rise again, but *Oldfield's* Light is lost for ever.

I was too young to view her first Dawn on the Stage, but yet had the infinite Satisfaction of her Meridian Lustre, a Glow of Charms not to be beheld but with a trembling Eye! which held her Influence till set in Night.

Mr. *Farquhar* (as I have been informed by herself) brought her first to shine in Public. He accidentally, at a Tavern kept by a near Relation of Mrs. *Oldfield's*, heard a Person reading a Comedy in a Room behind the Bar, with such a just Vivacity, and Humour of the Characters, as gave him infinite Surprize, and Satisfaction. His Curiosity was too prevalent to observe the Height of good Manners; therefore he made a Pretence to go into the Room, where he was struck dumb, for some Time, with her Figure, and blooming Beauty; but was more astonish'd at her Discourse, and sprightly Wit. Mr. *Farquhar* press'd her to pursue her Amusement, but was obliged to depart without that Satisfaction.

Mr. *Wilks* was, at that Time, in *Ireland*; therefore he took some Pains to acquaint Sir
John

John Vanbrugh (who had some Share in the Theatre) with the Jewel he had found thus by Accident. It was some Time before she would be prevailed upon; tho' she has merrily told me, *I long'd to be at it, and only wanted a little decent Intreaties.*

Alinda, in the *Pilgrim*, was the first Part she was taken Notice of in, which Sir *John Vanbrugh* alter'd and reviv'd upon her Account; which is a Character of different Species of Passions and Variety; where she charm'd the Play into a Run of many succeeding Nights.

I remember, in her full Round of Glory in Comedy, she used to slight Tragedy. She would often say, *I hate to have a Page dragging my Tail about. Why do they not give Porter these Parts? She can put on a better Tragedy Face than I can.* When *Mithridates* was revived, it was with much Difficulty she was prevail'd upon to take the Part; but she perform'd it to the utmost Length of Perfection, and, after that, she seem'd much better reconcil'd to Tragedy. What a majestic Dignity in *Cleopatra*! and, indeed, in every Part that required it: Such a finish'd Figure on the Stage, was never yet seen. In *Calista*, the *Fair Penitent*, she was inimitable, in the Third Act, with *Horatio*, when she tears the Letter, with

—————*To Atoms! thus!*

*Thus let me tear the vile detested Falshood,
The wicked lying Evidence of Shame!*

Her excellent clear Voice of Passion, her piercing flaming Eye, with Manner and Action suiting, us'd to make me shrink with Awe, and seem'd to put her Monitor *Horatio* into a Mouse-hole. I almost gave him up for a troublesome Puppy; and though Mr. *Booth* play'd the Part of *Lothario*, I could hardly lug him up to the Importance of triumphing over such a finish'd Piece of Perfection, that seem'd to be too much dignified to lose her Virtue.

Even her Amours seem'd to lose that Glare which appears round the Persons of the sailing Fair; neither was it ever known, that she troubled the Repose of any Lady's lawful Claim; and was far more constant than Millions in the conjugal Noose.

She was of a superior Height, but with a lovely Proportion; and the Dignity of her Soul, equal to her Form and Stature, made up of benevolent Charity, affable and good-natur'd to all that deserv'd it. Mr. *Savage*, Son to the Earl *Rivers*, when he was persecuted by his unnatural Mother, received from her ever-giving bountiful Hand, Fifty Pounds a Year during her Life; and she was, with Mr. *Wilks*, a main Means in saving him from an ignominious End.

The Part of *Sophonissa*, a Tragedy (by Mr. *Thomson*, famed for many excellent Poems), was reputed the Cause of her Death; for, in her Execution, she went beyond Wonder, to Astonishment! From that Time her Decay

came slowly on, and never left her till it conducted her to eternal Rest, the 23d of *October* 1730. She left several charitable Legacies, and very handsome Fortunes to her two Sons. But let us see what better Writers say of this Phoenix of the Stage. O! that we might have another from her Ashes!

You may read, if you please, what a *French* Author has wrote on this inimitable Actress, as well as some Touches on our *English Drama*.

“ Sir Roger Mostings, Baronet, was passionately in Love with a famous Actress called Mrs. *Oldfield*; and, notwithstanding her Indifference, and even bad Usage, could not be cur’d—He being at Supper with us when his Disgrace and Banishment were notified to him, his greatest Concern was for his Mistress, whom he must abandon: His Grief and Love made him shed Tears. His Order bore, That he should retire to his Estate the next Day; and therefore, as the last Remedy for his Love, he proposed instant Marriage to Mrs. *Oldfield*, which produced no other Effect than a mortifying Refusal^e. This amiable Woman was admitted,

“ with

^e We may gather, from this Author, that the Passage mention’d was in the Year 1715. when the Rebel Lords suffer’d Death, and Lord *Nithisdale* made his Escape from the *Tower*, disguised by his Lady in her Habit. Sir Roger Mostings, then Commander in the Fourth Troop of Life-guards, spoke too freely in Favour of the imprison’d Noblemen that were concern’d in the Rebellion, and therefore was order’d to leave the Court, and retire to his

“ with Pleasure, into the Company of Ladies
 “ of the first Rank for Birth and Virtue;
 “ who seem'd to take her Visits as an Honour
 “ done them. It must be owned, she is an
 “ incomparable sweet Girl! She reconciled me
 “ to the *English* Stage. Her Voice, her
 “ Shape, and all her Actions, so charm'd me,
 “ that I made the more Hasten to learn the
 “ Language, that I might understand her.

“ The *English* are passionately fond of Dramatic Entertainments, and I doubt if *France*
 “ can produce so many excellent Works of
 “ this kind as *Britain*; and I have seen some
 “ superior to *Greece* or *Rome*. They have
 “ their *Shakespear*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Congreve*,
 “ *Gibber*, *Farquhar*, and a numerous Train of
 “ excellent Tragic and Comic Poets; that
 “ have the Force of moving the Soul, with
 “ their Energy of Sentiments and Expression,
 “ far beyond the Antients.”

I shall conclude this Account with an Abstract of a Copy of Verses wrote by Mr. *Savage*, illegitimate Son to Earl *Rivers*, tho' the Author of that unfortunate Gentleman's Life seems to deny it; I suppose, because his

Estate; as also the Earl of *Nottingham*, the Earl of *Ailesford*, the Lords *Finche* and *Guernsey*, my Lord *Portmore*, the Earl of *Orkney*, Lord *Windsor*, and many others; all depriv'd of their Posts and Places, with the same Orders to retire to their Estates. Sir *Roger* was esteem'd one of the handsomest Men in the Kingdom, witty, well-bred, and had a great Estate; which proves that Mrs. *Oldfield* despis'd Interest, and would not give her Hand without her Heart.

Name

Name is not in the Title-page: But first, her
Epitaph.

Hic juxta requiescit

Tot inter poetarum laudata nomina

ANNA OLDFIELD.

Nec ipsa minore laude digna,

Quippe quæ eorum opera,

In scenam quoties prodivit,

Illustravit semper & nobilitavit.

Nunquam ingenium idem ad partes diversissimas

Habilius fuit:

Ita tamen ut ad singulas

Non facta, sed nata esse videretur.

In Tragædiis

Formæ splendor, oris dignitas, incessus, majestas,

Tanta vocis suavitate temperabantur,

Ut nemo esset tam agrestis, tam durus spectator,

Quin in admirationem totus raperetur.

In Comædia autem

Tanta vis, tam venusta hilaritas, tam curiosa

Felicitas,

Ut neque sufficerent spectando oculi,

Neque plaudendo manus.

In English thus:

Near this (among the celebrated Poets)

Rests the Body of

ANNE OLDFIELD,

Herself not less deserving to be celebrated:

For, whenever on the Stage,

Her Action illustrated and ennobled

Their Compositions.

Never

Never was one Genius so adapted to the most
Different Parts:

She seemed born for each distinct.

IN TRAGEDY,

Her noble Presence, elevated Speech, and
Majestic Gait, tempered with so peculiar
Sweetness of Voice, never failed to transport the
Most Rustic, and Insensible, into Admiration.

IN COMEDY,

She discovered such a happy Air, such a
Sprightly and becoming Gaiety,
And so delicate an Address,
That neither Eyes were satisfied with Seeing,
Nor Hands weary of Applauding.

A POEM to the Memory of Mrs.
ANNE OLDFIELD.

OLDFIELD's no more! and can the
Muse forbear

O'er Oldfield's Grave to shed a grateful Tear?
Shall she, the Glory of the British Stage,
Pride of her Sex, and Wonder of the Age;
Shall she, who, living, charm'd th' admiring
Throng,

Die undistinguish'd, and not claim a Song?

No; feeble as it is, I'll boldly raise
My willing Voice, to celebrate her Praise,
And with her Name immortalize my Lays. }

Had but my Muse her Art to touch the Soul,
Charm ev'ry Sense, and ev'ry Pow'r controul,
I'd paint her as she was—The Form divine,
Where ev'ry lovely Grace united shine;

A Mien

*A Mien majestic, as the Wife of Jove;
An Air as winning, as the Queen of Love:
In ev'ry Feature rival Charms should rise,
And Cupid hold his Empire in her Eyes.*

*A Soul, with ev'ry Elegance refin'd
By Nature, and the Converse of Mankind:
Wit, which could strike assuming Folly dead;
And Sense, which temper'd ev'ry thing she said;
Judgment, which ev'ry little Fault could spy;
But Candour, that would pass a Thousand by:
Such finish'd Breeding, so polite a Taste,
Her Fancy always for the Fashion past;
Whilst ev'ry social Virtue fir'd her Breast
To help the Needy, succour the Distrest;
A Friend to all in Misery she stood,
And her chief Pride was plac'd in doing Good.*

*But now, my Muse, the arduous Task engage,
And shew the charming Figure on the Stage;
Describe her Look, her Action, Voice, and Mien,
The gay Coquet, soft Maid, or haughty Queen.
So bright she shone, in ev'ry diff'rent Part,
She gain'd despotic Empire o'er the Heart;
Knew how each various Motion to controul,
Sooth ev'ry Passion, and subdue the Soul:
As she or gay, or sorrowful appears,
She claims our Mirth, or triumphs in our Tears.
When Cleopatra's Form she chose to wear,
We saw the Monarch's Mien, the Beauty's Air;
Charm'd with the Sight, her Cause we all ap-
prove,*

*And, like her Lover, give up all for Love:
Antony's Fate, instead of Cæsar's, choose,
And wish for her we had a World to lose.*

But

*But now the gay delightful Scene is o'er,
And that sweet Form must glad our World no
more;*

*Relentless Death has stop'd the tuneful Tongue,
And clos'd those Eyes, for all, but Death, too
strong:*

*Blasted that Face where ev'ry Beauty bloom'd,
And to eternal Rest the graceful Mover doom'd.*

Mr. P A C K,

IN the Remembrance of many, was once on the Stage in this Kingdom, to his no small Terror: For a Storm at Sea, he told me, frighten'd him so much, that the Anxiety of returning dwelt so strongly on his Mind, that he could not appear half himself to the Public; and, to lessen his Sea-voyage back again, he went to *Dunaghadee*, in the North of *Ireland*, and embark'd for *Scotland*; verifying the old Proverb, *The farthest Way about, is the nearest Way home.*

He first came upon the Stage as a Singer; and being, as they say, a *smock-fac'd Youth*, used to sing the Female Parts in Dialogues, with that great Master Mr. *Leveridge*, who has so many Years charm'd with his manly Voice. But Mr. *Pack* was excellent in many Parts; as *Marplot* in the *Busy Body*, *Beau Maiden* in *Tunbridge-Walks*, *Beau Mixen* in the *Fair Quaker of Deal*, &c. indeed Nature seem'd to mean him for those sort of Characters. He had

had such an Antipathy to the Water, that he would sooner choose to go from the *Haymarket* to *Lambeth* round the Bridge, than just cross in a Boat. I heard a certain Peer (as much fam'd for his Wit as his Principles, who died in the Service of *Spain*) ask *Pack* if he would go with him to *France* for a Month? Yes, reply'd Mr. *Pack*, if your Grace will get a Bridge built from *Dover* to *Calais*. For Gads curse me if I ever set my Foot over Salt-water again!

Mr. *Pack* left the Stage in the Meridian of Life, and set up a Tavern (the *Globe*) near *Charing-cross*, over-against the *Haymarket*, where he died, having no Wife, or Issue. I know not any Relation he left behind, to lament his Death.

*Had Transportation been this Player's Doom,
Conviction had brought sudden Death at Home.*

Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS
(Harlequin).

THIS extraordinary Person was born in *Wales*, tho' he never knew one Word of his Mother-tongue; neither did I ever hear of the School-mistress that taught him *English*: Yet he got perfect in two Parts, and perform'd them both with Applause; viz. the *Welsh Collier* in the *Recruiting Officer*, and the *Drunken Colonel* in the *Intriguing Chambermaid*: But his

his great Talent lay in the *Mimes* and *Pantomimes*. - Tho' the Art does not require much Rhetoric, yet they should have *Heads*, as well as *Heels*.

He was taught Tumbling, and Slight of Hand, by that great Master of Arts, the stupendous Mr. *Faux*, and out-did his Master in several Tricks; and was very happy at Invention, in escaping to *Ireland*^f, where he became a Sharer in *Smock-alley*, till he, with his Name-

^f This great Man was taken up in *London* for Suspicion of Debt, and dealt with the honest Officer in the following Manner: He first call'd for Liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small Joy of the Bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a Calf that bled so well (as they term it). *Harlequin* made the honest Bailiff believe he had six Dozen of Wine ready pack'd up, which he would send for, to drink while in Custody, and likewise allow him Six-pence a Bottle for drinking it in his own Chamber. Shoulder-dab listen'd to the Proposal with Pleasure: The Bailiff went to the Place, as directed, and return'd with Joy, to hear that it should be sent in the Morning early. Accordingly, it came by a Porter, sweating under his Load: The Turnkey call'd to his Master, and told him, the Porter and Hamper were come in: *Very well*, says he, *then let nothing but the Porter and Hamper out*. The Porter perform'd his Part very well; came heavily in with an empty Hamper, and seem'd to go lightly out, with *Philips* on his Back. He was dishamper'd at an Alehouse near the Water-side, cross'd the *Thames*, and, soon after, embark'd for *Ireland*. He was very fond of this Trick, and would take Pride in his Project, which was contriv'd long before he was taken, to be ready on such an Emergency. When this Scheme was concerted with the Porter, he made this threatening Speech to him; *G—d strike me plump* (his usual Speech)! *if you are not as secret as the Sun at Noon-day, I'll broil you, and eat you alive, you Dog!* Exit *Phillips*.

fake,

fake, broke the *Fraterhood*. He was the first Projector of the Theatre in *Capel-street*; neither was he much to blame in this, since a Sort of Manager for the Proprietors, who knew as much of the Matter as a *Journeyman Taylor* does of *Bell-founding*, by his inimitable Rhetoric persuaded his Employers, that he and his Wife had too much Salary; and yet, the next Season, gave twenty Times the Sum, to prevent their Playing: Yet *Phillips* open'd, and got Money. But, to shew his Dexterity, he played a *Harlequin* Trick; and, in one of his Deceits, made his Escape (with his Wife he had *here*, who was no bad Actress) back to *England*; but did not forget to take more Money than his own along with him—Travelling is *chargeable*. But *Capel-street* Theatre has been since occupied, and is still ready, on all Occasions.

*Thus Jugglers Tricks are form'd to cheat the Eyes,
And Knaves have found the Art to trick the Wise.*

Mrs. PASQUALINO,

WAS a very sightly Actress, with a good Voice: I have forgot her maiden Name, which she first changed for *Ravenscroft*, an Actor, I am told, of some Merit. After his Demise, being musically inclin'd, she ty'd her Fate

Fate to Signor *Pasqualino*, an *Italian*, eminent for his great Talents that Way. She has left the Stage, to follow the Fortune of her Spouse; and, I have been inform'd, they were both lately in *Holland*. Where-ever he is, he cannot fail of Reward, from his Merit: For

*Music has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and bend the knotted Oak.*

I shall conclude with Mrs. *Pasqualino*, by inserting a few Lines of a Poet, on her leaving the Stage; tho' some Poets, like some Painters, do not draw exact Likenesses; and are too prone to Flattery.

*Adieu! unspotted Excellence, adieu!
Chaste, spite of Censure; spite of Envy, true—
Mature in Judgment far above thy Age,
And, what's more wond'rous, virtuous on the
Stage!*

*Ah! yet return! nor rob us of Delight;
Continue still to ravish with thy Sight!
Whether in Desdemona's tender Strain,
Or softer Belvidera, you complain;
Or in Monimia force the pitying Tear,
Or in the Airs of Millamant appear;
Or Lady Betty Modish, you impart,
In Characters assum'd, a real Dart!
Receive this Plaudit from th' admiring Muse,
Nor Tribute, to thy Merit paid, refuse—
And must we, then, the Loss of thee deplore?
Shall we, then, see thy lovely Face no more?*

Adieu!

*Adieu!—The Stage is, nearly, its Decline;
Since we must thee, the Boast of it, resign.*

Mr. JAMES QUIN.

THIS great and just Actor was born in *King-street, Covent-garden*, the 24th of *February, 1693*. tho' Numbers believe he owes his Birth to *Ireland*. His Ancestors were of an antient Family in this Kingdom: His Grandfather, Alderman *Mark Quin*, was Lord Mayor of the City of *Dublin* in the Year 1676. in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second; the Father of our *Roscius* received a liberal Education in *Trinity College, Dublin*; from thence he went over to *Lincoln's-Inn*, to finish his Studies, where he was called to the Bar; but, at the Death of his Father (who left him a plentiful Estate), he returned with his Son, then an Infant, to take Possession.

Mr. *James Quin* was educated under the Care of Dr. *Jones*, of *Dublin* (a Person eminent for Learning), till the Death of his Father in the Year 1710. Mr. *Quin* was undoubted Heir to his Estate, but through his Youth, and Inexperience of the Courts, a Suit of Law hung so long in *Chancery*, till he, unenabled to carry the Cause farther, was obliged to drop it, for want of proper Assistance. I am inform'd, a powerful Guider of the Law was his Antagonist; and a Person has but a bad Chance to fight a Duel with a Fencing-master.

Our

Our eminent Actor first appeared on the Stage in old *Smock-alley*, in the Part of *Abel* in the *Committee*. I must take some little Pride, when I declare I imagine myself the first that persuaded him not to smother his rising Genius in this Kingdom, where, at that Time, there was no great Encouragement for Merit, and try his Fortune in *London*; whither, by his kind and ever-to-be-remember'd Recommendation, I soon follow'd him.

It is, in some sort, a Hardship to a rising Genius, in the first Entrance to a regular establish'd Company: The Parts are all supplied, and, like Under-officers in an Army, they must wait for Preferment, or do something extraordinary, before they can expect it. An Accident fell out, that gave our young Actor a happy Opportunity.

The Managers had an Order, from the *Lord Chamberlain*, to revive the Play of *Tamerlane*, for the 4th of *November* 1716. which was got up with the utmost Magnificence. The third Night the late Mr. *Mills* (who perform'd *Bajazet*) was taken suddenly ill, and, with much Persuasion, Mr. *Quin* was prevailed upon to read the Part, which was thought a great Undertaking for a young Actor of his Standing; but, to the Mortification of several Competitors, he succeeded so well, that the Audience gave him their general Applause, through the whole Course of the Part. The next Night he made himself perfect, and performed it with redoubled Applauses of Approbation; and was
com-

complimented by several Persons of Distinction, and dramatic Taste, upon his early rising Genius.

But as the Theatrical World is a Picture, in Miniature, of the Great, Envy will shake her snaky Locks; People of twice his Age thought his Progress a little too rapid for their Approbation. His Temper took fire at the visible Depression; he bore it some Time with Temper, but the first Opportunity he engag'd with Mr. *Rich* in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, where, by just Degrees, he attained the highest Round of Perfection; and (not to take any Merit from other Performers) was certainly the chief Pillar that supported all the Theatres where-ever he has performed. I will not take upon me to point out his Excellencies in any particular Part, since he is excellent in all: Therefore I shall end, with the immortal *Shakespear*,

*He is a Man, take him for all in all,
I ne'er shall look upon his Like again.*

The great Honour this Gentleman has received from the second Illustrious Person in the Kingdom, in trusting the Royal Blood to his Care, will better speak his Excellence than my weak Skill can do.

Mr.

MR. LACY RYAN.

THIS Gentleman was once in *Ireland* with the celebrated Mr. *Quin*, and Mrs. *Clive*, in the Year 1741. He was born in *England* in the Year 1694. The first Part he was taken Notice of in, was that of *Marcus* in *Cato*, which was first acted in 1712.

In the Run of that celebrated Tragedy he was accidentally brought into a Fray with some of our *Tritons* on the *Thames*; and, in the Scuffle, a Blow on the Nose was given him by one of these Water-bullies, who neither regard Men nor Manners: I remember, the same Night, as he was brought on the *Bier*, after his suppos'd Death in the Fourth Act of *Cato*, the Blood, from the real Wound in the Face, gush'd out with Violence; that Hurt had no other Effect than just turning his Nose a little, tho' not to Deformity; yet some People imagine it gave a very small Alteration to the Tone of his Voice, tho' nothing disagreeable. He acquitted himself in many capital Parts, both in Tragedy and Comedy, to the Satisfaction of his Auditors; and has been ever esteemed in the first Rank of Actors.

Some few Years ago another unfortunate Accident befel him: As he was going home to his House after his Night's Performance, he was attack'd by a Street-robber; and, making Resistance, the Villain shot a Brace of Pistol-bullets

Bullets into his Mouth, which broke some Part of his Jaw : By the Help of a Lamp the Robber knew Mr. *Ryan*, as I have been inform'd, begg'd his Pardon for his Mistake, and ran off. Of this Hurt, too, he recover'd, after a long Illness, and play'd with Success, as before, without any seeming Alteration of Voice or Face. His Royal Highness, upon this Accident, sent him a handsome Present ; and others, of the Nobility, copy'd the laudable Example of the second illustrious Person in the three Kingdoms. I shall say no more of Mr. *Ryan*, but that he is genteel, and well-made.

This Gentleman has made several Excursions in the Region of Poetry ; particularly a Piece, of one Act, call'd *The Coblers Opera*, which has often been performed with good Success.

*No Mark of Age in Face or Form appears,
But Manhood bord'ring on the Vale of Years.*

Mrs. REYNOLDS.

THE Husband of this Person gathered a Company of Actors in the *Hay-market*, London, where they, some Years ago, met with Success, for a Time ; but at last it fell to-pieces, the Sinews being relax'd by an intemperate Constitution. Mrs. *Reynolds* was well esteem'd, for a very good Performer, in this Kingdom ;

K

but

but her Reputation seems *now* to be forgot:
She's to be pitied, if it is not her own Fault.

*Scandal may heal, like gaping Wounds in War;
Yet leave behind the long-distinguish'd Scar.*

THOMAS SHERIDAN, Esq;

THIS excellent Actor was born in this Kingdom, Son to that very eminent the Reverend Dr. *Sheridan*, a Gentleman whose Memory will never be forgot, while Learning holds the Reins to check the vicious Mind, and guide us in the Paths of Virtue. Men are but human Brutes, poring in the Dark, without some Light of Education. Under such a Father, and at such a Fountain of Learning as this Nursery of Erudition (*Trinity College*), no Wonder for our young Actor to rise in Perfection. He was some Time in *Westminster School*, and as his Mind led him to look early towards the Drama, he had the Advantage of seeing the Regularity of the *British* Theatres, which he does not only copy, but many, who have seen both, find the Colours and Drapery so strong, that, at this Distance, it stands in equal Goodness to the Original.

To this Gentleman we owe the Decency that has been long wanting on the *Hibernian* Stage, a Difficulty no one Person could have surmounted but himself; and tho' Merit does
not

not always meet its proper Reward, yet the Seeds of Flowers and Roots he had planted and sown in this theatrical Garden, flourish sweet and amiable, and, like a Master in the Art, Reward follows his Pains and Judgment in Culture.

The Unmeritorious pass unobserved, while Merit is commonly the Butt for Envy to empty her whole Quiver of poison'd Arrows at; yet they generally fall short of their intended Mark. I shall leave this Gentleman to his prosperous and deserved Success, with the Character of *Envy* drawn by the inimitable Pen of Mr. *Pope*.

*Envy will Merit, as its Shade, pursue;
But, like the Shadow, proves the Substance too;
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' opposing Body's Grossness, not its own.
When first that Sun too-pow'rful Beams displays,
It draws up Vapours, which obscure its Rays;
But ev'n those Clouds, at last, adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day.*

MR. LUKE SPARKS.

MR. Sparks was born in this Kingdom, and has, by incessant Attention to the Drama, arrived to be a well-esteemed Person in the Business of the Theatre; and there are many capital Parts in the Compass of his Power; so

that he may be accounted a Person in the highest second Class. I have seen him bear up the Burden of a leading Part to please the Audience, without thinking of a better to stand in his Place. He is equally useful in the *Buskin* and *Sock*, and has the Advantage of a good Person and Voice, join'd to diligent Study. He is esteem'd an excellent Oeconomist, which may be accounted a very valuable Disposition in the *theatrical World*; there is something in the very Science of the Stage that urges on to pleasurable Expence. I knew a Gentleman that call'd *London* the Body of Pleasure, and the Theatre the Heart.

Mr. *Sparks* is now in *London*, at the Fountain of theatrical Erudition; and, I make no doubt, from his good Sense, at his Return to his native Country, he will meet with the proper Esteem his Merit deserves. All, or most People, find Satisfaction in Novelty; and a long Possession of the best Things is apt to depreciate them.

*'Tis Novelty that brightens all our Joys;
Ev'n Beauty's Self, by long Possession, cloy's.*

MR. ISAAC SPARKS.

THERE are many Parts that become the Figure of this Person, which is of a superior Height; and Nature has bestowed upon him a Vein of Humour that gives Satisfaction

tisfaction to the Audience. I have not seen him act since his Return to his native Country; but I am inform'd, by very good Judges, that he performs the Character of Sir *Samson Legend*, in *Love for Love*, to the utmost Perfection, with many Characters of that Cast; which will prove almost as useful in a Theatre as a Hero, or a Lover.

*True Merit, with magnetic Impulse, draws
A willing Contribution of Applause.*

Mr. CHARLES STORER,

WAS born in *England*, in the Town of *Lancaster*. His strong Inclination for the Stage led him early to try his Fortune there, where he has succeeded very well. His good Understanding keeps him within the Bounds of his own Power, which is the ready Road never to meet with Displeasure. I think his Talent leads him to old Men in Comedy, and the artificial Wrinkles in his Face seem to content him best, which is something singular with young Persons in a Theatre: For to appear pretty Fellows, is generally the Aim of all young Attempters in the theatrical Province. I have seen him give great Satisfaction in *Gomez* in the *Spanish Fryar*, *Foresight* in *Love for Love*, with other Parts of the same Cast: And what, in my Opinion, shews the Strength

of his Judgment is, that he was some Years before he entered into any establish'd Theatre : Therefore he has followed the best Guide, Nature, which is ever sure to be right.

*Good Sense and Nature are not form'd by
Art ;
But spring from secret Movements of the
Heart.*

Mrs. STORER (formerly Miss CLARK),

REcommends herself by her amiable Person, Good-nature, and her excellent sweet harmonious Manner in Singing ; therefore she is too much desired to shew her Excellence that Way, to perform many Speaking Parts, but where her exalted Talent is required : And then, whatever she says, or sings, thus properly introduced, she doubly charms in. I shall end with four Lines of a Poem on *Ranelagh* Gardens, written last Summer in *London*.

*Then Storer—with her sweet. enchanting
Strains,
Steals to our Hearts, and o'er our Senses
reigns ;
With ravish'd Ears we hear the pleasing
Sounds,
And heav'nly Joys the vaulted Roof resounds.*

George

GEORGE SWAN, Esq;

IS a Gentleman of a good Family, born in *England*. He was made Manager of the Play-house in *Aungier-street*; which, I think, was a difficult Attempt for a Gentleman almost a Stranger to the Affairs of a *Theatre*. It is a very thinking Task; and a Person of Pleasure must either drop his Pursuits of that Kind, or sink in the boisterous Waves, which will require all his Time and Art to steer his Vessel right: As well may a Country Gentleman, who never saw the Sea, by Interest take the Command of a First Rate Man of War. However, this Person, by a genteel Behaviour, accompany'd with Affability, joined with good Nature, gained the Esteem of every one. He played several Parts with a delicate Decency. A Person of Distinction asked an Actor his Opinion of Mr. Swan's Performance, who reply'd, *He played very well as a Gentleman*. The Person replied, *I should be very glad to see you play like one with all my Heart*.

I have heard Mr. Swan has espoused a Lady of considerable Fortune in *England*^s, which

^s I have been informed this Gentleman had a considerable Post at *Cape-Breton*: If it be true, the Duration of his Office (now Peace is concluded) may not last him longer than the Government of the Theatre.

he may know how to use to the best Advantage; but the Management of a Theatre was a Task too hard for him.

*As well may Readers turn reverse the Book,
Or reap the Harvest with a Pruning-book.*

Mr. JOHN THURMOND,

WAS an Actor of Repute in this Kingdom about Thirty Years past, and stood in many capital Parts, being then a Sharer in old *Smock-Alley* Theatre with Mr. *Thomas Ellington*, &c.

To let you see how formerly even Tragedy Heroes were now-and-then put to their Shifts, I'll tell you a short Story that befel Mr. *Thurmond*.

It was a Custom, at that Time, for Persons of the First Rank and Distinction to give their Birth-Day Suits to the most favoured Actors. I think Mr. *Thurmond* was honour'd by General *Ingoldby* with his. But his *Finances* being at the last Tide of Ebb, the rich Suit was put in *Buckle* (a Cant Word for Forty in the Hundred Interest): One Night, Notice was given that the General would be present with the *Government* at the Play, and all the Performers on the Stage were preparing to dress out in the Suits presented. The Spouse of *Johnny* (as he was commonly called) try'd all her Arts to persuade Mr. *Holdfast* the Pawn-

Pawnbroker (*as it fell out, his real Name*) to let go the Cloaths for that Evening, to be returned when the Play was over: But all Arguments were fruitless; nothing but the *Ready*, or a Pledge of full equal Value. Such People would have despised a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, with all their Rhetorical Flourishes, if their Oratorian Gowns had been in Pledge. Well! what must be done? The whole Family in Confusion, and all at their Wits-End; Disgrace, with her glaring Eyes, and extended Mouth, ready to devour. Fatal Appearance! At last *Winny* the Wife (that is, *Winifrede*) put on a compos'd Countenance (but, alas! with a troubled Heart); stepp'd to a neighbouring Tavern, and bespoke a very hot *Negus*, to comfort *Johnny* in the great Part he was to perform that Night, begging to have the Silver Tankard with the Lid, because, as she said, *a Covering, and the Vehicle Silver, would retain Heat longer than any other Metal*. The Request was comply'd with, the *Negus* carry'd to the Play-house piping hot — popp'd into a vile earthen Mug — the Tankard *L'argent* travelled *Incog.* under her Apron (like the *Persian* Ladies veil'd), popp'd into the Pawnbroker's Hands, in exchange for the Suit — put on, and play'd its Part, with the rest of the Wardrobe; when its Duty was over, carried back to remain in its old Depository — the Tankard return'd the right Road; and, when the Tide flow'd with its Lunar Influence, the stranded Suit was waisted into safe

Harbour again, after paying a little for *dry Docking*, which was all the Damage receiv'd.

Mr. *Thurmond* died in *London*, when he was one of the Company in *Drury-Lane Theatre*; a merry, good-natured Companion to the last.

Thus Woman's Wit (tho' some account it evil)

With artful Wiles can over-reach the Devil.

Mrs. THURMOND.

HER maiden Name was *Lewis*, born of reputable Parents at *Epsom* in *Surry*. She was married to Mr. *John Thurmond*, the Son of the above-mentioned: He is a Person of a clear Head and a clear Heart, and inherits the Mirth and Humour of his late Father.

Mrs. *Thurmond* has an amiable Person and good Voice: She wisely left the Bustle and Business of the Stage, in her full and ripe Performance; and, at that time, left behind her but few that excell'd her. Mr. *Thurmond* contriv'd many profitable *Pantomimes* for the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and was esteem'd formerly a very good Stage Dancer; but left the Practice, before it left him.

*The flow'ry Bloom of May adorns the Stage:
We shed our Lustre in declining Age.*

*But, yet, how few observe the lab'ring Ant,
To save a Winter-Store, when most they want!*

Mr.

Mr. VANDERBANK,

WAS born in *England*, in the Year 1684.
His Father came originally from *Holland*. Mr. *Vanderbank* was brought up in the Sea-Service; but, not liking that inconstant Element, he embarked on a Trading Theatre in *England* for some time, till he made a Voyage to this Kingdom, where he has remained these Two-and-thirty Years. He was, as *Shakespear* says, *Sunk in the Vale of Years*, when I arrived here in 1741. and has not performed many Parts since that Time. But I am informed, both he and Mrs. *Vanderbank* stood in high Esteem formerly; but they have both left the Stage some time.

*Declining Age to sprightly Youth gives place,
As these must do the next Theatric Race.*

Mr. BENJAMIN VICTOR.

I Might have, in one respect, omitted this Gentleman, as he only performed for his own Diversion. But as few Persons, that are not profess'd Actors, know better, as I may say, the Dignity of the Theatre, than himself, I hope he will excuse this mentioning him to the Public. He was bred in *London*, had a genteel Education, and, from a just Way of

Thinking and Acting, has improved his Merits. Tho' he does not make Poetry his Profession, yet I have seen several correct little Poems of his. As he has wrote many agreeable Pieces, that have never come to the Press, I shall beg Leave, as a Taste, to give one that has.

A CANTATA,

Performed at the Castle of *Dublin* the 21st of *January* 1747-8. the Birth-Day of his Royal Highness FREDERIC, Prince of WALES. Set to Music by Mr. *Dubourg*.

RECITATIVE.

LET the soft captivating Strains
Of swelling Harmony begin :
In tuneful Numbers let the Swains
Great Harrington's Attention win :
Hibernia, pleas'd, will listen to the Lay,
That welcomes in our FRED'RIC's natal Day!

AIR.

Hail! Day of Hope! O Prince renown'd!
Belov'd! with ev'ry Virtue crown'd!
Enrich'd with Merit in thy earliest Youth,
Friend to the Friends of Liberty and Truth!
The social Titles all are thine:
They make the Great illustrious shine!
The Muse can with Delight commend,
The Husband, Father, and the Friend.

Da Capo.

R E-

RECITATIVE.

*Ne'er shall corroding Cares his Breast intrude;
For such can no Admission find
Within the bright unblemish'd Mind,
That knows the Joys of heav'nly Solitude.*

DUET.

*There, happy, free from public Strife,
He tastes the Sweets of private Life;
Bless'd with AUGUSTA, and her Race,
With whom our Hopes and Joys increase;
Future Sceptres they shall wield,
Shine in Courts, and grasp the Shield.*

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

*Live, FRED'RIC! live, to teach their Youth,
How to rule where Freedom reigns;
More than Crowns to value Truth,
And bind fierce Tyranny in Chains.*

This Gentleman has usher'd Two little Pieces on the Stage; one, a *Pastoral*; the other, *The Mock Pilgrim*, altered into One Act from a Comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mrs. VINCENT (formerly Miss BINKS),

WHEN I left *England*, Seven Years ago, was a very promising young Actress; and I am informed, from those that have seen her on the Stage *here*, that she is greatly improved; which I am apt to believe from the
Judg-

Judgment of the Manager, who would certainly give the best Parts to the best Performers. 'Tis the Interest of all Theatrical Managers to perform every thing in the best Manner; to do otherwise would be hurting themselves.

*That Teacher might be justly call'd a Fool,
Who plac'd a Dunce in his first Class at School.*

ROBERT WILKS, Esq;

THE Ancestors of this most excellent Comedian, were seated many Ages in an affluent Inheritance at *Bromsgrove*^h in *Worcestershire*, where most of the chief Inhabitants bear the Name of *Wilks*.

The Grandfather of our excellent Comedian (Judge *Wilks*), in the Civil Wars, rais'd a Troop of Horse, at his own Expence, for the Service of the unfortunate King *Charles* the First, which was commanded by Col. *Wilks*, Brother to the Judge, and Great Uncle to our Comedian.

In that unnatural War, the Family suffered greatly by Rapine and Persecution; which was the main Motive that sent *Edward Wilks*, Esq; with his Wife, and the shatter'd Remains of an ample Fortune, to *Dublin*, for the Security of his Person, &c.

^h *Bromsgrove* is one of the chief trading Towns in the County for the finest Broad Cloths, containing about 500 well-built Houses on the Brink of the River *Salwarp*, 93 measur'd Miles from *London*.

Our great Comedian was born at *Rathfarnham* near *Dublin*, in the Year 1670. His Father gave him a genteel Education. He wrote an excellent fine masterly Hand, with such Celerity that was surprizing. His Genius recommended him to Secretary *Southwell*, who confirm'd him one of his Clerks when Eighteen Years of Age.

His first Inclination to the *Theatre* proceeded from the Praises of Mr. *Richards*, then an Actor on the *Dublin* Stage. Mr. *Richards* lodg'd near Mr. *Wilks*; and, being intimate with each other, he used to hold the Book of the Play, to hear if *Richards* was perfect in the Part he was then studying. Mr. *Wilks* used to read the introductive Speeches, with such proper Emphasis, Cadence, and all the various Passions, that the Encomiums given by Mr. *Richards* began to fire his Mind for the *Drama*. It was with very little Persuasion he ventured to act privately the *Colonel* in the *Spanish Fryar*, at Mr. *Ashbury's*, the ensuing *Christmas*; where he received such Approbation from that great Master, as confirm'd his Intention.

The first Part he played on the Theatre was *Othello*, with the utmost Applause; and, as he told me, pleased all but himself. He went on with great Success, for Two Years, when his Friend Mr. *Richards*¹ advised him to try his

¹ Mr. *Ashbury* informed me, that Mr. *Richards* was a very good Actor, both in Tragedy and Comedy, but not over-happy in his personal Appearance.

Fortune in *England*, and gave him Letters of Recommendation to Mr. *Betterton*, who receiv'd him very kindly, and entered him at Fifteen Shillings a Week.

His first Appearance on the *English* Stage, was in the Part of the young Prince in the *Maid's Tragedy*, a very insignificant Character, requiring little more than an amiable Figure. Mr. *Betterton* performed *Melantius*; but when that veteran Actor came to address him on the Battlements, to excuse himself for the Death of the King in the Play, Mr. *Wilks* affirmed to me, that the Dignity of Mr. *Betterton* struck him with such an Awe, that he had much ado to utter the little he had to say. Mr. *Betterton*, observing his Confusion, said to him, *Young Man, this Fear does not ill become you; a Horse that sets out at the Strength of his Speed will soon be jaded.*

However, Mr. *Wilks* soon shook off his Apprehensions, and began to rise in the Esteem of the Audience, and better Parts gained him a better Salary.

He often assisted Mr. *Harris* (an eminent Dancing-master at that time) in teaching his Scholars; and, by his genteel Address, gained the Affection of a young Lady, Daughter to *Ferdinand Knapton*, Esq; Steward of the New Forest in *Hampshire*, and by Consent of the Father they were joined in Wedlock. By this Gentlewoman he had one Son and Daughter; the Son died in his Youth; the Daughter was married

married to Captain *Price*^a, to whom he made up a Fortune of a thousand Pounds.

Mr. *Wilks*'s Finances not well answering the State of an increasing Family, he press'd for an Addition to his Salary, which every Person but the *Manager* thought he deserved; but his Request was not complied with.

Mr. *Ashbury* in *Ireland*, hearing of his Discontent, came over on Purpose to engage him. He agreed with Mr. *Wilks* for Sixty Pounds a Year, and a clear Benefit, which in those Times was much more than any other Actor ever had. When he went to take his Leave of Mr. *Betterton*, the *Manager* was with him. That great Actor expressed some Concern at his leaving the Company. "I fancy (said " Mr. *Betterton*) that Gentleman (pointing to " the *Manager*), if he has not too much Ob- " stinacy to own it, will be the first that re- " pents your parting; for, if I foresee aright, " you will be greatly wanted here."

Mr. *Wilks* told me this Speech gave him infinite Pleasure; and made him resolve to search into himself, to find out what Mr. *Betterton*'s known Judgment seemed to promise he might find. Praise from an Adept in any Science will excite Emulation, and, with some People, do more than Reward. From this Time Mr. *Wilks* grew more assiduous, and thought every Moment lost, that was not laid

^a Mrs. *Price* did not survive her Marriage above a Twelvemonth. She expired childless in the Year 1712. the 20th Year of her Age.

out upon his Studies, till he arrived at that supreme Excellence, even now remembered by innumerable Judges of the *Drama*.

It was not long before the prophetic Words of Mr. *Betterton* were fulfilled. For the unfortunate Death of *Mountford*¹ was the Sickneſs of all their genteel Comedies, till his Parts could be ſupplied. Mr. *Wilks*, therefore, was immediately ſent to, with Propoſals of Four Pounds a Week; which was a Salary equal to Mr. *Betterton*. This was too advantageous an Offer to be reſuſed; therefore he prepared for his Journey privately. Mr. *Aſhbury* was ſo unwilling to part with him, that he procured an Order from the Duke of *Ormond* (then Lord Lieutenant) to prevent his going; but a particular Friend giving him timely Notice thereof, he went ſecretly to *Hoath*, where a Boat waited to convey him on board, and he landed ſafe in *England*.

¹ Mr. *William Mountford* was accounted an excellent Comedian; and Mr. *Wilks* often confeſs'd, he was the Glaſs that he ever adjusted himſelf by.

Mr. *Mountford* was baſely murder'd by a Thrufi thro' the Back, while a falſe Friend held him in his Arms with a treacherous Embrace, in *Norfolk-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in the Year 1692. He was the Author of the following Plays.

1. *Injur'd Love, or, The Ambitious Father.* A Tragedy, 1688.

2. *The Successful Strangers.* A Comedy, 1690.

3. *Greenwich Park.* A Comedy, 1691.

4. *The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus*, 1691. with the Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*. An Entertainment of Three Acts.

The first Part he performed of *Mountford's* was *Palamede*^m in *Dryden's Marriage Alamode*, a Comedy, with such extraordinary Success, as he often said, it made him almost mad with Joy. I need say no more of his Progress in Success, than that he failed in the full Tide of Fortune, till he arrived safely to reign unrivalled to his Death.

And, as a Reward for his great Merit, he was joined in the Patent granted by Queen *Anne* in the Year 1709. He was also Manager of the Whole; and I shall not take from the Merit of others, when I say, From his sole Directions the Stage gained new Life, and Reward followed the Industry. For a continued Course of the Three Managers, for more than Twenty Years, the Stage was in full Perfection; their Green-Roomsⁿ were free from Indecencies of every Kind, and might justly be compared to the most elegant Drawing-Rooms of the Prime Quality: No Fops or Coxcombs ever shew'd their Monkey Tricks there; but if they chanc'd to thrust in, were aw'd into Respect; even Persons of the First Rank and Taste, of both Sexes, would often mix with the Performers, without any

^m Mr. *Cibber* has, from this Play of *Marriage Alamode*, and the Comedy Part of *Secret Love*, or the *Maiden Queen*, compounded (with some Ingredients of his own) an excellent Comedy called the *Comical Lowers*.

ⁿ Green-Rooms are the Chambers where the principal Performers retire, till they are called to their Entrances where they are to go on the Stage.

Stain to their Honour or Understanding: And, indeed, Mr. *Wilks* was so genteelly elegant in his Fancy of Dress for the Stage, that he was often followed in his Fashion, tho', in the Street, his Plainness of Habit was remarkable.

In *March* 1713-14. Mrs. *Wilks* ° left this World, to the inconsolable Sorrow of her worthy Husband: He continued unmarried upwards of Seven Years. In the mean time he renewed his Acquaintance with Mrs. *Fell*, Relict of *Charles Fell*, Esq; of an antient Family in *Lancashire*, and married her. This Gentlewoman's maiden Name was *Brown*, of a reputable Family in *Suffex* ^p.

Mr.

° Mrs. *Wilks* was interr'd in the Church of *Covent-Garden*, with the following Inscription on her Tomb, wrote by her Husband.

Beneath this Marble
Lies *Elizabeth Wilks*, late Wife to *Robert Wilks*,
of this Parish, Gent.
The Purity of her Mind, which appeared in all the
Duties of a virtuous Life, made her a good Wife,
Daughter, Mother, and Friend.
Her Affection was like her Piety,
Constant, as unfeigned, to her last Moment.
In Memory of her Virtues,
This Monument was erected by her Husband.
She died the 21st of *March* 1713-14, in the 42d Year
of her Age.

^p I shall relate an unfortunate Accident concerning *John Brown*, Esq; the Father of Mr. *Wilks*'s Second Wife, which he informed me of. This Gentleman lived near *Spelmonden* in *Kent*, on a handsome Estate. He took

Mr. *Wilks*'s Excellence in Comedy was never once disputed, but the best Judges extol him for the different Parts in Tragedy; as *Hamlet*, *Castalio* in the *Orphan*, *Ziphares* in *Mithridates*, *Edgar* in *King Lear*, *Norfolk* in the *Albion Queens*, *Piercy* in *Anna Bullen*, *Earl of Essex*, *Shore*, *Macduff*, *Moneses* in *Tamerlane*, *Jaffeir* in *Venice Preserv'd*; and a countless Catalogue of other Parts in Tragedy, which he was allowed to perform in their full Perfection.

He was not only perfect in every Part he acted, but in those that were concerned with him in every Scene, which often prevented Mistakes.

took great Delight in Shooting. One Day he went out with his Servant to his usual Diversion; they sprung some Game that flew over a neighbouring Hedge; he ordered his Servant to follow and observe them on the other Side, while he would take care on the Side where he was. The Hedge was of great Extent, and Mr. *Brown* went slowly by the Side, in Expectation of the Game; at last they came, and he fired. The Servant on the other Side of the Hedge did the same, and unfortunately shot his Master in the Face, only with Two Grains of Shot; but, alas! one in each Eye, that for ever deprived him of Sight! Yet Mr. *Wilks* inform'd me, he was as chearful a Gentleman as ever he conversed with; and would lead him to every particular Fruit-tree in his large Garden, and nominate the Fruit they bore; and that very Servant, the *Innocent Guilty*, as he call'd him, lived with him at the Time I received this Account from Mr. *Wilks*.

But

But let me have recourse to other Pens for his Excellencies. One writes thus :

“ No sooner had Mr. *Wilks* left the *Hibernian* Stage, and appeared on the *British*, but that sinking Theatre raised its drooping Head ; and what was reckoned almost a Scandal to belong to, has ever since been, by that great Man’s Management and Justice, raised to the greatest Theatre in the Universe.” *Female Tatler*.

“ The Person and Behaviour of Mr. *Wilks*, in the Part of *Effex*, has no small Share in conducting to the Popularity of the Play.” *Tatler*, N^o. 14. Vol. 1.

“ This Performance (*The Trip to the Jubilee*) is the greatest Instance that we can have of the irresistible Force of proper Action. Mr. *Wilks* enters into the Part with so much Skill, that the Gallantry, the Youth, and Gaiety, of a young Man of a plentiful Fortune, is looked upon with as much Indulgence on the Stage, as in real Life.” *Tatler*, N^o. 19.

In the Preface to the same Play the Author says : “ Whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose Mr. *Wilks*, that *Wildair* may go to the *Jubilee*.”

In the Preface to the *Siratagem*, the Author ends thus : “ The Reader may find some Faults in this Play, which my Illness prevented the amending of ; but there is great Amends made in the Representation, which cannot be matched, no more than
“ the

“ the friendly and indefatigable Care of Mr.
 “ *Wilks*, to whom I chiefly owe the Success
 “ of the Play.”

Here is enough said to illustrate the personal Qualifications of this Gentleman as an Actor ; therefore let me attempt to delineate his Mind.

His Purse was ever open to proper Objects of Charity ; and I have often seen Tears in his Eyes at the Relation of any Misfortune that beset others. He was ever the first Proposer in any joint Charity from the Theatrical Stock, and, I am convinced, has often prevailed upon their unwilling Liberality. His Care of the Orphan Daughters of Mr. *Farquhar*, by giving them several Benefit Plays, continued to the last of his Days ; and, in losing him, they have in Reality lost a Father : But, I hope, his constant Stream of Bounty has placed them above Want. In short, his private Acts of Charity are numberless. I shall add one in particular.

A Gentleman, a Native of *Ireland*, whose Name is *Smith*, who received a liberal Education in *Trinity-College, Dublin*, brought a Tragedy to the Managers of the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, for their Approbation : The Play was read, and returned, with Desire to make some Alterations for the next Season. This postponing but ill agreed with our Author's Circumstances, that loudly called for a speedy Supply. Mr. *Wilks*, knowing the ill State of his Finances, bought a Night of his Brother

ther Managers, and gave it to Mr. *Smith* for a Benefit. Yet he did not think that sufficient, but used all his Interest to make it truly a Benefit, and put a Hundred Guineas clear in the Author's Pocket; with which he took Leave of his Benefactor, and the Muses; embarked for *Holland*, where he put himself under the Tuition of the great *Boerhaave* at *Leyden*; and, in time, profited so well, that his great Master of Medicine sent him to *Petersburgh*, at the Request of the *Czarina*, where, at his first Arrival, a handsome Pension was settled upon him. I have seen several Letters from this Gentleman to Mr. *Wilks*; a Copy of one I procured from his Widow, which I shall give as a Note, for the Singularity of it ^a.

This

^a *Petersburgh, Jan. 7. O. S.*

My dear Friend,

I Received yours with inexpressible Pleasure, by Captain *Parwlet*, with the Books. How shall I thank you? But no Matter. *You desire I would give you an Account of myself.* I am, at this Instant, alone in my Chamber, wrapt up to my Nose in Furs, before a Wood-fire, that might serve you in the Street for a Night of Rejoicing (for Stoves I do not use); on my Right of the Table, my Ink and Paper; on the Left, a Bottle of good *Nantz*, tho' I'm no Sot; and yet the Moon and Stars shine bright, without a Cloud large enough to cover a Tragedy Plume. When Day appears, I must see it with a Candle; for my Windows will be covered with a cold Coat of Frost, more of a thick *Substance* than the Glass; and yet it is not three to one, but To-morrow's Sun's short Progress will unclath 'em, and leave 'em stark naked again. If I

were

This great and good Man continued to charm till the last of his performing on the Stage.

‘ were to appear before you, fashionably dress’d, you would take me for a *Russian* Bear, I am so clumsily be-furr’d, not only from *Top to Toe* (as *Hamlet* says), but Head and Feet.

‘ I have Practice, more than I desire, this cold, cold Weather, and well paid: A Physician to the Crown here never wants Practice. I was sent for Yesterday to a Man that had been dead some Hours, a Nobleman’s Servant, frozen to Death behind his Master’s *Sled*; but I left him to be bury’d (first receiving my Fee, and a Pint Glas of Brandy); for I am not holy enough to work Miracles.

‘ I have a good Stomach, and eat and drink well. Here is no want of any thing, but Warmth in our long Winter, and Coolness in our short Summer, being many Degrees different from you in both. However, we have our Winter Fires, and Summer shady Groves and Bowers. I have served my Time to the Language of the Country, and it is now become my Servant. My Royal Mistress is a good plump round-fac’d Lady, and does me the Honour to ask me some Questions, now we understand each other. Were you here, you would have but a small Share in Amours; Love goes by Weight in *Russia*, and those that thrive in Flesh, succeed best. A native Painter would draw *Venus* like an overgrown Hostess, and *Harper* would make an excellent *Mars* in Picture, lolling at the Feet of the fat *Cyprian* Goddess: Were the well-grown Bear here, he would be *Bojar* (or Lord) at his first Landing. My greatest Task is to keep sober amongst a Nation of Drunkards. Captain *Pawlet* will bring you a few Furs, with a small Quantity of Ermin, the Product of *Russia*. Were I settled in *Greenland*, I should do the same, and land you a *Whale*, or a *White Bear*. You will receive them without any other Weight but themselves. But who gave me these Furs? this Affluence?

L

‘ this

242 Robert Wilks, *Esq*;

Stage. He left this World the 27th of *September* 1732. and, I must declare, I have not yet seen his Equal in *Comedy*. His disconsolate Widow caused the following Inscription to be put on his Monument in *St. Paul's, Covent-garden*, with the Arms of the *Wilks's* Family; which are, *Three Roses*, and a *Rose* for the *Crest*. His second Wife lies also in the same Vault, lately deceased.

Near this Place

(In Hopes of a happy Resurrection)

Lies the Body of ROBERT WILKS, Esq;
One of the Patentees of his Majesty's Theatre.

A Man in private Life,

For many amiable Qualities, justly esteemed;
In Public universally applauded.

In the same Vault

(United again in Death)

Lies his beloved and loving Wife, MARY,
Daughter of John Brown, Esq; of Spelmonden
In the County of Kent,

• this Royal Mistress? this happy Situation? A Man
• just of your Age and Stature. If you can't find him
• out, ask my dear and worthy Friend Sir Harry Wildair,
• and tell him at the same time the Grain was his; and
• the Reaper, with the Crop, shall ever be at his Com-
• mand, &c.'

† This superexcellent Comedian, by his own Request, was interr'd at 12 o'Clock at Night, to avoid Ostentation; yet, to pay his Memory the greatest Honour that was ever done to a Subject, the Gentlemen of the Choir belonging to the King's Chapel came voluntarily, and performed an *Antiphon* prepared for the solemn Occasion.

Relief

Mr. Woodward.

242

*Relict of Charles Fell, Esq; of Swarthmore-hall
In Lancashire;*

*An affectionate Wife, and indulgent Mother;
A kind Mistress, and a faithful Friend.*

*Her charitable Disposition to the Poor
Was at all times extended, to the utmost of
Her Power,*

*And flowed from a Heart sensibly affected
With Compassion and Benevolence.*

There is no Issue left of this excellent Man to perpetuate his Memory; but his good Deeds will last for ever. I shall finish with two Lines of a Poem wrote upon his Death.

*Farewel! O born with ev'ry Art to please!
Politeness, Grace, Gentility, and Ease.*

MR. HENRY WOODWARD,

WAS born in the Year 1717. in London, where he received a genteel Education. He is a very thriving Comedian, and a very peaceable Mimic, for he never strikes first; but, if he receives the first Blow, he generally returns it with double the Strength of his Adversary. He is an excellent Harlequin, and has what most of the motley-coat Gentry want, an excellent Head to his Heels; and if his black Mask should be thrown aside for a whole Age (tho' Levity will hardly lie so long obscured), yet, as a just and pleasing Actor in Comedy,

L 2

he

he can never want Encouragement any-where, if Theatres are in Use, joined to his good Understanding and Pleasantry. His Good-nature is ever conspicuous upon all proper Occasions, cool in his Resentments, and warm in his Friendships, a Man fit for the World, and the World for him; and knows how to look on Fortune.

*Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone;
The Wise are always Masters of their own.*

MR. ROBERT WETHERILT.

THIS Person was born at *Stamford* in *Lincolnshire*, in the Year 1708. where his Father and Mother, belonging to a Country Company, were then playing. He play'd, as he inform'd me, the Part of the *Duke of York* in *Richard the Third*, before he could speak plain; so that it may be said, he was born an Actor. He came with his Mother (who was a well-esteemed Actress at that Time) to *Drury-lane* a Boy, where he shewed his rising Genius, first, in the Part of 'Squire *Richard* in the *Provok'd Husband*; from thence he went to the Theatre in *Goodman's-Fields*, where he marry'd the Sister of Mr. *Denis Delane*, then of that Theatre.

In the Year 1738. he came over into this Kingdom, and may be well remember'd; his Excellence, in several Parts of Comedy, having not yet been outdone. I cannot avoid men-

tioning a Passage in the Life of this truly good Comedian.

While he and his Family belong'd to the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*, after the Company had finish'd the Season of Playing in *London* (which generally is at the End of *May*), he, with his Father and Mother, went, for the Summer-season, to play at several Towns in *Lincolnshire* (the Custom of many of both established Theatres). When the Company were summon'd to meet in *London* at the usual Time (the latter End of *August*) to begin the Winter-season, I receiv'd the following short Letter :

“ *Grantham, August 2.*

“ S I R,

“ **M**R. *Wetherilt*, and his Wife, beg you
 “ will excuse them to Mr. *Wilks* ; their
 “ Son is at the Point of Death. They beg
 “ an Answer. Be pleas'd to direct to your
 “ humble Servant *R. Stukely*, Apothecary, in
 “ *Grantham, Lincolnshire.*”

The Meaning why I mention this Letter is, that the Son, the very Night this Letter was wrote, in all Appearance, expir'd, was stripp'd and wash'd, the Bed taken away, and he laid stretch'd on a Mat, with a Basen of Salt (a common Custom in *England*) placed on his Stomach, the inconsolable Parents remov'd to another House, the Coffin brought to the Son's

Chamber, and the Windows all open. About Eight at Night a Person was sent with a Light to watch the Corpse: When she open'd the Door, the first Object she perceiv'd was poor *Bob* (as he was generally call'd by his Familiars) sitting up, with his Teeth trembling in his Head (and well they might) with Cold. The Woman, in her Fright, dropp'd the Candle, and scream'd out, *The Devil! the Devil!* This Fright alarm'd another Woman below, who ran up-stairs to see what was the Matter: In the mean time *Bob*, with much ado, had made a Shift to get from the Bed; and, taking up the Candle, which lay upon the Floor unextinguish'd, was creeping to the Door to call for Assistance, as naked as from the Womb of his Mother; which the two Women perceiving, with joint Voices repeated again, *A Ghost! a Ghost! the Devil! the Devil!* The Master of the House, hearing this Uproar, ran himself, to know the Reason; where poor *Bob*, the suppos'd Devil, and he, soon came to a right Understanding. He was put into a warm Bed, to the unspeakable Joy of his desponding Parents, and in ten Days after in *London* (*viva voce*) told me the whole Story of his Death.

This Accident, when real Death paid him a Visit, work'd so strongly upon his forlorn Parents, that they would not let his Corpse be coffin'd till five Days after he expir'd. Vain Hope! He died in 1743. in the 35th Year of his Age. Both his Parents died soon after him. I am sorry to end this Account with saying, his
Company

Company was so desirable, that he had many Tryals of Skill with his Constitution. He was buried, in a very genteel Manner, in the Round Churchyard.

*In Tryals of Drinking, pray let me assure ye,
I never intend to be one of the Jury.*

MR. THOMAS WALKER.

THIS Person was born in the Year 1700. In his Youth he was a very promising Actor. The Part of *Charles* in the *Nonjuror*, a Comedy founded upon *Moliere's Tartuff*, by Mr. *Cibber*, which was perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane* in the Year 1717. gave him the first Establishment as an Actor. The Applause he gain'd from performing the Part of *Macheath* in the *Beggars Opera*, was fatal to him: He follow'd *Bacchus* too ardently, insomuch that his Credit was often drown'd upon the Stage, and, by Degrees, almost render'd him useless.

He was the suppos'd Author of two dramatic Pieces; viz. *The Quakers Opera*, and a Tragedy call'd *The Fate of Villainy*. This Play he brought to *Ireland* in the Year 1744. and prevailed on the Proprietors to act it, under the Title of *Love and Loyalty*. The second Night was given out for his Benefit; but not being able to pay in Half the Charge of the common Expences, the Doors were order'd to be kept

shut: But, I remember, few People came to ask the Reason. However, I fear this Disappointment hasten'd his Death; for he survived it but three Days; dying, in the 44th Year of his Age, a Martyr to what often stole from him a good Understanding.

*He who delights in Drinking out of Season,
Takes wond'rous Pains to drown his manly
Reason.*

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT.

THIS Gentleman was born in the Year 1707. He is descended of a good Family, and had a liberal Education. It is with some Concern I say he had *once* a good Fortune.

His first Appearance as an Actor, in London, was with Mr. Giffard, at the Theatre in Goodman's-Fields, from whence he removed with that Gentleman to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre; and from thence he was invited to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-lane: But, receiving some ill Usage from Mr. Fleetwood, then Patentee, he came over to this Kingdom in the Year 1741. where he appeared to great Advantage in several capital Characters. He afterwards went out, with a Country Company, to several Parts of this Kingdom, and is now, as I am inform'd, Head of a Company of Players in England. In my Opinion, his Deservings

servings might make him desirable in any regular Theatre; he having a proper Person, pleasing Voice, and being always perfect in what he performs, joined to a good Understanding to *feel* what he speaks.

*But various Causes various Minds employ;
Some love to save, while others would destroy.*

MR. JAMES WORSDALE.

THIS facetious Person must not be forgot, whose Performance, as an Actor and a Poet, has often diverted the Town. He was taught the Use of the Pencil under that celebrated Painter Sir *Godfrey Kneller*. I do not pretend to rescue him from the Lash of a Lady who has thought fit to correct him; but this I know, that I have been in his Company, when his quick Imagination has struck out several Pieces of Humour that have given great Pleasure, in his Manner of Singing. To give one Instance of it: He and I were together, without any other Company; when, on the Back of a Play-bill, he struck out the following Song, for his little Opera call'd *A Cure for a Scold*.

*W*Hoe'er to a Wife
Is link'd for his Life,
Is plac'd in a wretched Condition;
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,
Like a Blister she sticks,

And

*And Death is his only Physician,
 Poor Man,
 And Death, &c.*

*So the Cur who possess
 A Bone of the best,
 Could lick it, or leave it, at Pleasure ;
 But if to his Tail
 'Tis ty'd, without fail
 He's harass'd and plagu'd, without Measure,
 Poor Cur,
 He's harass'd, &c.*

Now what convinces me of the quick Coinage of this Song is, that the last Stanza was produced by the Accident of seeing a Dog run, at that Instant, by the Window, with a Bone ty'd to his Tail, follow'd by a hooting Mob, This may certainly be said of him, that he had an inexhaustible Fund of Good-humour, Good-nature, and Generosity ; and might have had a heavier Purse, if he had not been so light of Heart. I shall end with two Lines of his own, with very little Variation.

*May he ever from Duns and from Bailiffs be
 freed,
 And shake a loose Leg on each Side of the
 Tweed.*

Mr. JOHN WATSON,

IS a Person worthy of Imitation, from his Oeconomy and Behaviour in private Life. He belonged to the Stage from his Youth, first as a *Prompter*, but many Years as an Actor: If he does not excel, he is ever decent. His long Continuance in the Business has made him perfect almost in every Character, and such a Person must be extremely useful in a Theatre.

*He best can guide a Stranger in the Road,
Who oft the mazy Labyrinth has trod.*

Mr. JAMES WILLIAMS,

MUST not be forgot, since what he does, he does well; and, in my Judgment, were he put forward in some Parts in Low Comedy, his Execution would not lose him any Reputation. In one Ingredient to make up a Play, I think him the best I have ever known; that is, a *Property-man*^s.

^s *Property-man* is the Person that receives a Bill from the *Prompter*, for what is necessary in every new or reviv'd Play; as Purfes, Wine, Suppers, Poison, Daggers, Halters, Axes, and many more Implements of Execution, with a Thousand other &c. &c. &c.

His

*His bloodless Weapons only kill in Jest;
And those that drink his Poisons, fare the best.*

Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

THIS amiable Actress was born in *Dublin* of reputable Parents, who gave her a genteel Education. Her sprightly Genius led her early to the Stage, where she made a rapid Progress: Her first Establishment was in the Character of *Sir Harry Wildair* in this Kingdom, which was the first Part she perform'd in *Covent-garden* Theatre, and had a successive Progress of upwards of twenty Nights, with universal Applause. The Manager of that Theatre having some Dispute with her relating to Salary (as I am inform'd), she engag'd with the Manager of *Drury-lane*, where she has reign'd in full Perfection, unrival'd in the Parts she undertakes; till her late Re-establishment at *Covent-garden*.

As Merit too often creates Envy, the little World the Theatre is not free from it. This agreeable Actress, in the Part of *Sir Harry*, coming into the Green-Room, said, pleasantly, *In my Conscience! I believe Half the Men in the House take me for one of their own Sex.* Another Actress reply'd, *It may be so; but, in my Conscience! the other Half can convince them to the contrary.* As the Theatre is the Test of other Peoples Wit, why may they not find a little among themselves?

I am

I am informed, she now shines in several capital Parts in Tragedy; viz. *Cleopatra* in *All for Love*, *Jane Shore*, *Monimia*, *Calista* in the *Fair Penitent*, &c^t.

I shall

^t I shall mention, as my last Note, an Accident that fell out at this Play, the first Season it was perform'd, in the Year 1699. which I gather'd from that Stage Chronicle, Mr. *John Bowman*.

Lothario, after he is kill'd by *Altamont* in the 4th Act, lies dead by Proxy in the 5th, raised on a Bier covered with Black by the *Property-man*, and the Face whitened by the Barber, the Coat and Perriwig generally filled by one of the Dressers. Most of the capital Actors in the establish'd Theatres have generally a Dresser to themselves, tho' they are paid by the Manager, to be ready, on all Occasions, for Stage-guards, Attendance, &c.

Mr. *Powell* played *Lothario*, and one *Warren*, his Dresser, claimed a Right of lying for his Master, and performing the dead Part of *Lothario*, which he proposed to act to the best Advantage; tho' *Powell* was ignorant of the Matter. The Fifth Act began, and went on, as usual, with Applause; but, about the Middle of the distressful Scene, *Powell* called aloud for his Man *Warren*, who as loudly replied, from the Bier on the Stage, *Here, Sir!* *Powell* (who, as I said before, was ignorant of the Part his Man was doing) repeated, without Loss of Time, *Come here this Moment, you Son of a Whore! or I'll break all the Bones in your Skin.* *Warren* knew his hasty Temper; therefore, without any Reply, jump'd off, with all his Sables about him, which, unfortunately, were tied fast to the Handles of the Bier, and dragg'd after him. But this was not all; the Laugh and Roar began in the Audience, till it frighten'd poor *Warren* so much, that, with the Bier at his Tail, he threw down *Calista* (Mrs. *Barry*), and overwhelm'd her with the Table, Lamp, Book, Bones, together with all the Lumber of the Charnel-house. He tugg'd, till he broke off his Trammels, and made his Escape; and the Play, at once, ended with

immo-

I shall leave this Lady to proceed in her Path of Merit where she still leads, with an *Epilogue* wrote purely for her Manner of Speaking: And as *Prologues* and *Epilogues* are the most difficult Tasks of both Sexes on the Stage, it is to be remark'd, but few, besides the capital Performers, are trusted with them; and a good Prologue and Epilogue have often help'd a bad Play out of the Mire, or, at least, sent the Audience home a little better humour'd.

E P I L O G U E,

Design'd for Mrs. WOFFINGTON in the
Character of a *Volunteer*.

Enters, reading the Gazette.

*CURSE on all Cowards! say I—why—
bless my Eyes—*

No—no—it can't be true—this Gazette lyes—

Our Men retreat before a scrub Banditi,

*Who scarce could fright the Buff-coats of the
City!*

*Well—if 'tis so, and that our Men won't stand,
'Tis time we Women take the Thing in Hand—*

immoderate Fits of Laughter: Even the grave Mr. *Bet-
terton*

Smil'd in the Tumult, and enjoy'd the Storm.

But he would not let the *Fair Penitent* be play'd any more that Season, till poor *Warren's* Misconduct was something forgot.

Thus,

Thus, in my Country's Cause, I now appear
A bold, smart Khevenhuller Volunteer—
 And really, mark some Heroes in the Nation,
 You'll think this no unnat'ral Transformation:
 For if in Valour real Manhood lies,

All Cowards are but—Women in Disguise—

They cry, These Rebels are so stout and tall!
Ab! Lard! I'd lower the proudest of 'em all:
Try but my Courage, place me in the Van,
And, post me, if I don't bring down my Man—
Had we an Army of such charging Wenches,
What Man, d' ye think, would dare t' attack our
Trenches?

O! how the Cannon of our Eyes would maul
'em,

But our mask'd Batt'ries—Lud! how they
would gall 'em!

No Rebel 'gainst such Force durst take the Field—
For, damme! we wou'd die before we'd yield!

Joking aparr, we Women have strong Reason
To stop the Progress of this Popish Treason:
For now, when Female Liberty's at stake,
All Women ought to bustle for its Sake.

Should these audacious Sons of Rome prevail,
Vows, Convents, and that Heathen Thing, a Veil,
Must come in Fashion; and such Institutions
Would suit but oddly with our Constitutions.

What gay Coquet would like a Nun's Profession?
And I've some private Reasons 'gainst Con-
fession.

Besides, our good Men of the Church, they say
(Who now, thank Heav'n, may love, as well as
pray),

Must

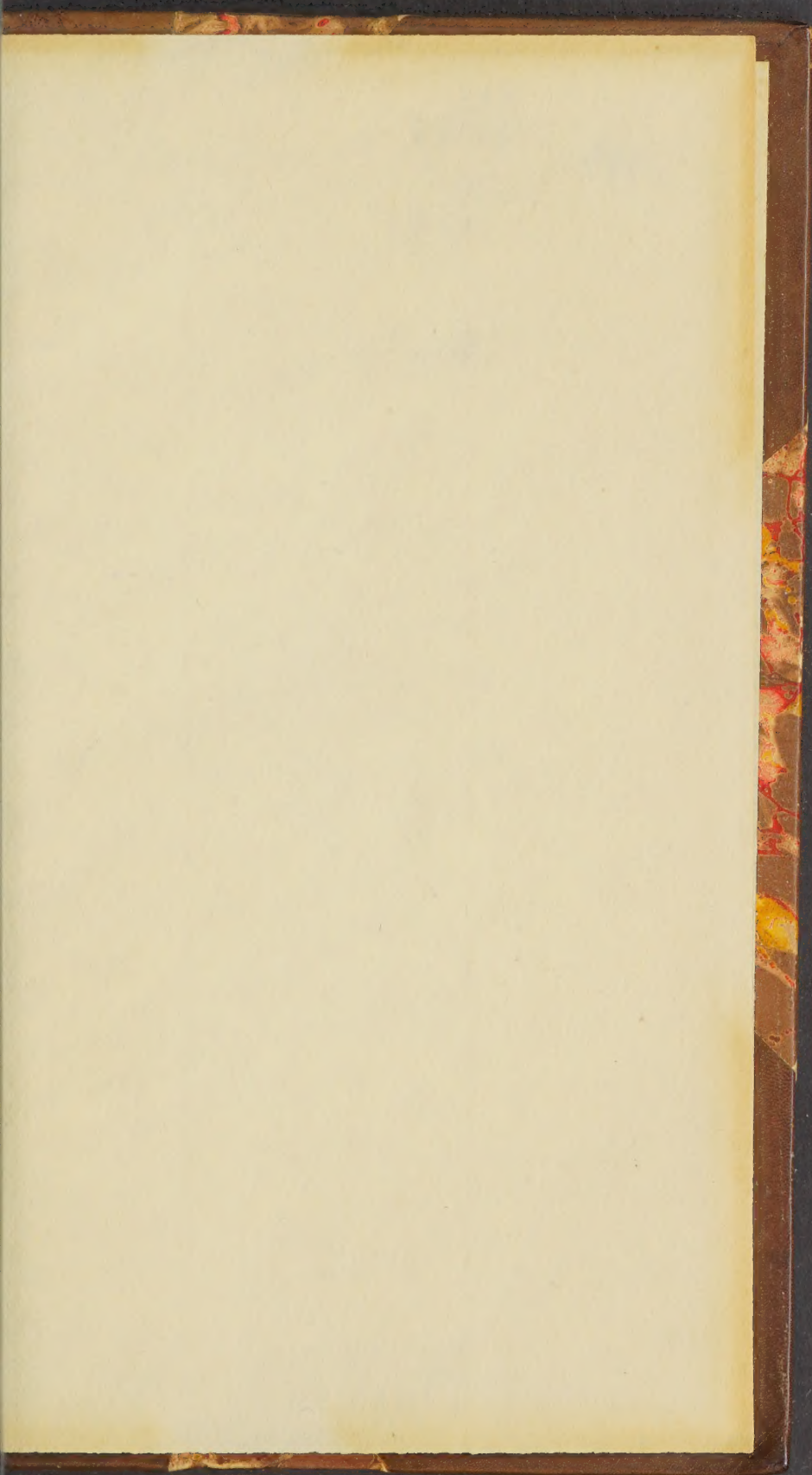
*Must then be only wed to cloyster'd Houses—
Hold! there we're fobb'd of twenty thousand
Spouses;
And, faith, no bad ones, as I'm told—Then judge
ye,*

*Is't fit we lose our—Benefit of Clergy?
In Freedom's Cause, ye Patriot Fair, arise;
Exert the sacred Influence of your Eyes:
On valiant Merit deign alone to smile,
And vindicate the Glory of our Isle.
To no base Cowards render up your Charms;
Disband the Lover who deserts his Arms:
So shall you fire each Hero to his Duty,
And British Rights be fix'd by British Beauty.*

F I N I S.







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